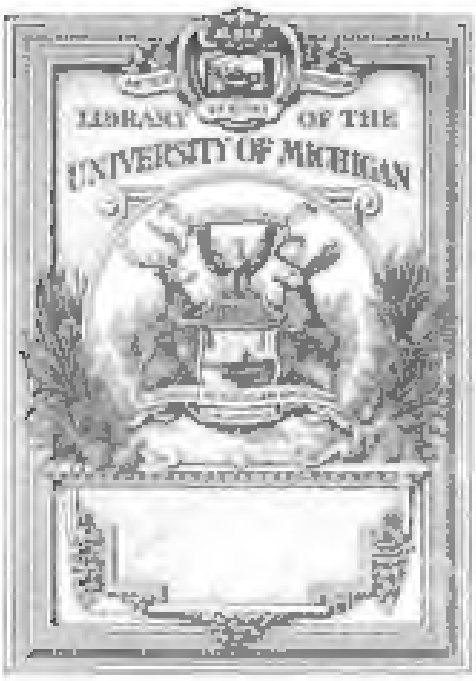


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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

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ERRATA

In the article on "The Army Question in Austria-Hungary," by Count ALBERT APPONYI, in the MONTHLY REVIEW for July:

Page 3, lines 5–6, *for* "to a body representing both countries" *read* "executive agents common to both countries."

Page 6 (foot-note), line 7, *for* "therefore *they* must be ruled" *read* "therefore *she* must be ruled."

Page 32, line 10, *for* "whatever *royal* fiction" *read* "whatever *legal* fiction."

Page 33, lines 15–16, *for* "the *contemporaneous* influence" *read* "the *homogeneous* influence."

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THE ARMY QUESTION IN AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY

By COUNT ALBERT APPONYI, *Ex-President of the Hungarian Lower House, and present Leader of the Opposition.*

I

IN order to form a competent opinion on the difficulties recently arisen between Austria and Hungary concerning the state of their armed forces, it is absolutely necessary to be thoroughly acquainted with the nature of their connection. The matter *is* somewhat intricate, and it seems still more so; this may be the reason why few persons outside Hungary take the trouble to look into it with any degree of accuracy. Even the politically educated, nay, the leading politicians of foreign nations, entertain the falsest notions on the subject. Did not we read a few years ago with mingled feelings of annoyance and amusement how Mr. Gladstone put it before the English Commons, when he supported his first Irish Home Rule Bill by elaborating a fanciful analogy with the Austro-Hungarian settlement. "There is an imperial parliament at Vienna, and there is a local parliament at Budapest"—these were his own words, and such was his belief. True, he made himself better informed before the second Home Rule Bill came under discusssion. Speaking no more then of Austria and Hungary, he called the attention of his listeners to another model—to the connection between Hungary and Croatia. This was certainly more to the point, since it is quite correct to say: "There is an imperial parliament at Budapest as well as at Vienna, and a

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parliament with limited rights at Zagrab." But the error into which one of modern England's broadest intellects had formerly fallen is none the less a significant fact, a characteristic feature of foreign opinion on the subject. This opinion is fostered by a certain school of Austrian and German writers, who still try to hold up, in theory at least, the standard of a political system which has utterly failed in practice. The fundamental error, the πρῶτον ψεῦδος propagated by that school, consists in imagining an "Austrian empire" which is supposed to contain Hungary, as the primordial fact, and in considering what they are pleased to call "Hungarian autonomy" (or, let us say, home rule) as a concession made to a turbulent province by the central power of the empire. According to that theory Hungary ought to be thankful for, and well satisfied with, "what she has got," and not to disturb any further, by ever-recurring "new pretensions," the peace of an empire the preservation of which is essential to the balance of power in Europe.

Now it is only natural that to minds preoccupied in that way the whole machinery of our institutions and of their working, the totality of whatever happens in Hungary, will ever be an insoluble enigma. As a matter of fact, the above-quoted theories are entirely false in history, law, and fact; in every respect the historical, legal, and living truth is diametrically their opposite.

From the beginning there has been an independent Hungary, a sovereign Hungarian State, with a Constitution as old in origin as the national life itself, worked out by national genius through a process of organic growth to which the growth of the English Constitution alone offers a parallel. And Hungary has never given up any portion of her independence as a nation, of her sovereignty as a State; when she called, by free election, to her throne the dynasty which rules over the countries designated by the collective name of Austria, she did so on the express condition of maintaining her independence and the distinct individuality of her crown; she

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has never been absorbed into Austria; she has merely allied herself to that country for purposes of mutual defence; in order to ensure the efficiency of that mutual defence, she has by an act of her own legislative power entrusted some strictly circumscribed functions of government to a body representing both countries. In this it is *she* who has *granted* a concession, if the term is to be used at all, but she has *received* none. She had none to ask for, being fully possessed of all the attributes of an independent and sovereign State.

From the moment you have well grasped these fundamental truths, on which no Hungarian—to whatever party he may belong—even admits discussion, you feel that the scales are falling from your eyes, and everything at once becomes perfectly clear. It matters not that there still is a school of political writers, chiefly Austrian and German, who try to explain away the clear language of those laws and transactions in which our guarantees have been embodied, and that some belated politicians and courtiers in Austria persist in using every opportunity to smuggle into the working of our common institutions some appearance of pan-Austrian Imperialism. These petty vexations—for which leading Hungarian politicians sometimes profess an exaggerated degree of forbearance—can endanger only the solidity of the bond between Austria and Hungary by rendering permanent mutual distrust and disaffection; it is beyond their power to affect the principle of Hungarian independence. When our great struggle on behalf of that principle began, we had certainly right on our side, but as a matter of fact we were decidedly the weakest party; the country, exhausted by the incursions of the Turks, who occupied nearly half of her territory, was poor to the verge of starvation, the nation numbered from two to three million souls, and was torn by religious dissensions and political intrigues. We had a very poor chance then against the mightiest dynasty of those times, a dynasty backed by the resources of two worlds, a dynasty on whose domains, as Charles V. put it, the sun never set. Still we held out for three centuries and a half, and at

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last we conquered. Now the balance of power is reversed; we number nearly twenty million souls, we are of one mind, in this matter at least, whatever may be our differences in other respects, and Hungary forms the main support of the Hapsburg dynasty. How can Court intriguers and political fossils hope to prevail against our strength, when even our weakness had proved invincible?

To bring this into stronger relief I think it convenient to put before the reader a rapid sketch of our relations with Austria in their historical growth and their present state.

When our forefathers called the Austrian dynasty to the Hungarian throne, in 1526, after the disastrous battle of Mohács, which had opened Hungary to the Turks, they did so—as already mentioned—on the express condition that the independence and the Constitution of the kingdom should remain untouched. That condition was put before every king chosen from the same dynasty, accepted by every one of them, and solemnly confirmed in their coronation oath. No sort of tie was formed at that time between Hungary and the other domains of the dynasty, nor could anything of the kind be then expected, since those latter domains (which we shall henceforth call Austria for shortness' sake) were hereditary possessions, while Hungary remained an elective kingdom. It was a chance connection like that which subsisted between England and Hanover in the eighteenth century. But in 1723, when hereditary right to the Hungarian crown was conferred on the Austrian house, that connection became permanent, and took a precise judicial shape. This was done by the celebrated transaction known to history as the "Pragmatic Sanction," embodied for Hungary in her Laws I., II. and III. of the year above mentioned. In the terms of these laws the order of succession to the throne is identically the same in Hungary and in Austria as long as the male and female lineage of the Emperors and Kings Leopold, Joseph I. and Charles VI. (Charles III. of Hungary) lasts, the other collateral branches—though entitled eventually to succeed in Austria—

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being excluded from the succession in Hungary. Whenever the above-mentioned lineage becomes extinct, Hungary may use her right of free election to the throne, irrespectively of what Austria or any part of Austria chooses to do in that emergency; the connection between the two countries is then severed *de facto*. While the personal tie which binds them together lasts, they are bound to assist each other against foreign aggression.

It is perfectly clear that neither the contents nor the form of that solemn compact between Hungary and the ruling dynasty (or, as some students of public law state it, between Hungary and Austria) take away any particle of Hungary's independence as a sovereign State. That independence is, on the contrary, part of the compact, quite as strictly binding as the right of succession therein granted. The only obligation which Hungary takes upon herself towards Austria, the obligation of mutual defence, depends wholly on her good faith in its interpretation as well as in its execution, no power superior to her own public power having even a shadow of existence which could control and enforce it against Hungary's will and contrary to her free decision. And these are exactly the characteristic features of a sovereign Power in its transactions with another similar Power.[1]

[1] What I am stating here has been definitely formulated by a celebrated law bearing the date of 1791. In our country, as well as in England, laws which embody great constitutional principles have been generally framed after an attempt to infringe or to obscure those principles. The principle in question is then solemnly reaffirmed, not as a fresh invention or as a new acquisition, but, on the contrary, as a declaration of what has legally always been in force. The law which I am about to quote belongs to that class of constitutional laws. It is the solemn reassertion of Hungary's independence, a re-enactment of the principle laid down in the Pragmatic Sanction, after the attempt of Joseph II. at infringement. It runs as follows:

"Law I. of the year 1790-91, Emperor and King Leopold II., Article 10.

"On the humble proposal of the estates and orders of the realm, his most holy Majesty has been pleased to recognise:

"That, though the succession of the feminine branch of the Austrian House, decreed in Hungary and her annexed parts by the Laws I. and II. of

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Some confusion was, and still is, produced, or, let us say, artfully maintained, in consequence of the Austrian imperial title, which Francis I. took in 1804, when the "Holy German Empire" ceased to exist. There is an impression generally prevailing of some sort of collective sovereignty, extending to both Hungary and Austria, expressed by that title. But this is a perfectly false assumption. The imperial title bears no relation to Hungary; it is not superimposed upon but juxtaposed to the title of King of Hungary. His Majesty may call himself whatever he pleases, in his capacity of ruler of his Austrian domains; to us this is quite immaterial; but never shall the time-hallowed holy Hungarian crown be melted into a comparatively brand-new imperial diadem, and never shall the sovereignty of the King of Hungary, the only one to which we submit with the manly loyalty of free citizens, undergo any sort of mediatisation. It is true that physically the same person rules both countries, Hungary and Austria; but the Emperor of Austria and the King of Hungary are two distinct entities in public law, neither of whom is subordinate to, or includes, the other. Widely different is the origin of their title and the nature and essence of their prerogative. In Austria the Constitution is a free gift of the Emperor, and the people of Austria enjoy such rights as the Emperor thought fit to grant to them; in Hungary, on the other hand, the Constitution is an organic product of national genius, and the royal prerogative consists in such rights as the nation has chosen to vest in her King. I need not trouble the reader with particu-

1723, belongs, according to the fixed order of succession and in indivisible and inseparable possession, to the same prince whose it is in the other kingdoms and hereditary domains, situated in or out of Germany; *Hungary with her annexed parts is none the less a free and independent kingdom, concerning her whole form of rule (including therein every branch of administration) which means: submitted to no other kingdom or people, but possessed of her own consistence and constitution;* therefore they must be ruled by her hereditary and crowned kings, consequently by his most holy Majesty too, and by his successors, according to her own laws and customs, and not after the example of other provinces, as is already enacted by the Laws III. 1715, VIII. and XI. 1741."

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lars as to the many contrasting points of these two prerogatives: the practical impossibility of mixing them together results clearly enough from the radical difference of their origin.[1]

Since our acceptance, then, of the Pragmatic Sanction in 1723, such is the juridical nature of the connection between Austria and Hungary. It is, according to Francis Deák's definition, a personal union of two independent States, covenanted to defend each other against foreign aggression. But in the course of those struggles to which I have already alluded, the contrary tendencies of the dynasty sometimes prevailed in fact, though never in right, a protest made in due form always maintaining the legal continuity of our independence and constitutional freedom. These epochs of oppression proved, upon the whole, more fatal to the dynasty and its power than to Hungary; they always ended in reconciliation more or less sincere, and in compromise more or less satisfactory. The principle of Hungarian independence was reasserted and solemnly recognised in all those transactions, but some practical encroachments generally survived, and were adhered to by courtier-politicians with a tenacity and artfulness surpassing even the genius of eastern diplomatists for baffling in their execution reforms which have to be accepted on principle.

[1] To put this still more clearly, let us consider as a striking sample of the contrary situation the coincidence of an imperial and a royal title in the person of the German Emperor, King of Prussia. In this case the imperial title truly represents a superior sovereign power, placed above the sovereignty of Prussia, absorbing or controlling some of the latter's attributes, since the German Empire is a superior unity, to which Prussia stands in the relation of part to the whole. Austria and Hungary, on the other hand, are two distinct and independent unities—though bound by compact to act together in certain cases—and therefore the imperial (Austrian) and the royal (Hungarian) titles represent two distinct sovereign personalities, possessed of widely different prerogatives, but upon a footing of perfect equality, neither of them absorbing the smallest particle of the other's attributes. It is quite as nonsensical to invest the Emperor of Austria, as such, with any portion of public authority in Hungary as it would be absurd to rule Austria in the name of the King of Hungary. In the eye of Hungarian public law the Emperor of Austria is a foreign potentate.

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The latest and most celebrated of these transactions is the compromise of the year 1867, effected by the wisdom of the present King and of Francis Deák, assisted by the diplomatic genius of Count Julius Andrassy. This compromise put an end to the most serious crisis which had arisen in the mutual relations between king and nation, between Austria and Hungary, since the great Rákoczy War and the peace of Szátmar concluded in 1711. It was meant to be final, to settle all points of difference, to uproot every abuse and to prevent every misunderstanding; and, though the result, as we shall see, fell somewhat short of an aim which is perhaps unattainable in our circumstances, this compromise is certainly superior in completeness and practical success to all its predecessors. It was not couched in the form of a treaty, like the Pragmatic Sanction; it took simply the shape of a law (Law XII. of 1867) which the legislative power of Hungary, King, Lords, and Commons, may abolish or modify whenever they are pleased to do so, like any other law, a fact asserting in itself the position of Hungary as a sovereign State. This law begins by declaring the true sense of the Pragmatic Sanction, just as we have explained it above, as containing two chief principles: the independence of the kingdom of Hungary and the obligation of mutual defence between her and Austria. Provision is made then for the fulfilment of that obligation by institutions which the fact of Austria's being endowed with a Constitution has rendered necessary. In order to make mutual defence more permanent and efficient, those functions of public power which bear strict relation to it, foreign and military affairs, are to a certain extent declared common to both countries, and common executive agents, a common Ministry of Foreign Affairs and of War, are created for their direction. The Parliamentary control over these Ministries and the vote for their expenses is delegated by both Parliaments, Austrian and Hungarian, to committees elected by them, forming two distinct bodies, like the Parliaments themselves, but meeting at the same place (alternately at Vienna and at Budapest) in

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order to compromise matters in an easier way when they happen to disagree. No common organ of legislative power has been called into existence; legislation on foreign and military affairs remains in the domain of both Parliaments, who are invited to agree in these matters as well as they can. None of the executive agents of common affairs, the common ministries, or their controlling bodies, the delegations, represent a public power superior to those of Hungary or Austria; no trace of such a thought can be found in their constitutional position. The common Ministries are simply Ministers of both countries; they serve his Majesty in those affairs in which he exercises, through the same Act, both his prerogatives, royal and imperial, and, even between these strictly defined limits they must act in agreement with the Hungarian Ministers who are co-responsible for their administration before the Hungarian Diet. The delegations, on the other hand, are under the strict control of the mother-assemblies, of their respective Parliaments; even the vote for the common expenses obtaining the force of law—in Hungary at least—only when registered and inserted in the general Hungarian Budget by the Hungarian Diet.

It is no part of my present task to explain the working of this somewhat complicated machinery, or to give a detailed description of all its parts and organs. What I have to show and what I mean to impress the reader with is simply the fact that the great principle of Hungarian independence, the complete sovereignty of Hungary, has undergone no mutilation through that more talked about than known transaction of 1867. It is true that we have common organs with Austria, but these common organs are created by the free will of our legislative power, and may be abolished at any moment by the same will; far from representing a public power superior to our own power, they are as much under our control as any other institution of the kingdom; they are, in fact, part of *our* public powers, a part to which we have thought fit to give a particular form, a sort of exceptional connection with the

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corresponding powers of another State, but which we neither abdicated nor alienated.

As far as principles go, we are then clearly on safe ground; our logic, our consistency is and remains unimpeachable. But how in practice?

The somewhat unsatisfactory answer which, in candour, must be given to this question, lies at the root of the present crisis.

II

The old military system of Hungary was based upon the duty of every freeman to take arms at the call of his king when the country was in danger. When the necessity of a standing army became evident, it was only stated by law (in 1715) that such an army should be formed of Hungarians and of foreigners, and that no provision for its payment should be made without the consent of the Diet; but no organisation was given by law to the new military force, nor does its importance as a national institution seem to have been thoroughly understood by a generation still clinging to memories of a military past, glorious indeed, but irrevocably done with. The dynasty—left free to organise its Hungarian army as it thought fit, "of Hungarians and of foreigners"—seems to have preferred the latter. It was only when Maria Theresa in her distress appealed to the loyalty of the Hungarian nation that a great Hungarian army was formed, led by Hungarian leaders, commanded in its own language, and fighting under its own banner. The glorious feats of that army belong to the history of Europe. But a few years afterwards, when national enthusiasm was no longer wanted against imminent danger, and when Joseph II. came into power, the Hungarian troops were gradually absorbed in the Austrian army, which thenceforth in fact represented the pan-Austrian ideal, in opposition to the principle of independence on which all our public law is based. Joseph II. tried to do away with the whole Hungarian Consti-

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tution; his unification of the armed force was at least consistent with his general policy. But even when, after his death, one of the numberless reconciliations between king and nation took place—when Leopold II. restored the Constitution and sanctioned the above-quoted law of 1791, which contained the most solemn reassertion made in modern times of our national independence—the *status quo* in the army, as created by Joseph, remained untouched. The Diet could not break through the resistance which even that liberal-minded Emperor and King opposed to the re-nationalisation of the army. Henceforward it became a tradition of the dynasty to adhere uncompromisingly to unity and uniformity in their army; here at least a plank had been saved out of the general shipwreck which their pet idea, the unification of all their dominions into one empire, had suffered through Hungary's resistance. The absence of a positive law concerning army organisation favoured that policy. The crown even asserted its constitutional right to settle military affairs as it pleased. The Diet never assented to that pretension, and even at different times from 1791 to 1848 tried to win back actual power over the army, and to introduce at least the Hungarian language into the Hungarian regiments. But though they had a means of enforcing these claims in their undoubted right to vote the recruits levied in, and the taxes laid on, Hungary for army purposes, they never could peacefully prevail on that point, and never chose to push matters to extremes. The only result obtained was a series of laws, not very scrupulously observed, enacting that Hungarian troops should be commanded by Hungarian officers, and that the commanders of Hungarian regiments should correspond with Hungarian civil authorities in Hungarian. In all other respects uniformity and Germanism was so uncompromisingly upheld that even when a great military school was planned in Hungary by private subscription it was maintained that teaching in that school must be German; upon which the subscriptions were withdrawn, and the school never opened until 1867.

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The great reform of 1848 laid the foundation of independent Hungarian military institutions, but time failed the legislators of that epoch to settle in a satisfactory way the connection between the armed forces of Austria and of Hungary. The conflict which soon broke out removed the possibility of solving that part of the problem.

It was only natural that the period of oppression which followed should restore, and even aggravate, the *status quo ante* in the army, since that period asserted on principle a flat denial of Hungary's right to independence and to constitutional freedom. No more arduous task, therefore, fell upon the authors of the compromise of 1867 than that of finding some solution for the army problem, which should give satisfaction to the principle of Hungarian independence, and at the same time ensure the unfailing co-operation of her armed force with the armed force of Austria, as required by the duty of mutual defence. The problem, extremely delicate in itself, was, and still is, complicated by manifold sentimental difficulties. The Emperor and King loved his army, such as it was. To uphold the principle of undiscriminating unity upon which it was founded appeared to him a sacred legacy from his forefathers. Hungary, on the other hand, had always winced under that practical encroachment on her independence, and, feeling now stronger than she ever was, endowed with more efficient parliamentary institutions than in former times, she was less disposed than ever to put up with it. To unravel so intricate a tangle seemed indeed a task beyond the limits of human wisdom.

It is, therefore, no slur on the memory of the great men to whose wisdom and patriotism is due the restoration of our independence and constitutional freedom; it is no unfairness to the authors of the compromise of 1867 to acknowledge that they did not succeed where momentary success was impossible, that they found no immediate solution to a problem which can be solved only by a long and patient process of evolution. Their statesmanship is vindicated against all unjust criticism if we can affirm that they laid a foundation upon which the

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solution can be built. And so much must be admitted, and has been admitted during the present crisis, even by the opponents of their work.

The problem they had to grapple with was twofold: to assert the independence of Hungary in military as in all other matters, and institutionally to ensure the co-operation of her military forces with those of Austria. For that double purpose the fundamental law (XII. 1867) laid down the following principles, which we shall sum up here, in their broad outline, leaving out what is less important.

His Majesty is constitutionally invested with the right of unitedly commanding, directing, and regulating as to its inner organisation "the whole army," of which "the Hungarian army" forms an integral part; but the right of fixing and, if need be, modifying the military system belongs in Hungary to the whole legislature (King and Parliament), which will proceed in these matters as far as possible in agreement with Austria, but in perfect juridical independence. To the legislature belongs the annual voting of recruits for the Hungarian troops, and the determining of conditions eventually attached to that vote. Army expenses, being common, are voted by the above-mentioned delegations of both Parliaments.

These principles contain an express recognition of Hungary's sovereignty in military as well as in other matters, of a "Hungarian army," though in organic connection with the Austrian forces, both together forming what the law simply calls "the whole army." They draw a boundary line between the rights of the crown and those of the whole legislature, in opposition to the pretensions of former rulers to absolute power in military questions; they ensure the necessary cohesion between the Austrian and the Hungarian troops through the unity of command, direction and inner organisation, entrusted to the Emperor and King; they give sufficient guarantees to the country with respect to these rights of the crown, by stating that they are to be exerted "constitutionally"—that is, through responsible agents, under parliamentary control; they

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wear, in short, the aspect of a fair compromise, which gives satisfaction to what is just and essential in the claims of all parties concerned.

But in execution the equilibrium between the standpoint of the crown and of the nation has been dislocated in favour of the former from the very beginning.

The first military law, framed in 1868 on the principles of the compromise, made "the Hungarian army" dwindle away into that realm of juridical fiction where so many of our national lights had in former times led Olympian lives, till some Prometheus tore them back to earthly existence, at the risk of being chained by Zeus to a rock in the political desert. That fictional life of rights is certainly not valueless; it prevents prescription and maintains the promises of the future; we owe the very preservation of our Constitution and national existence to a judicious upholding of legal fictions when reality was beyond reach. But by their nature, by the intention which creates and animates them, fictions of that kind strive to become living reality, and are therefore fruitful of convulsions. And so it ever was, and so it is in the case which we are examining.

The only distinction between the Hungarian and the Austrian armed force which was practically preserved in the military organisation law of 1868 consists in the enactment that Hungarian recruits should be enlisted into Hungarian regiments only, to which we may add a royal ordinance enjoining, in conformity to old laws, that Hungarian troops should be commanded by Hungarian officers. Apart from this, the army remained exactly what it had been in times of oppression: an Austrian army, including some thousands of Hungarian soldiers, but with no trace in its inner life and outward appearance of such a thing as an independent Hungarian nation and a sovereign Hungarian State. On the contrary, it corresponded to the old pan-Austrian ideal, and is cherished even now by a certain school as the only remaining embodiment of that ideal, with its Austrian emblems and flags, and German as the

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official language among the Hungarian as well as the Austrian troops.

To give some satisfaction to national feeling in Hungary, a territorial armed force, a "Landwehr," was created at the same time, which bore the name of "Honvèd"—"Defenders of the Fatherland"—a name suggestive of glorious memories. This force was put entirely on a Hungarian footing, in its emblems, flag and language; it is paid by Hungary alone, and submitted to a greater amount of parliamentary influence than the standing army. Consisting only of infantry and cavalry, it is incapable of independent action, and must remain embodied in the fighting order of the standing army—a fact worth noting, throwing a peculiar light on the pretended practical necessity of uniformity in language. The relative strength of the standing army and of that national military force may be gathered from the fact that, out of, roughly speaking, 55,000 recruits yearly enlisted in Hungary, more than 42,000 belong to the former, and only 12,500 to the Honvèds. Considering the incompleteness and comparative weakness of the latter body, and its submission to the higher army authorities, it forms no compensation for the unpleasant features of the general army organisation, and, though highly valued even in its present state, has no soothing influence on the feelings which such unpleasantness creates.

The legislators of 1868 assented to these unsatisfactory dispositions, chiefly because the possibility of a compromise with the crown seemed to depend on them; at the same time, they were full of hope that the natural expansion of the Hungarian element in the army, the increasing number of Hungarian officers and higher commanders, would reform in practice what was defective in organisation. Unhappily, matters took a different turn; in fact, further legislation on military matters rather aggravated than mitigated the harsh features of the first organisation law. Even the old enactment, that none but Hungarians should, as far as possible, be placed at the head of Hungarian troops, though enforced in 1868 by the above-

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mentioned royal ordinance, gradually fell into desuetude. Not only were our regiments swamped with Austrian officers, a fact which is explained by the comparatively small number of Hungarian officers, but as many as one-third of the latter, insufficient though they be in number for their own troops, were transferred to Austrian regiments: a glaring abuse for which no earthly reason can be given, at least no reason consistent with the spirit, and even the letter, of the law, or admissible before a Hungarian Parliament.

But why is the number of Hungarian officers so scarce? For manifold reasons, one of which—as in candour must be owned—certainly is a mental disposition among our young men averse from the drudgery and strict discipline of military service—especially in times of peace. But granting this, we must at the same time point out the difficulties thrown in their way by a system of military education which was, until a few years ago, exclusively German in language, and (to Hungarian minds) unpalatably Austrian in spirit, while our civil schools are of course thoroughly Hungarian in spirit as well as in language. No unprejudiced mind can fail to perceive the difficulties—moral as well as material,—which on account of this flagrant discrepancy beset a young Hungarian on entering one of these military schools; and from them are taken the great bulk of officers. I wonder how many young Englishmen or Frenchmen would devote themselves to military service if access to it had to be gained through teaching given in a foreign language and a foreign spirit—and I fail to see why the laws of national psychology should be surrendered or take a different course, when, instead of English or French, Hungarians are in question.

And so the gulf widened, and discontent deepened, and, under a smooth surface, matters ripened to a crisis.

To the unprejudiced reader who has vividly followed us so far, the outbreak of last year will no more be an object of wonder; he will rather ask himself, I presume, and seek for an answer in these pages, how such a state of things could have

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lasted so long without leading to serious difficulty. Complete explanation of this astonishing fact would fill a book; but a few indications shall be given here. In the first instance, the nation is extremely unwilling to start a new conflict with the crown—a feeling which may have led her to exaggerated forbearance in this and some other matters, but which is, upon the whole, a perfectly legitimate and wise one. Then the state of party was adverse to gradual reform. We have a strong party opposed on principle to the compromise of 1867, bent upon its total destruction; advocating a complete separation of the Hungarian and the Austrian army. The radicalism of this programme drove the defenders of the compromise into an attitude of absolute, almost Chinese, conservatism in all matters connected with it, especially in all military questions. Between these two currents scanty ground was left to those who, like the writer of these pages, took a middle course, and, accepting the legislation of 1867 as a base, thought many parts of its superstructure, especially the military establishment thereon founded, susceptible of reform in the sense of the principles laid down in the fundamental law. It was slow progress which we attempted: a reform of military teaching, to begin with; and still we appeared iconoclasts in the eyes of the crown, while the current of national opposition asked for a quicker pace than we thought wise to adopt. At last our policy has been vindicated from both extremes by the whole course of last year's crisis; national opposition made its stand, as we had done, on the compromise of 1867. Its methods were somewhat clumsy, but still it pretended to ask for nothing else than the strict fulfilment of that compromise. The representatives of power, on the other hand, took refuge in those very reforms which had been our "subversive" programme before. They did not, however, handle them with any peculiar felicity of touch, and, what was worse still, they were late.

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To tell the truth, the spirit of absolute resistance to Hungary's just claims in military matters had shown some symptoms of relenting in the last years before the crisis. Under Baron Banffy's Government the military schools of the Honvèds (that national section of our armed force which has been mentioned before), where teaching is given in Hungarian, were augmented in numbers, developed to the highest degree of military efficiency, and endowed with the privilege of educating officers for the standing army too. Under Mr. Szèll's Government a reform of the emblems and flags "in conformity with our public law" has been promised, and though nobody knows what that reform will be like, this shows an intention at least of taking into account Hungary's existence as an independent political entity. The constant violation of the laws which enact that Hungarian troops should be commanded by Hungarian officers, having been brought under the notice of Parliament, the promise has been made that Hungarian officers shall be gradually restored to their regiments, and this promise has already begun to be fulfilled. Indications of a brighter future were not wanting; only that future—considering the pace at which reform moved—seemed too distant, and the concessions, hesitatingly made, too small to minds exasperated by constant repression and full of larger aspirations. Still, it would have been possible to maintain a patient mood of mind throughout the nation as well as in Parliament had the progress of military changes been slackened so as to march with the slowness of the corresponding national progress. But in that unhappy hour when a Bill was brought in to increase by 22,000 the number of the annual recruits, which means 60,000 men more to be kept under arms in time of peace (the service being triennial), the latent crisis broke out. Into a full vase the drop—a heavy one—had fallen, which made it overflow. Vehement opposition was made to the Bill on financial grounds at the beginning; then

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came an outcry for compensation through the fulfilment of Hungary's claims. The introduction of Hungarian emblems, flags and official language into Hungarian regiments was urged as the price of military expansion. No doubt the Opposition carried the country with them; petitions showered in, supporting the demands; the Government majority, on the other hand, was but half-hearted in their adhesion to a measure which had taken them by surprise, and to which a conspicuous part of the leading members submitted only because they were unwilling to overthrow Mr. Szèll's honest and—but for this fatal mistake—wise Government. Inflamed by the encouragement of public opinion, opposition soon degenerated into obstruction. Mr. Szèll resigned. His successor, Count Khuen, tried to restore peace by withdrawing the ill-fated Bill; but it was too late. The cry for army reform in accordance with the general principles of our public laws, and the idea of an independent Hungarian kingdom, especially the demand for the introduction of our language into our regiments, was no longer to be appeased by a simple return to the *status quo ante*. These reforms were no longer urged as a compensation for greater military changes; they were claimed as absolute rights of the nation, rights founded on the very terms of the compromise law of 1867, which expressly mentions a "Hungarian army" as part of "the whole army." Most sections of the Opposition declared their firm intention to go on with obstruction, and to stop the whole activity of Parliament, including the vote on the Budget and on the normal numbers of recruits, till these claims should be allowed. In fact the country was governed through nearly ten months without a Budget, and without a law on recruiting, taxes being paid only by those who chose to do so (happily for our public credit these were the enormous majority of the taxpayers), and no recruits being levied during the whole year 1903.

Parliamentary anarchy of this kind never fails to produce incidents which complicate the situation; they were not wanting during Count Khuen's short but stormy administration. Seeing

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that his mission had failed, he, too, resigned, and we were practically left without a Government for more than a quarter of a year. All attempts to form an administration became wrecked on the radical opposition between the wishes of public opinion and the principles upheld by the crown. It was the most serious epoch of our history since 1867, an epoch in which the legitimate anxiety of patriots was soothed only by the twofold certainty that never, under any circumstance whatever, would Francis Joseph break his coronation oath, and that never would the people of Hungary be shaken in their loyalty to a king faithful to the Constitution. Still we were again on the verge of a conflict between King and nation.

At last, towards the end of 1900, a compromise was effected. A military programme was elaborated by the leading members of the Government party, which provided that the introduction of Hungarian as the official language into our regiments should not be enforced, but teaching should, to a large extent, be given in Hungarian in military schools of all degrees existing or to be created on Hungarian territory; measures were devised for increasing the number of Hungarian officers to the amount required by our regiments; the flag and emblem question was brought no further than to a general declaration that it should be solved in accordance with the principles of our public law. Minor points I pass by, nor do I mention those particulars, though not unimportant, which suffered alteration when the new Government was formed. To this programme the majority of Parliament assented; after some hesitation it was accepted by the crown, and Count Tisza came into power. A revulsion of feeling had taken place throughout the country; public opinion certainly did not renounce the claims of Hungary to the use of her own flag and of her own language in her regiments, but it was no more thought fit to enforce them by irregular proceedings. The dangers which beset the Constitution through lasting parliamentary anarchy were more keenly felt than before. So

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obstruction gradually died out and parliamentary order was restored in March of this year.

So far the facts. But how are we to appreciate them? What are the results of the crisis? Is the solution arrived at a satisfactory one? Is it a solution at all? What will the future bring: an epoch of peaceful activity or a new series of outbreaks?

It is by answering these questions, as far as they can be answered at all, that I hope to fulfil the task set before me. After the foregoing explanation, which may have taxed the reader's patience to an unconscionable degree, this is comparatively short and easy work.

IV

The above-sketched compromise did good service in stopping obstruction, but it is no solution of the army question, as still pending between Austria and Hungary, and, what is of still graver import, between Hungary and the reigning dynasty. It is merely a halting-place, where that question may rest for a while, it is not the goal to which it tends and where it can be considered as finally settled. The preternatural quiet which reigns in Parliament, the apparent satisfaction of public opinion, is but that sort of reaction which generally sets in after an overstraining of the nervous system. It is a mere question of public pathology how long it will last. The crisis is not ended, it is only suspended.

No solution is deserving of the name which does not embrace all essential elements of a problem. Now the Austro-Hungarian army problem contains two such elements: the independence of Hungary and the unfailing efficiency of mutual defence. Present organisation takes into account the latter alone, to the almost total neglect of the former. The solution should mean a fair compromise between the two, and from this we are still very far, though some advance towards it has undeniably been made. No unprejudiced mind will consider an armed force commanded in a foreign language, under

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foreign emblems, as answering to the idea of an independent State, as not being rather in flagrant contradiction to that idea; and the first of these anomalies has been expressly maintained in the latest arrangements, while the way in which a remedy will be applied to the second one is still extremely doubtful, Government declarations on that point being rather productive of uneasiness than otherwise. Hungary, looking into the state of her armed force as into a mirror, is still met by the apparition of strange, even unsympathetic, features.

So much must in fairness be considered as placed beyond controversy. But it may be asked why Hungary, having obtained satisfaction as to her political independence on all other points, should not make some concession on this one; why she should not accept a military settlement, somewhat unpalatable to her national pride, as an anomaly indeed, but a practical necessity?

Why not indeed?

Simply because military life is an essential part of national life; because a nation with no military institution of her own feels crippled, and a nation with military institutions of a foreign character feels subjugated; because no healthy nation can be persuaded into remaining crippled, and no proud nation into putting up with even a semblance of subjugation. Even if it should be practical wisdom to do so, wisdom so high cannot enter the heads of the many without spoiling their hearts.

But it is no wisdom; better than such wisdom is simple-minded instinct, which guesses the great practical problem underlying what in appearance is but a question of national pride.

Military life is an essential organ of national life, not on sentimental grounds only. On the very coolest consideration we find it to be the most universal and most efficient instrument of national education. Under a system of general compulsory service—as prevalent on the whole European continent—every young man is trained through three, or let it be two, years to certain duties, which, beyond the mechanical

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drudgery inherent in them, convey to him the idea of a community, the broadest he can conceive, of an authority the highest—the most crushing—he will ever know. That community requires devotion to the point of self-immolation; that authority commands submission and forbids the exercise of individual judgment. Such service would be deadening were it not ennobled by the constant practice of self-denial, and by the highest sense of public duty. Symbols of this public duty float before the young soldier—flags and emblems—which represent to him what he is to hold most sacred on earth, what he must be ready to die for, without even asking why. Through feelings of fear and of awe, through aspirations of honour and of ambition, through a sense of hopeless weakness as an individual and of unconquerable strength as a member of his community, through all forces and faculties, low and high, of his soul, every young man in that age when receptiveness is at its highest and ripens into maturity, is submitted to influences which pervade his innermost self, and put a stamp on his ideas and feelings on public matters which no impressions in after life can erase. For ever will he feel inclined to consider the community, the power, the principle represented by his regiment as the highest one which he is able to imagine.

Now if this community is his nation, if this power is the state which is his nation's juridical form, if this principle is his country, then indeed is military service the most efficient school of true citizenship and patriotism on earth. But what if this be not the case? What if a community is suggested to the young soldier broader than his nation—a power mightier than his state—a principle higher than his country? What if all those feelings of dread, enthusiasm, and awe which military honour and military discipline breeds draw his soul away from the idea of that country towards some object of allegiance different from her—or even exalted above her?

Military service then is no more a school of patriotism, but a positive danger to it. A nation with such a military system is not only missing a powerful element of strength, she is

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inoculated with an agent of weakness the like of which no man in his senses would suffer in his own body.

If this be generally true it is still more so in the case of Hungary. Less than any other country can Hungary afford to miss such an educating force, or to put up with such a disturbing influence.

To the problem of national independence, which for centuries absorbed the energy of our forefathers, recent times have added the problem of national unity. Hungary is a centralised kingdom, with no trace of federation in her political organisation. From the first moment of her existence her people have been in public law a homogeneous mass of individuals enjoying equal rights, bound to equal public duties, forming one political nation—the Hungarian nation. But to that nation belong several millions of citizens whose mother tongue is not Hungarian. Our unity, then, is political, not racial; but it is not on that account a mere legal fiction, it is none the less an organic product, a result of natural forces. Law which proclaims us a nation, one and indivisible, gives expression to a live fact, founded on history and tradition ten centuries old, and on the numerical, economical and cultural preponderance of the leading Magyar race.[1] It became a problem in the

[1] How such national unification has been arrived at in Hungary is a matter full of interest to the student of historical evolution. It was achieved by a process quite *sui generis* in Europe, and therefore little understood by foreigners. A few hints may be given here, pointing out the contrast between the proceedings of our forefathers and those of other conquering races. Almost all States of Western Europe are born of conquest achieved during the great migration of nations; in all of them national unity has been effected by a fusion of races, the type of the conquered being generally predominant in the new racial product. Turkish conquest, on the other hand, founded on the theocratic principle, did not care for racial assimilation; it simply laid the new stratum of a dominating caste over the whole strata, which—though oppressed—still remained what they had been and were fit for revival (as modern experience shows) wherever that superposed stratum withdrew. When our forefathers conquered the present territory of Hungary they proceeded in neither of these ways. They did not tend to racial amalgamation with the conquered, after the Western type. They kept their own racial individuality

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second quarter of the nineteenth century only, when agitation fostered from without tried to spread discontent and subversive aspirations among our fellow citizens of foreign tongues. So we, too, have our nationality question, not as acute as in Austria, where, in opposition to the old and uninterrupted political and historical unity of Hungary, almost every race has a provincial organisation to lean upon, and a history to appeal to; but still, a problem to be always borne in mind. The forces of unity, if we know how to use them, are immensely superior in this country to the forces of disintegration; but for numbers of our fellow citizens they do not belong to the realm of flesh and blood, they are moral agents the fulness of which must be kept in constant and conscious operation, to counteract evil influences, appealing sometimes to flesh and blood. Of course a liberal legislation must ensure to our brethren of foreign tongues free development of their racial individuality, free use of their native idioms, as far as

untainted and left other racial types in their new country unmolested; but neither did they contemptuously ignore and oppress those races; on the contrary, they extended to the deserving among aborigines and immigrants the privileges of Hungarian nobility, which stood them in the place of citizenship, just as the Romans had bestowed their citizens' rights on Italian cities. Soon there was no distinction as to public rights between the offspring of conqueror and conquered; fusion into one political nation was already completed at the oldest epoch thoroughly known to history. It is this political nation bearing indeed the stamp of the Magyar race, but knowing neither privilege nor disadvantage on account of race—it is this indivisible Hungarian nation organised as an independent and sovereign State, of whose rights we are speaking in the text, as essentially different from racial pretensions, to which they are sometimes compared by the ignorant. Under this head come the claims of the Hungarian language, not founded on the convenience or infatuation of the Hungarian-speaking race, but on the fact of its being the official language of the Hungarian State. These claims are morally shared by all Hungarian citizens, whatever their native tongue happens to be; they are in fact zealously supported by several constituencies where foreign idioms prevail, especially by most of our German-speaking fellow citizens, even against the practice which favours their own native tongue. So strong is the organic influence of political unity that it generally prevails against racial instinct when the two come into collision. To the maintenance of this state of feeling all forces must be directed.

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State unity permits. But for that very reason must every institution and every influence converge in its operation to the strengthening in them of sincere and proud attachment to the Hungarian State, to the one and indivisible Hungarian political nation and to the Hungarian language, as being their own, too, in its capacity of State language and symbol of national unity.

And such is in fact the teaching imparted to these our fellow citizens by our public schools, by the conscious working of all our civil institutions. But in military service this teaching is suspended, nay contradicted, by every impression which the souls of our young soldiers imbibe through the unfailing and irresistible infiltrations of daily experience.

There no emblem reminds them of their Hungarian mother country, nowhere do they see her arms or her colours; the symbols for which they are trained to die are not those of Hungary, the words of command are given in German, the official language is German. Knowledge of German is at a premium even for the modest advancement which any trooper may expect, to the grade of under-officer. Hungarian avails nothing; that language, the official language of the Hungarian State, the symbol and bond of political unity between Hungarian citizens of all races, is degraded there to the rank of a mere racial idiom. Even the King is sunk in the Emperor, and the kingdom of Hungary absorbed in an empire which is a reality only in this connection, but here claims to be the only reality.

Let students of public law explain these facts as they best can; let them prove that the authority of the Hungarian State lies at the bottom of them, since they are sanctioned or at least tolerated by its legislative power. What does the simple-minded young farmer or artisan, whom we are considering in his years of military service, know of juridical fictions and subtleties? Things work upon his soul as they appeal to his eyes, to his ears, to his immediate perception; and he sees, he hears, he perceives only what has been described here.

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Now fancy the effect of such military training, with all its crushing efficiency, on the mind of a young Hungarian, not belonging to the Magyar race, whose racial instincts are worked upon by unscrupulous agitators in a sense adverse to patriotism, and whose soul is apt to waver between the hissings of these agitators and the patriotic teaching conveyed to him through the channels above mentioned. What can that effect be but an impression that those are deceived or deceivers who talk to him of his Hungarian mother country as an ideal to be cherished above everything upon earth; of the Hungarian State as the highest authority on earth; of the Hungarian language as a symbol of that same authority to be honoured and cultivated as such by all good citizens; and that those may be right who denounce all this as the idle pretensions of a race no better than his own. The odds are great that such must be his impression when his most absolute devotion is enlisted for symbols not representing Hungary, when an authority takes hold of him in a firmer grip than he will ever feel again, which is not Hungary's, when that authority speaks a language which is not Hungarian, and when all this conveys to him an idea of a "something else" more powerful than Hungary, and, as the perfidy of agitators never fails to suggest, perhaps destined to turn against her in due time. That "something else," by-the-bye, is an old acquaintance of ours: it is the pan-Austrian idea, which, defeated on all other points, seeks a last refuge in the army (as some Austrian politicians are candid enough to own), not without entertaining hopes of regaining lost ground through the educational agency of military training. Should this hope be well founded, should military service really succeed in rearing up votaries of that idea among our fellow citizens, that would be for us one stringent reason more for enforcing military reform, and that without a moment's waiting. We cannot reasonably be expected to look quietly on at the inoculation of the souls of our citizens with an idea which we took such pains to drive out of our institutions through three centuries' hard labour and suffering. We certainly adhere to

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the legal connection with Austria, as from country to country by collective will of the nation, but we cannot admit that individual citizens of Hungary should enter into any direct relation to an empire, real or imaginary, which is not Hungary, which is even meant to be placed above her; by such a process connection would be transformed into absorption. Still, we could understand the pertinacity with which our opponents, the faithful courtiers of pan-Austrian imperialism, cling to such moral agencies if positive results in the enlisting of recruits on behalf of their pet idea were possible to any appreciable extent. But they are not, powerful as the influence of military training is to put a final stamp on minds worked upon by other convergent forces; it can hardly ever succeed in a positive sense, when quite isolated, perfectly unsupported, or even counteracted by every other influence; and since there is no other school of pan-Austrian patriotism in Hungary, that plant cannot thrive in a soil so unprepared. The "something else," then, is none the better for this last effort. But, as a perturbing force and in a negative sense, such military training may yet be sadly efficient. The plant cannot thrive, it is true, but still its sickly shootings weaken the good seed, and where its pollen falls on some kindred bloom, it breeds fruit, bitter to all tastes. To speak without metaphor, in the minds of those our fellow citizens who do not belong to our race, military training, such as it is, meets with one congenial negative influence: the influence of anti-Hungarian agitators — it matters not whether intentionally or not—tends to lower the authority of the Hungarian State in the eyes of its own citizens, and in that negative sense her combined action is full of peril. Who knows in how many young souls among those our fellow citizens the waverings between patriotic and unpatriotic influences have been decided in favour of the latter by the psychological action of military institutions where Hungary is present only in fiction, but almost entirely absent in reality? And who is it who wins by our loss? It is a dead certainty that, speaking of the masses, not of a few exceptional

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cases, whoever in Hungary looks not to Budapest as his metropolis is casting sidelong glances towards Belgrade, St. Petersburg, Bucharest, or Berlin, even if the tactics of his seducers teach him hypocritical bowings to Vienna.

That bearing of the army question on the problem of national unity imparts to this question an eminently practical character. And this is why we cannot leave it alone, whatever may be its difficulties, and why it has taken hold of public opinion, and will never drop out of the public mind till some satisfactory solution is found. In former times, when the question of nationalities was less acute, and when a comparatively small number of recruits were required for a much smaller army, forming then a separate caste, the matter might have been considered as one of national pride only; with no such vital importance as to warrant struggles of the most serious kind; and this explains the somewhat hesitating tactics of our forefathers. In 1868 again, when universal obligation to military service was adopted, the educational consequences of this reform, on which no previous experience of our own had thrown light, could hardly have been fully understood. But now we know them; now we have seen with our own eyes how military training, undergone for several years by the whole male population, affects the moral life of a nation. Now at last we can no more play hide-and-seek with the question, but we must face and solve it, or commit conscious national suicide.

Viewing the last crisis in the light of these considerations we shall be loth to pass judgment on it in any sweeping terms, It is a phase in our great struggle for independent national existence, which, having been successful on all other points, has yet to fight its way through the army question, if we are to remain a nation at all—a nation in the full sense of the word, not a mere race or nationality. And to that fulness of national existence we have a right, sanctioned not by venerable parchments and title-deeds only, but by a vitality victoriously asserted against fearful odds through the struggles of ten centuries. This right we do not mean to abdicate.

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It can hardly be denied then, that the Opposition was materially right in the aims of its campaign; but its tactics were most certainly objectionable. Not only is obstruction, generally speaking, a dangerous weapon, the use of which never leaves the Constitution unhurt, but the present question especially is not one to be solved by violence, but only by patient and continuous action in and out of Parliament. Perhaps it ought to be conceded that obstruction, in the first phase of the crisis, did much to range public opinion in such fighting order as to break the spirit of absolute resistance to our national claims, and that the compromise—such as it is—is partly due to its moral effect. But granting even so much as that, it must be stated that the leading spirits of obstruction, as generally happens to the impassioned, failed to perceive the moment when public opinion became hesitating, when the results at present attainable had already been attained, and when—for this very reason—going on became rather detrimental than useful to their cause.

The consequences of this mistake were—as above related—the gradual defection of the most valuable elements of public opinion, a general revulsion of feeling not favourable to further national progress, a rallying of adverse forces and, at a very inconvenient time, the prevalence of such universal apathy as generally follows preternatural excitement.

But such transient phases in public temper have no lasting influence on ultimate results. In due time the country will shake off her present torpor, and on the arrival of new military questions, the thread of action will be taken up where it has now fallen to the ground. The crisis will be really ended only when both constituent parts of the army problem—the claim of the independent Hungarian State and nation, and the conditions of unfailing efficiency in mutual defence with Austria—have received their due. Until then there may be armistices, halting-places, alternations of excitement and exhaustion; but solution, lasting security, there will be none.

Now nobody who has given to these matters any degree of

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serious consideration will venture to deny that the problem is a most arduous one. Still, I am perfectly convinced that its solution through fair compromise is possible, without resorting to very radical measures, on the substructure laid down in the fundamental law of 1867, which insures "unity" of command, direction and inner organisation, but does not enjoin that "uniformity" into which the principle of unity has been misinterpreted. Seeing my way to a satisfactory solution on such grounds, I cannot help thinking that the chief difficulties against it are of a sentimental order. Brave soldiers cling to glorious memories and traditions embodied in the army such as it is, such as they have learnt to cherish it, and they become nervous about these their dearest moral treasures when any change is suggested. They are under a mistaken impression that military traditions are imperilled if certain political claims are fulfilled. And since these feelings constantly find their way to the throne, they are a moral force to be reckoned with, to be treated even with a proper amount of regard, as long as there is no doubt of their being held in perfect good faith. Unfortunately such wise forethought is often missing in the method of our Opposition; more unfortunately still, Austrian politicians openly proclaim the army in its present uncompromising form as the last stronghold of what they call the "Reichsgedanke," by which they mean our hereditary foe, pan-Austrian imperialism. Thus a whole thicket of accidental difficulties bristles round the chief obstacles, and bars the way to them. Still, I feel perfectly confident that a fair solution will be discovered by a power less clamorous than the accidental, a power often ignored, nay disowned, but so irresistibly real that again and again it has broken through adverse intention and made the parties concerned act against their conscious inclinations. That power, destined to prevail against the difficulties of this question too, is the perfect harmony of interest which exists between Hungary and the reigning dynasty.

Were this force not so real, the bond between them would

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have been severed a hundred times before now; were it not so stringent, outbreaks of antagonism so pregnant could not have been so constantly followed by reconciliation. But there it is, an agent of history, a law of our mutual destinies; a rapid sketch of its bearing upon the present question will bring me to my conclusion.

Is there any real antagonism between the claims of Hungary concerning the army and the interests of the dynasty?

The army, as it is, in fact, still represents the old pan-Austrian ideal, whatever royal fiction may state to the contrary; the Austrian politicians, whom I just mentioned, are so far right. But this is precisely the negative reason why we must insist on reform, because, with that idea or any reminder of it, Hungary can make no truce.

But what has that same idea ever done for the dynasty? What force has it ever got through it? At all times it has been the Pandora's box of civil war, revolution, reaction, and evils numberless, an *ignis fatuus* luring it away from the rock on which its power could be founded safe and impregnable to the marshes of decay, defeat and humiliation. Why should the dynasty, after having in view of such experience, solemnly renounced that idea, long for its revival? Why should it compromise an institution dear to its heart by tainting it with the suspicion of being the predestined instrument of such a revival?

On the other hand, our positive aim, when insisting on certain reforms in the army, is to inflict a deadly blow on all tendencies of disintegration in Hungary, to ensure and to strengthen her political unity, by enlisting on that behalf the powerful educational influence of military service. Now a Hungary made secure for ever as to the firmness of her inner structure is, indeed, the rock—and the only rock—upon which the dynasty's power can rest in perfect safety. In Austria, difficulties between races will never be quite settled, the moral fusion of them into one national mentality is not to be attained; in Hungary, on the other hand, though her people, too, consist

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of different races, that fusion has been achieved by the action of centuries and—if liable to occasional perturbation—that unity of soul already exists. Should Hungary be torn down from the pedestal of her millennial unity into the whirlpool of racial confusion, the whole domain of the Hapsburgs will be converted into quicksand, with no firm ground anywhere to rest upon, with no organic force to keep the parts together. But if Hungary remains that unified power which history and the political genius of the leading race has made her, if she even fortifies herself in unity as her people grow in number, wealth, and culture, then, indeed, the dynasty's power is laid on a foundation unfailingly secure, able to defy future storms as it has defied past hurricanes, before the onset of which mightier empires have fallen into dust. And if, to make such result absolutely certain, one force is wanted, the contemporaneous influence of military training, why on earth should that force be withheld from it or even be allowed to work against it?

Either I am greatly mistaken or the voice of historical destiny speaks through these considerations. What are to them the petty objections of political opportunism and pretended military expediency? How small does all such ephemeral argument appear in the face of these grand aspects of our question? And on the ground of these mighty truths will not Hungary and her dynasty come to a perfect understanding? On the day when this happens the army question will be solved.

Until then let the reader be warned of two things: of considering the present crisis as terminated, and of taking too tragically the difficulties that from time to time must still ensue. He may look upon them with perfect equanimity, for he now knows what the ultimate result will be.

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ON THE LINE

MR. MALLOCK has added one more *Symposium* to the long list of those already in existence—a list which already included two from his hand. But for a good *Symposium* there is always room on the shelf. We may have listened to a dozen, from Plato with his "Absolute Beauty" down to Mr. Lowes Dickinson on "The Meaning of Good," but so long as the subject is one really alive, and the persons in the play are given marked characters and witty speeches, the game is always a fascinating one, and, like a gambit in chess, ends by stimulating us to devise fresh combinations of our own.

In **The Veil of the Temple** (Murray, 6*s*.) the opening is the famous one known as "Science and Religion." Some twenty years ago Mr. Mallock played a very similar game in *The New Republic*, which he himself called by the second title of "Religion and Philosophy." The pieces on that board were fashioned in the likeness of persons then living, and coloured with no timid hand; but in the intervening quarter of a century many of these have been taken from us and one by one back in the closet laid; their authority has to some extent perished with them, and the riddles of their generation have come down to us in forms they could not foresee. To discuss a new situation we must have new characters, men and women of the world of to-day. And here a disappointment is in store for those who look for a bold *roman à clef*. There are no such portraits this time as the too realistic figures in *The New*

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Republic: no indiscretions for the sake of indiscretion, no caricatures for the fun of caricature. The types are strictly chosen for the moves they are to make in the game, and if they still seem, as they mostly do, to bear a certain resemblance to well-known personages, the resemblance is one of opinions rather than of personalities, and goes no further than is necessary; and some necessity there is, for obviously, marked views are the views of marked people. Mr. Cosmo Brock, for example, cannot stand for the Spencerian philosophy without exhibiting a strong likeness in character and manner to Mr. Herbert Spencer. Artistically, then, this series of dialogues is a better piece of work than Mr. Mallock's previous essays in the same style: it shows more sense of proportion, more power of concentration and disdain of the irrelevant: the wit is of a higher order, a blade wielded with less glitter, but with more grip and a directer thrust.

Philosophically it is impossible to criticise the book without first taking up a definite standpoint. To the man of science it will look like one more attempt to substitute the wish for the thought, to build on aspirations instead of inductions. But he will admit the good sense of a builder who prefers to use no inductions rather than to rely on unsound ones. To those for whom mind is something more than a function of matter, to those, for instance, who have been lately following Mr. Haldane on his "Pathway to Reality," the devious and tangled by-ways through which Mr. Mallock undertakes to conduct us will seem to be perhaps less puzzling, and certainly less troubling, than he thinks them; to be, at any rate, unimportant, as bad roads become unimportant to an army which has secured a line of railway. But they, too, will think the better of him for refusing to sit down and declare that no road leads anywhere. As for the Churches, they will find more to commend, for the *reductio ad absurdum* is here brought up to batter each of them in turn, and to each it will seem well aimed against the others, harmless against its own impregnable rock. There is, however, a danger in employing this weapon at all,

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and Mr. Mallock has not escaped it. There are many gentle souls who desire above all things to live in a world without conflict, who would rather forget an enemy than hear his fortress bombarded. The noise itself is torture to them, and in their distraction they are apt to turn in anger even against an ally whose tactics they do not understand. Certain Broad Churchmen, thinks Mr. Mallock, have contemptibly travestied the faith entrusted to them; let us blow their treachery to pieces with a salvo of ridicule. Alas! he alarms where he intended ultimately to reassure: the very juxtaposition of the absurd with the sacred gives offence to those who, if they only knew it, share his animosity; in a sudden panic ultimate intentions go for nothing, fog sets in, and friends are no longer distinguished from foes. He who makes fun of those who make folly of religion is himself taken to be guilty of sacrilege and a partaker with the hordes of the infidel.

This charge of flippancy having been made while *The Veil of the Temple* was appearing as a serial in the MONTHLY REVIEW, Mr. Mallock is in a position to reply to it in a preface to the book. The question he is treating, the question which weighs upon the imaginary inhabitants of his fashionable world, is how far modern scientific knowledge is logically compatible with religious belief of any kind. It is discussed in ways and words appropriate to the characters of the play, persons neither more nor less reverent or dignified than would be generally found assembled in a smart country house-party; but the author's purpose is entirely serious. He directs their argument to the conclusion that practical life and civilisation cannot continue to progress and flourish if religious belief should be banished from the human consciousness—a conclusion, he says, "which, though not co-extensive with orthodoxy, is its primary essential; and is also the conclusion which, in the face of science, the clerical apologists of to-day find it most difficult to establish. The arguments here suggested," he continues, "are widely different from theirs, which are here dismissed as useless; but the object aimed at is, within the limits just specified, the same."

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Here Mr. Mallock, though we do not share his philosophical standpoint, seems to us to be doing good service. He is helping towards a clearance of the ground, which we believe to be inevitable and desirable. "It must concern the clergy," as he says, "more than any other body of men, to realise how the arguments which they put forward in church affect their congregations when they are outside the church door." It must also, we would urge, concern them hardly less to realise how the defensive works which they set up look to those who are not of their congregations; for, after all, it is mainly to the faithful that they speak in church—to those who have little or no need of exhortation, being already within the lines; while the desirable allies and possible recruits outside look doubtfully on the entrenchments they are invited to enter, for they see them successively abandoned as untenable, and the conclusion seems hard to avoid that sooner or later the position must be fatally straitened, and at last carried with a rush. We humbly commend to the clergy—and to Mr. Mallock—the study of the recent spread of "Christian Science," a creed despised equally by the orthodox Christian, the ordinary man of science, and the educated philosopher, but a creed which daily gains adherents and apparently satisfies them. It appears to include a thousand absurdities and vulgarities, but from our present point of view it has this one advantage, that its position cannot be sapped by any approaches or endangered by any half-heartedness. It neither struggles nor parleys with historical criticism or with the science of matter; it simply affirms mind to be the sole reality. To say this is not to acquit its votaries of the ignorance, untruth, and confusion commonly laid to their charge. The dust-heap may be none the less dusty because it nourishes by chance a single green shoot; but the sight of it may suggest to others, who have fields to till, that nothing can replace the living seed; to put the seen in place of the unseen, the temporal in place of the eternal, to work with worldly means for spiritual ends, to rest on miracles and transubstantiate the heavenly into elements of earth—this is to sow materialism, and to reap inevitably nothing.

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THE ONE-EYED COMMISSION

THE chorus of disapproval, it may even be said of ridicule and contempt, which has greeted the Report of the Duke of Norfolk's Commission on the Auxiliary Forces, is probably no worse than they looked for. Without any apparent mandate, they deliberately attacked the most dearly cherished and most unshakable belief of Englishmen, that whatever may be necessary for less favoured peoples, compulsory military service is not essential to the safety of our island. They must have known that they had no more sympathy to expect from public opinion than have other voices who, like them, have cried courageously in the wilderness. The condemnation as usual has been intemperate, confused and misjudged. There are serious people who, having done their best to study aright the problem of national defence, still share the national belief as firmly as the most bigoted and impulsive islander of them all, and yet such men can see much good in the Report. In spite of what they believe to be its false conclusion, they cannot but admit that the Commissioners have brought together much matter of the highest value. The most convinced opponents of the necessity of compulsory service should recognise the patient and exhaustive labour which has thrown so much light on the pathology of the two land forces on which their faith largely rests, and they should not be ungrateful to the men who have so boldly raised the vital issue.

So much we may say in all candour, but no more. Taken

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as a whole the Report is simply a monument of that vicious and apparently ineradicable habit of thought which is, and almost always has been, at the bottom of all our great strategical blunders. It is not the bold conclusion that is by any means the most lamentable part of it. It is rather the manner in which the Commissioners' task was set before them, the premises from which they started, and the method of reasoning by which they shaped their course. All these things are rooted in the persistent heresy of regarding military and naval strategy as two different subjects that can be dealt with apart, of refusing to see them broadly as mere branches of the great art of war, two branches so intimately intertwined that one can never be treated apart from the other, and least of all when we are dealing with the fundamental problems of Insular or Imperial Defence. To bid the Commission inquire how best the auxiliary forces "shall be maintained in a condition of military efficiency and at an adequate strength" is not to raise, as the Royal Warrant appears to assume, a simple question of military organisation. It is to raise the whole question of national defence. As the Commissioners were quick to see, the answer turns on the degree of the country's liability to invasion. This again rests on what the Navy can do, and this again upon how far our military preparations ashore can avail to shape the enemy's strategy upon the sea. So across and across the whole machine is interlocked. It is but justice to the Commissioners to recall that they did make an effort to fill the hiatus in their warrant, and it was not their fault that so deformed a document was past mending. Still the taint of the old heresy hangs to them even in this. They approach the Admiralty for information as to what the Navy can do to prevent invasion, but it is in the old vicious spirit. It is still with the conception of two machines, one of which begins to work when the other leaves off, or where the other cannot reach. Instead of an answer they obtained from the Admiralty a rebuke. They were referred significantly to the Defence Committee, the engine we have devised in these later

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days to combat the traditional heresy, and by the Defence Committee they were practically told that for a Commission constituted as they were it was impossible to do more than consider how to improve the existing forces. With this the Commissioners were not content. Their warrant bade them undertake the larger question, and failing to get what they regarded as the missing factor of the problem either from the Admiralty or the Defence Committee, they went to work on the old misleading lines to determine it for themselves. The result was the same as ever. Instead of a broad-viewed study of the amphibious strategical conditions, we have the old acrimonious contest between a naval and a military school, and it is no less a man than the then Director of Military Intelligence who set the ball rolling at the very start. In answer to question No. 7 Sir William Nicholson insists that nothing can be done till his Majesty's Government decides "whether the naval view or the military view is correct." So he gives the heart-breaking note, and the chorus takes it up deplorably. With one or two notable exceptions, which it would be invidious to specify, both Commissioners and witnesses range themselves in one camp or the other, and even the few men who seemed to feel the errors of the rest are never able to formulate questions or furnish answers to bring out clearly the aberration of the line which this part of the inquiry was taking.

To attempt within the compass of a short article to show completely where the middle course lies, and how again and again the Commissioners had it under their finger ends and failed to grasp it, would be as impossible as it would be presumptuous. Nevertheless an effort may be hazarded to point out how a rigid refusal to regard naval and military strategy separately serves at once to clear the fog and to reveal a plain line leading to a wholly different conclusion from that to which the majority of the Commissioners perversely hurried.

As has been said, the Commissioners rightly saw that the whole question turns on our liability to invasion. Let us

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then first take the constants of the invasion problem, as seen, not from a military or a naval standpoint, but from a point midway between them. They present no difficulty, for they are clearly and readily to be isolated from the admirable evidence of a number of distinguished officers who appeared before the Commission.[1] The constants are these:

(1) An invasion is possible.

(2) It might take three forms:

(*a*) "A raid" of about 10,000 men.

(*b*) "Small expedition" of about 50,000.

(*c*) "A dangerous invasion" of not less than 150,000.

(3) The possibility of making any form of invasion varies with the degree of our command of the sea.

(4) Our command of the sea may be:

(*a*) Absolute; *i.e.*, the enemy cannot pass the sea except by lucky and hazardous evasion.

(*b*) Conditional; *i.e.*, it may be lost temporarily or locally by an action or strategical dispersal.

(*c*) It may be lost altogether by the practical destruction of our fleet.

(5) With these degrees of command the possibilities of invasion vary, as follows:

(*a*) A "raid" must be regarded as possible even when we have absolute command.

(*b*) A "small expedition" is possible when our command is conditional.

(*c*) A "dangerous invasion" is only possible when the enemy has command.

To give the facts on which these constants rest is impossible in this place. They depend on complex but ascertainable figures relating to time occupied by embarcations and disembarcations, amount and nature of transport required, extent of sea covered by fleets, the question of mobility and supply after

[1] See particularly the evidence of Admiral Sir John Hopkins, Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces, and Major-General Sir John Ardagh, late Director of Military Intelligence.

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landing, and the like. But in the minutes of evidence that accompany the Report there is ample testimony that the above propositions are accepted as constants by the best authorities. History, moreover, tells us that they have been accepted as constants by all the great masters of strategy except Napoleon, and not only did he fail to demonstrate his case, but he remains as the conspicuous example of a man who came by his end mainly through failure to measure the limitations of invasion.

With these constants in our mind, let us then examine the Commissioners' Report. They begin with what they describe as "the general considerations present to our minds at the outset." These considerations fall under two heads: first, the enormous increase which has taken place of late years in the numbers of foreign armies, and the improved mobility and organisation that has accompanied it—all of which is indisputable; and, secondly, the similar and simultaneous changes that have come over naval warfare, and here all their considerations are far from disputable. "During the period," they say, "in which Continental nations have recreated their military systems changes not less important have taken place in the conditions of maritime warfare. Movements by sea have become more rapid, more continuous, and more certain as regards time; weapons have become more destructive. Naval warfare is always more concentrated and decisive than land warfare, and the effect of the developments is to intensify these characteristics." No actual conclusion from these considerations is stated, but it is clear from the whole of the Report and the tenour of the Commissioners' questions that they started with the idea that within a few weeks of the outbreak of the war we might be reduced to that condition of sea command which makes "dangerous invasion," or, at least, "small expeditions" possible. From this wholly gratuitous assumption they make their departure, and to the very end the inquiry is confused by it. That the assumption is wholly gratuitous is not too much to say. So far from being "obvious," as they allege, it is against

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all experience and all reason. To begin with, the statement that "naval warfare is always more concentrated and decisive than land warfare" rests on no historical basis. Of what naval war were they thinking? Where is a naval war that for concentration or decision can compare with the six weeks' war of 1866? What maritime campaign can they set beside Austerlitz and a score of others ashore? Trafalgar itself took two years and a half to prepare, if, indeed, we may not fairly say it took ten. How many of our long naval wars have been concentrated; how many of our naval actions have been decisive? No! History teaches us exactly the reverse of the Commissioners' remarkable dictum. Naval warfare has always been more difficult to concentrate than the warfare of regular armies, and decisive actions have always been more easy to avoid at sea than on land. In only one point is this "obvious" consideration of the Commissioners indisputable. They say that recent developments intensify the characteristics of naval warfare. That is true, but in the opposite sense to that which the Commissioners intend. The more rapid, the more continuous and the more certain naval movements become the longer and more warily must fleets contend for strategical advantage; the more deadly the weapons, the more chary must admirals be in joining battle before overwhelming tactical superiority has been obtained. Nor is this mere supposition. The actual tendency of naval tactics tells exactly the same tale. The increasing power and range of naval weapons, and especially of the torpedo, tend to increase the distance at which fleets engage, and consequently to decrease the chances of decisive action. Over and above all this there is the new factor—never once dealt with by the Commission—that the defeat of a battle fleet no longer gives the victor the command of the sea. Behind it is the second rank of torpedo craft—the mobile defence—deadliest and most difficult to destroy in those very narrow seas over which the invader's transports must pass. They are the means, moreover, which we should preferably choose to deal with transports,

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however secure and powerful our battle fleet; for their attack is swift, sudden and secret; difficult to avoid, and appalling in its moral effect beyond anything either cruisers or battleships could effect upon such a quarry. Yet of our elaborate mobile defence there is not a word. Every one talks glibly of our fleet being defeated, of our navy being lured away, as if that settled the question of command. So far is this from the truth that it is a conceivable stratagem of war that our battle fleet might feign to be lured away as the best means of drawing out the enemy's transports, and exposing them to annihilation by a torpedo flotilla. For one belligerent to lose the command of the sea is still a simple matter, but for his opponent to gain it is quite another thing. A fleet action might deprive us of command, but many fleet actions would be necessary before our enemy obtained even sufficient command to set about weeding out our mobile defence, and not till that mobile defence was paralysed could they hope to obtain such an absolute command as would justify their attempting a "dangerous invasion." Such a task against a navy as large as our own, no matter what the coalition against us, must be a matter not of weeks or even of months. Judging from the experience of the Japanese where the task is comparatively simple, and the enemy playing comfortably into their hands, it could not be done under a year; and with our powers of rapidly renewing torpedo craft it might well take a practically infinite time. Be that as it may, it is enough to remember that the Japanese, with all the advantage of surprise and strategic position, with only two ports to watch and equal force, have not been able in nearly five months to win absolute command, even locally, from one of the worst and most ill-directed navies in the world. They have never ventured to move anything larger than "minor expeditions," and their oversea communications are at the moment of writing still insecure.

From this false point of departure—that is to say, from the assumption that what may be called "invasion command"

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can be won from the British Navy in a few weeks—the Commissioners proceed to the "scope of the inquiry." They would perhaps themselves deny that they made any such assumption, but their remarks on the "scope of the inquiry" pin them to it more firmly still. In response to their inquiries in the proper quarters they are told two things—first, that the Admiralty can guarantee complete protection against any form of invasion except a raid; and secondly, that for an adequate defence army some 800,000 auxiliaries are required, of which about half are required for garrisons and half for a mobile army. These two data they regard as contradictory; arguing in this way: an army of 800,000 men, half of it mobile, is far too large if nothing but raid is to be apprehended; therefore it is clear we must apprehend "dangerous invasion." The middle term of "small expeditions," so clearly explained to them by one of the highest military authorities in the country, they ignore. Now invasion, they proceed, can only be undertaken "by one of the great European powers which possess forces highly trained and ready to move in large numbers at the shortest notice." Therefore, they conclude, we must have ready at the outbreak of the war this army of 800,000 men, "as highly trained and as ready to move" as those of our possible invaders, and the only way to provide such an army is, as our possible invaders provide it, by conscription or some other form of compulsory service.

Such is the Commissioners' argument put as fairly as a real desire to do them justice can achieve. It is an argument which contains errors so glaring that is impossible to understand how such men as signed it could ever have come to endorse it with their respected names. To begin with, the numbers given as a basis do not necessarily imply an apprehended invasion. An army of 800,000 men, even if half of them are to be mobile, is no more than would be required to meet sudden raids on so extended a coast-line as our own. Such raids must be met promptly. They can only be met with sufficient promptitude to render them ineffective by

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locally organised units, and a moment's calculation will show that 300,000 men are none too many to provide an adequate number of such units, composed of auxiliary, irregular, or partially trained troops. It is only by ignoring the secrecy, suddenness, and variation of line which sea transport lends to military operations, that the Commissioners could possibly have made the inference they did.

Their second inference is equally extraordinary and equally blind to the influence of fleets, whether in command of the sea or not, upon military operations. Having assumed that our auxiliary army is intended to meet not mere raids but an invasion in force, they proceed to assume that we may have to meet it at the outbreak of war. Having permitted those remarkable "considerations" above dealt with to be "present to their minds," it was impossible they should come to any other assumption. Yet to build a system of defence on such an assumption is not merely to calculate on possible defeats of our fleet or its possible strategical dispersal; it is to ignore the Navy altogether. It is certain they would indignantly repudiate such a charge. Do we not, they would urge, admit the Navy as our first line? Certainly they do, but that is not enough if they ignore the time it must take to break the first line. That is to ignore it altogether. We can only exclaim again that such blindness to the interaction of naval and military strategy is incredible, and surely nothing in the world could so fully justify the constitution of a permanent Defence Department, charged with the co-ordination of both branches of the National Forces, as that such men as the Commissioners could solemnly base their conclusions on a strategical heresy so flagrant and elementary.

If only we keep this interaction of naval and military force even vaguely in our minds, the true inference from their datum of 300,000 men is obvious and as different from what the Commissioners inferred as it is obvious. First, it means that we require a force sufficiently numerous and sufficiently trained to stop sudden raids at the moment of landing. In the second

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place, it means that we require a force sufficiently numerous and sufficiently trained to deter our enemy from attempting an invasion except upon such a scale as would set up the conditions which our Navy requires for certain and effective counter attack. Let this clear example of naval and military interaction never be forgotten. A sufficient army, even if half trained and capable only of passive defence, practically doubles the ubiquity and power of our fleet in that by forcing the enemy to mass his offensive, it proportionately fixes for the fleet its true objective, and increases the vulnerability of that objective. In the third place, the datum of 800,000 means that we require a force sufficiently numerous and sufficiently trained so that within the time by which an enemy can win invasion command from our fleet, it can be brought to such a degree of strength, cohesion, and efficiency as to have nothing to fear from the most formidable foreign force that conceivably can be landed on our shores. All three of these desiderata are fully met by an auxiliary defence army. It is enough to stop raids, it is enough to force upon the enemy conditions most favourable to the action of our fleet, and it provides a force capable of being tuned up to Continental pitch behind the two advanced lines which our battle fleets and mobile defence afford.

One more consideration remains, but that is so vain an imagining that it would not be worth notice were it not so often repeated by serious people and were it not actually seen lurking in the minds of some of the gravest of the Commissioners. It is this—that there is a likelihood we should have no time to prepare because it is possible for one of the great military powers in time of profound peace, and without disclosing his intention, suddenly to throw a dangerous invasion upon our coasts. During the great continental manœuvres, it is said, there are enough troops ready mobilised to form a great army of invasion at an hour's notice and in the ports always enough steam shipping to transport them. It merely requires that a moment should be seized when our fleets, as often happens, are

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far away at manœuvres, and the thing is done. To provide against such a chimera is as though a London householder should insure against earthquakes. It is inconceivable that with all the means we have nowadays of knowing each other's business such an intention could be carried out in secret and with no hint of strained relations. Take the one item of preparing ships as horse-transports. The days that alone would require and the noise it must make, even if perfect organisation be granted, are enough to shatter the whole fantastic structure. But that is far from all. The difficulty of starting such a move in absolute silence is as nothing compared with the difficulties of the arrival. The wholly unopposed landing of a force of 100,000 men with all its horses, transports, stores and ammunition, even if a first-class port be seized, is a matter of days; on an open coast it would be matter rather of weeks. But by no possibility of suddenness or secrecy could such a landing be unopposed. Dismiss if you will the idea that our auxiliary forces could harass it from the land, there still remains the torpedo flotilla which is never far away. Think then of the feverish haste, the nervous confusion in the invading host as they scan the darkening waters for the first sign of the gathering terror; think of the condition of the helpless mass when the first torpedo explodes and they know the holocaust has begun. Who is there in his sober moments can believe that any master of war would run so insane a risk? Who will not rather hope that if we have an enemy who means us secret mischief he may in his frenzy be tempted to give us so splendid a chance of chastising him? Even in bygone days, when news was hard to get, when armies were less cumbrous to move, and when we had no second naval line, there is no example of such an enterprise having succeeded, there is no example of its having been attempted. Every day, as mobile defence increases in power, the whole conception grows more impossible and more insane, so long as we have even the semblance of a force which would make successful invasion out of the question unless it were undertaken with numbers

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greater than any ruler would dare to expose to such a risk.

An improved and better organised auxiliary army then, and not compulsory service, is the true conclusion to which the official data should have led the Commissioners if they could only have kept both their eyes open. It is of course only a very broad and general conclusion. The elaboration of its details would have provided ample scope for the inquiry. It gives us only a fundamental conception of the Army we need, and it leaves many questions open which the Commission might have done much to solve. It leaves open the questions whether so large an auxiliary force with the colours is not really unnecessary, and whether part of it might not be a reserve; how it had best be trained, whether as irregulars or regulars; how its mobility within local defence areas can best be secured. It also leaves untouched the question of active defence, and it was open to the Commissioners to inquire whether for counter attacks we had best rely at the outbreak of war on a specially organised part of the auxiliary force or on a partial reorganisation of the regular army. But all these things the Commissioners hurried by as they ran on blindfold and, as it would seem, with a preconceived determination to universal compulsory service. The radical difference between sea and land frontiers is ignored, the Navy is treated as a negligible quantity, naval warfare as a quantity that is unknown, and nothing is seen but those continental peace-trained hordes of whose power of waging war we have at least as small experience as we have of modern warfare on the sea.

The issue has been raised and all these things must now be settled. Our comfort is that so nearsighted a report as the one in hand will effectually stop any further attempt to settle it by Royal or Parliamentary Commission. It will and must be settled in the Committee of Defence, where soldier and sailor at least sit side by side.

JULIAN CORBETT.

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THE PLACE OF GREEK AND LATIN IN HUMAN LIFE

An Address delivered at the first General Meeting of the Classical Association of England and Wales, held at Oxford, on the 28th of May, 1904.

THE name of this Association, and the statement of the objects which it proposes to further, have reference to Greek and Latin as a single object of study, to be pursued by a common method, and with a common or at least an inseparable place both in education and in their bearing upon life. The ancient world, as it is summed up for us in the history and the literature of Greece and Rome, does, indeed, possess a certain imposing unity. But scientific research emphasises what is sufficiently obvious on a general view, that Greece and Rome represent two civilisations which, though they overlap and intermingle, though enwound and engrafted one on the other, have a different parentage, a distinct essence, and a separate product. Philology tells us that the Italo-Celtic family are but second cousins of the Hellenic. History shows a nearer affinity between the Roman and the Teuton than between the Greek and the Latin. The areas ruled by the thoughts and acts of the two races always fell apart from their forced or fortuitous coalescence. The Greater Greece beyond the Seas was temporary and fugitive, like the New Rome on the extreme Eastern outpost of Europe.

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Each sank back into its environment, and resumed the colour of the native soil and atmosphere. The Tarentine and Massiliot Republics lapsed into the Latin world, as the Duchy of Athens and the Principality of Achaia dissolved into that nearer-Eastern world out of which they were artificially created. The Exarchate of Ravenna ended its troubled and precarious life in the course of nature, like the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem. Nor is the difference in the art and literature of the two races less radical. The sculpture and painting, the prose and poetry of Greece remain something apart from those of Europe, while the civic architecture of Rome, like her language, her law, and her machinery of government, became that of the Western world. The influence of Christianity was insufficient to bridge over this deeply-rooted divergence, and the separation of the Eastern and Western Churches was only the formal acceptance of a more profound alienation. It is not undesirable, when this Association is being inaugurated, to emphasise the difference between the two spheres which classical studies include, and to realise fully that they represent forces in the education and control of life which are complementary, or even opposed, to one another. Under the ambiguous name of the classics we include much to which the name of classical can only be applied in different senses, and by far-stretched analogies. The distinction, no less than the likeness, between the two spheres of classical study is of importance not only towards clear thought, but towards the pressing and practical question of the place which each holds separately and which both hold jointly in education, in culture, in our whole view and handling of human life. It is to this distinction that I would specially invite your attention, without trespassing upon any controversial ground towards which its consideration might lead us.

The classics, as an object of study and an instrument of culture, may in the ordinary usage be defined as all that is known to us through the Greek and Latin languages, or the knowledge of which is intimately connected with and

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inseparable from a knowledge of Greek and Latin: first and foremost coming the languages themselves, as mediums of the most exquisite delicacy, precision, and finish; then the literature embodied in the languages, as the original record of that history upon which our own history is founded, and the expression of the fundamental thought, the permanent aspiration, and the central emotion of mankind; then the effective surviving product of Greece and Rome in art, politics, religion, and the whole conduct and control of life. But the classics, in this sense, bear to us a still further implied meaning: that of a certain factor or element in our own lives, both individual and national, which depends upon and can only be expressed in terms of that knowledge. The classics are in this sense at once the roots and the soil out of which the modern world has grown, and from which, as a matter of mere scientific or historical fact and apart from any theory or preference, it draws life through a thousand fibres. In this organic sense the phrase of the dead languages exactly expresses what is not classical. So far as they are dead, they are not classical. So far as they are classical, they are alive, as part, and that not the least part, of our own life. "In our life alone does nature live." On dead letters and arts, as on dead science and dead theology, is pronounced the same inexorable sentence and the same call to a higher activity: *Sine ut mortui sepeliant mortuos suos; tu autem vade, et annuncia regnum Dei.*

On a broad survey of the facts, we may say that the study of the classics is the study of the great bulk of relevant human history through many ages, over a period of not less than a thousand years, which is the bridge between the prehistoric and the modern world. We cannot make this period begin later than 850 B.C., the date to which modern criticism, reluctantly returning to the ancient tradition, assigns the Homeric poems. We cannot make it end sooner than the shifting of the world's axis by the growth of Christianity and the emergence of Central Europe in the third century after Christ. But round these thousand years extends a penumbra

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reaching backward and forward for ages at each extreme. Between the two great catastrophes in which the Graeco-Latin world may be said to begin and end, the sack of Knossos and the sack of Constantinople, hardly much less than three thousand years intervene; and of the whole of this prodigious period the Greek and Latin classics in their widest sense are at once the key and the symbol.

In a more restricted and more accurate sense of the term, the classical periods of Greek and Latin civilisation are different, and stand apart. Each is comprised within a space of little more than two centuries. The former begins and ends with the rise and fall of self-government in the free States of Greece Proper. The latter is included in the last century of the Roman Republic and the first of the Roman Empire. Between the two lies another period of equal extent, which is in literature, as well as history, of great interest, but which is not that of the classical writers. We learn Greek and Latin in order to obtain access to the whole of the past; but still more, and as regards ordinary study primarily, to acquaint ourselves with these two classical periods, which represent, in important respects, the culmination of what mankind has done at the height of its trained intelligence as regards both the art of letters and the conduct of life. Arnold, in a well-known passage, states the case with admirable precision. "First," he says, "what a man seeks for his education is to get to know himself and the world. Next, for this knowledge it is before all things necessary that he acquaint himself with the best which has been thought and said in the world. Finally, of this best the classics of Greece and Rome form a very chief portion, and the portion most entirely satisfactory. With these conclusions lodged safe in one's mind, one is safe on the side of the humanities."

Such then is the scope and object of classical studies, such the place of the classics in a rational and educated human life. But the place of Latin and Greek in such a life is in two spheres, which, though they intersect and interact, are neither concentric nor co-extensive. He who truly knows both holds in

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his hand the keys of the past, which unlock doors in the house of the present, that *anceps dolus mille viis* far exceeding in intricacy the Cretan labyrinth of the Minoïds or the maze of chambers and corridors that stretched round and beneath the palace-fortress of Blachernae. But these keys are two, and the doors they open are different.

The place of Rome, of the Latin temper and civilisation, the Latin achievement in the conquest of life, is definite and assured. It represents all the constructive and conservative forces which make life into an organic structure. Law, order, reverence for authority, the whole framework of political and social establishment, are the creation of Latin will and intelligence. Throughout the entire field of human activity we are still carrying on the work of Rome on the lines drawn once for all by Latin genius. This Latin genius impressed itself most strongly on their grammar and their literature. And just as Latin grammar is an unequalled instrument for training the mind in accurate thought, Latin literature is an instrument as unequalled for discipline of the practical reason.

While Rome stands for the constructive and conservative side of life, Greece represents the dissolving influence of analysis and the creative force of pure intelligence. The return to Greece, it has been said, is the return to Nature; it has to be made again and again, always with a fresh access of insight, a fresh impulse of vitality. The return to Rome need never be made, because we have never quitted her. Rome we know. Deeper study, larger acquaintance, fresh discoveries, only fill in the details and confirm the outline of forms which, once impressed on the world, became indelible. Greece is in contrast something which we are so far from knowing that we hardly have a name for it. Even if accidental it is highly suggestive, that we can only speak of it by the name of one or another insignificant tribe, outside of the land we think of as Greece and of the culture we call Hellenic. The Hellenic name, to quote the famous words of Isocrates, seems not to stand for a race, but for intelligence itself; for an air of the

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spirit, that blows when and where it lists. At every point we are presented with its strange intermittence and elusiveness. What is Greek appears in a manner to have existed only to prepare the way for what is Latin, and then to dissatisfy us with that; lest one good custom, perhaps, should corrupt the world. The whirling nebula of commonwealths between the Aegean and the Adriatic took fixed shape merely as a burnt-out satellite of the *orbis Romanus*, the puny and eventless Roman province of Achaea. Greek art wandered lost through the world until Latin hands seized it and transmitted it to the Middle Ages. The Christology of the earlier Greek Church just fixed itself for a moment at Nicaea in order to hand over a symbol to the West; and the structure of thought built up by the Latin mind from Augustine to Aquinas was the central life of mediaeval Europe, while the Eastern Church lost itself in iridescent mists of super-subtle metaphysic. A history of Latin literature is a possible and actual thing, a thing of defined scope and organic limits; as with the political and social history of Rome, we can only re-draw it with a firmer hand and a greater mastery of detail; in their main substance and effect, the Aeneid or the Commentaries of Cæsar are what they have been and have never ceased to be since they were written, The history of Greece and of Greek letters has to be perpetually re-written; in both we seem to be dealing with something that is less a substance than an atmosphere or an energy, something elusive, penetrating, fugitive. In the sculpture of Phidias and his predecessors there is a subtlety of modelling which actually defies the pencil of the most accomplished draughtsman to follow; the delicacy of outline and fluidity of plane is like that of life itself. So with the Greek classics; they never yield their final secret. Our picture of the Homeric age—by which I mean the age that produced the Homeric poems as we know them—is in constant flux; it is like a land seen intermittently through dropping and lifting mists. Modern scholars are revolutionising the whole aspect and meaning of the Athenian drama. The work of Mr. Gilbert

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Murray on Euripides, and of M. Victor Bérard on the Odyssey, to quote only two instances, is of a really creative value in reconstituting or revivifying two aspects of Greek life. We still need some one to light up for us "Hellas and mid-Argos," to give us a living insight into that brilliant period between the Median and Peloponnesian wars when life reached a sustained height and tension to which history presents no parallel, and which yet is so insubstantial and impalpable. We cannot fix that central time, any more than we can fix a central place, of Greek national life. Where are we to look for the focus of that incalculable curve? in Elis or at Delphi? in the unwalled Eurotas valley, or where Athena lodged in the fenced house of Erechtheus? and where are we to seek the central moment of Hellenic culture, among those strange people, half children and half savages, yet so accomplished and so worldly, among whom were born beauty, truth, freedom, and vulgarity; on whom the mature mind of the Roman looked, as Egypt and Persia had done before him, with a mixture of fascinated contempt and admiring awe? While Rome has laid down for us a realised standard of human conduct, Greece rears aloft, wavering and glittering before us, an unrealisable ideal of superhuman intelligence. It appears and disappears and reappears, always with the same extraordinary power of deflecting, dissolving, recreating the life that it touches. For a thousand years the Western world had to do without Greek; and it did very well; but there was something missing. Since then there have been three great movements of return to Greece; the later Renaissance, the rediscovery of Greece a hundred years ago, and now the fresh impulse that makes us face the problem again with our test-tubes and magnesium-flares, our armament of archaeology and history. In each of these cases the Greek influence has acted as a disturber and a quickener: "the men that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." It comes as something kindred to and yet transcending our own habit of thought and mode of life, mid-way between our own Western inheritance and that of the

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alien blood and mind of the East. The Indo-Chinese world stands now, as it has always stood, aloof and apart from our own. To earlier races in the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates we owe the beginnings of science, art, and thought. From the Semitic stocks of the Syrian and Arabian plateaus we draw our religious doctrines, our chivalry and our romance. The Empires of Iran and Nippon have given birth to arts and civilisations, if not to literatures, of a high order of importance. But all these are foreign to us. Greece is foreign also; yet some strain of that remote blood mingles in our own. Using the Latin eye and hand and brain, we find in the Greek eye and hand and brain an insoluble enigma and a perpetual stimulus. Hundreds of years hence the same process of return to Greece may still be going on, amid a society still based upon the foundations and carrying on the work of Rome.

In the essay from which I have already quoted, Arnold observes that in the Athens of the fourth century B.C., we see a society dying of the triumph of the Liberal party, and in the age of the Antonines, a society dying of the triumph of the Conservative party. Notwithstanding the obvious criticism that Athens was ruined by Imperialist expansion, and that the decay of Rome is almost coincident with the era of peace, retrenchment and reform inaugurated by the Good Emperors, the observation is interesting and suggestive. By which death is the study of the classics now menaced?

The foundation of this Association is partly due to the general modern movement towards better organisation, more scientific methods, increased regard to efficiency. It is partly due also to an uneasiness which in some minds approaches terror. The classics appear before the world, not, as once, candidate and crowned, but in a garb and attitude of humility, almost of supplication. Scholars rally to the defence of a besieged fortress. Many of the phrases of half a century ago have become inverted. As the Middle Ages produced the Renaissance, as the Reformation produced the great Catholic revival, three hundred years of education based on Greek and

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Latin have produced the anti-classical reaction we see now. The supercilious attitude only too familiar among scholars of an earlier generation has been abandoned. It is not necessary to rush to the other extreme, and weaken our case by appeals to prejudice or pity. No good will be done by calling names, or by ignoring facts. It is not thus that hostility is disarmed or that converts are made. In the first place, let us clear our minds of cant. Greek and Latin are not, as was once claimed for them, objects of study and means of education possessed of some mystical or sacramental value. That does not make them less educative as a study, less potent as an influence, but more. Nor need we aggravate the controversy, already sufficiently heated, as to the necessity of Greek and Latin at certain stages and in certain places of education, by involving it in an atmosphere of controversial theology. Into this matter I dare not enter further. The President of Magdalen, with tears in his voice, implored me not to utter even in a whisper a certain phrase which at present distracts this University; and in any case I should not have been much inclined to pursue what seems to me a curiously confused issue. A controversy with regard to compulsory bread as an article of diet might conceivably be carried on with equal heat and pertinacity, were the supply of bread, and let us say of potatoes, in the hands of two bodies of highly educated persons representing enormous interests, and if the question were further complicated by one section of the disputants insisting that bread was not beef, while potatoes were, and another, that what was true of bread must be true of wine also.

Again, it may be stated with some emphasis that much in Greek and Latin literature is of no particular value, and its study has no appreciable claim on our regard. The brutal dexterity of later Greek art, the laboured pedantry of the Latin decadence, are objects merely for the scientific study of specialists. Even in the classical periods there is much of secondary value, much which is dead language. From this point of view, Gregory the First and Amr ibn el-Asi, if they

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were really responsible for the destruction of the Palatine and Alexandrian libraries, might be reckoned as unconscious benefactors of classical studies, and as having indeed inherited the practical sagacity of Roman administrators and the uncompromising logic of Greek thinkers.

Lord Cromer, who would I hope pardon me for quoting him as one in whom the Greek lucidity of intelligence is combined with the Roman faculty of constructive administration, once told me that he asked a lady at Cairo what she thought of the Pyramids; to which she replied, that she never saw anything half so silly in her life. "And I am rather inclined to agree," he added, "in this scathing but original criticism." The contrast between this modern attitude and General Buonaparte's famous words to his troops on the morning of the 3rd Thermidor of the year Six puts very pointedly one side of the contrast between the old and the new feeling towards the classics. It may be supplemented by a more commonplace instance of my own experience. I lately had occasion to confer with a representative of the London Chamber of Commerce regarding certain examinations conducted by that body. He spoke of the difficulties arising from the conservatism of school authorities, and instanced the Head Master of one particular school, not in any spirit of contempt, but rather in sorrow, as "a man who had no soul for anything above Latin and Greek." The phrase is noteworthy; for a real enthusiasm, not unlike in its nature to the old enthusiasm for the classics, has arisen around what are called practical studies. Those which specially kindled his were office work, typewriting, and certain arithmetical processes called tots—the last of which would very possibly have met with the approval of Plato. But if it were the case that the soul had gone out of Greek and Latin, they would be what their opponents call them, dead languages. Or may the soul have gone out of their teachers? Have they lost the faculty of making the classics alive to themselves and to those they teach? For it profits little that the thing taught is alive, if the person who teaches

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it is dead. To keep Greek and Latin from being in effect dead languages, to keep classical culture a vital influence, is the most important of the objects which this Association has to promote.

The late Lord Bowen, in the preface to his brilliant translation of Virgil, pointed out by a single satiric touch one of the great weaknesses of professional scholars. They remind one, he said, in their jealousy for the interests of their studies, in which they seem to claim a kind of proprietary right, of a timid elderly traveller fussing over his luggage at a crowded railway station. A life spent among the masterpieces of ancient thought and art is in fact misspent if it fails to communicate to the student something of their large spirit. If it sometimes results in something strangely small and petty, that is the fault of the method and not of the subject of the study. The fine vindication of these minute researches in "A Grammarian's Funeral" is too well known to quote; but the specialists are not always inspired by so high an ideal. The arguments for the value in education of science and of modern languages are equally applicable to the classics if studied by proper methods and in a proper spirit, only that they apply in a higher sense. But the objections which may be urged against science or modern languages as preponderating elements of education are no less applicable to Greek and Latin as they are often taught and studied. Two-thirds of the study of the classics is vitiated by that very narrowness of outlook and over-specialisation of research which is the defect of science as an educational instrument. Will any one say that the columns of the *Classical Review* breathe a more liberal air and radiate a more accomplished humanity than those of the *Proceedings of the Chemical Society*, or the *Journal of Entomology*?

But in spite of all that is said about the decay of the classics as a main factor in education, there has never been a time within memory when they were as widely and as seriously studied as they are now; and never a time in which they have

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given promise of being a larger influence. The outlook upon life of the Homeric rhapsodes and the Attic dramatists, the art of Agelaidas and Phidias, the thought of Plato and Aristotle, are actual living forces of immense moment; and in a like measure, though in a different way, this is true of Cicero and Lucretius, of Horace and Virgil. If they suffer temporary eclipses of fashion, we may await the revolution of the wheel with confidence. Should they cease for a time—which I do not think will be the case—to be an important factor of education, time will reinstate them. Signs of a reaction in their favour are already visible. The State is beginning at last to take the problem of higher education seriously in hand. In any scheme aided and supervised by the State, linguistic and literary training will henceforth bear its part, will neither be ignored nor squeezed out. And if this is so, the classical languages, each in its own sphere and in its own degree, must, simply by the force of their own unrivalled qualities towards imparting such training, assert their place. After trying many substitutes, we shall have to fall back upon the fact that in Greek and Latin we possess languages unequalled for organic structure and exquisite precision, and literatures which, because they reached perfection, cannot become obsolete. We may get rid of cant without losing reverence. The classics include certain specific things which are unique in the world, and without which human culture is and always must be incomplete. These are the final objects of the whole study which leads up to them. Meanwhile, there is much to be done in quickening the spirit and renewing the methods of classical teaching, in lifting from off it a dead weight of indolent tradition and class prejudice. If this is effected under the pressure of criticism from without and of awakened conscience within, the anti-classical movement may turn out to have been a scarcely disguised blessing to the cause of the classics.

I have ventured to place before the Association these general considerations with regard to the place of Greek and

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Latin in human life as a prelude to the more severely technical discussions which will be its main occupation. Here, in one of the ancient centres of humanism, where the ghosts of Dante and Erasmus move among more familiar shades, some such inaugural tribute to the humanities may not be thought unfitting before we set seriously to the work we propose to undertake:

> As men in the old times, before the harps began,
> Poured out wine for the high invisible ones.

J. W. MACKAIL.

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THE NAVY AND CLASSICAL EDUCATION

IN the following pages an attempt will be made to show that the question of classical education may be given a wider application than has hitherto been assigned to it, and that the beneficial effect to be expected from that education in a particular, but important, case ought not to be overlooked. It is not my intention to deal—for in truth I do not feel qualified to deal—with the subject of classical education from the academic or scholastic side. The detailed methods of conducting instruction in "classics"—which means much more than teaching the Greek and Latin languages—may be left to the consideration of expert teachers, amongst whom there is sufficient difference of opinion on particular points to ensure attention to the interests of the nation at large as represented by the general body of pupils. What I wish to establish, and what I believe there is nothing presumptuous in my trying to establish, is that, in a discussion of the merits of classical study as part of our English system of education, the Navy ought not to be left out of sight; and also that the practical value of a knowledge of classical subjects to many naval officers is great enough to justify its inclusion in our scheme of officers' training.

We have got beyond the times in which it used to be necessary to begin a dissertation on anything relating to the sea-service with a demonstration of the importance of the Navy to the Empire and of the desirability of inducing the public to

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interest itself in naval matters. It is now all but universally recognised—all but universally because a passive-defence enthusiast sometimes raises his voice—that the essential condition of our national security is the maintenance of a strong and efficient fleet. The true position of the Navy in the defensive arrangements of the British Empire has come to be a commonplace of everyday journalism and even of drawing-room conversation. Hardly any one now ventures to parade his ignorance of the A B C of national defence by ignoring or undervaluing the naval factor in it; and discussions of our system of naval education may be profitably carried on outside purely professional circles.

In the recent controversy on the place to be assigned to classical studies in modern education, two things must have been apparent to the impartial observer. One was the opinion largely held by the opponents or disparagers of those studies that, if suitable at all, they were suitable only to pupils who complete a course at the higher schools intending to proceed to one of the Universities. The other thing was that classical knowledge was a mere ornament, what some years ago would have been styled an "accomplishment," and of no practical value. The opinions mentioned may be correctly summarised as meaning that classical education was all very well for those whose parents were rich enough to give them an expensive education, but was of no use to those whose circumstances render it necessary that in early youth they should receive an equipment of knowledge fitting them to engage with a fair prospect of success in the struggle for life, intensely sharpened as it is by the keenness of modern competition. Some of the most distinguished names in natural science were not to be found in the list of those so thinking. As was to be expected, the greatest scientific authorities showed a desire, not to abolish, but to improve the methods of classical instruction, openly expressing their conviction of its value *if assigned its proper place in our national scheme of education.* I have italicised the statement of the condition, first because of its importance,

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and secondly because I believe that an immense majority, if not the whole, both of those who are engaged in teaching the classics and of those who favour such teaching, readily accepts it, and indeed has been contending for its adoption.

In view of this, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that time devoted to the acquisition of classical knowledge is well spent, and that the only question which can arise concerning it is, What shall be the proportionate amount of that time? Every one knows that a variety of branches of knowledge have virtually come into existence in modern times and, indeed, within a comparatively short period. Mineralogy, electricity, especially in its latest developments; metallurgy—not to mention other sciences—were not in a condition to be made subjects of school-study till long after the classical curriculum had become well established. Time for imparting instruction in the sciences alluded to could only be gained by taking it from the period devoted to the older curriculum. There would naturally be differences of opinion as to the new division of the academic time-table. Conservatism would grudge the resignation of a large share; whilst convinced innovators would demand for the new subjects more than they could fairly claim. There is no necessary connection between this conflict of demands and the existence of classical education. The conflict arises whenever some branch of natural science is held to have become a subject suitable for a school-course. This was apparent in the recently disclosed reaction against the predominance of mathematical instruction in our naval education system. The introduction of the new or Osborne system was heralded by an attack on what in the Navy we call "x-chasing," and by a vigorous demand that time should be taken from that pursuit and devoted to the study of "practical" science.

Having attended last month's (May 1904) meeting of the Classical Association at Oxford, I came away impressed by the absence of all desire on the part of the members professionally engaged in teaching classics to exclude from our schools or to

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undervalue what are called scientific subjects. I was also impressed by their desire—unanimous as far as I could see—to include those subjects in our scheme of education. Whatever arrangement is come to, it must be a compromise, and a compromise in the best sense. The spirit displayed at Oxford ought to prevail with those who devise schemes of naval education, whatever may be the subjects to be included in it. The above-mentioned reaction against the undue predominance of "*a*-chasing" is a proof of this.

What is it that we require a system of training naval officers to produce? Obviously, we require it to produce men suited for high commands. Any system which fails to do this is beyond all question defective. We cannot appeal to the results of our present system, because it has not been long enough in existence to enable us to see its ultimate effects. We can, however, see what it aims at, and can estimate the probability of its achieving the result which the country has a right to require of it. Stated briefly, the object of our present system is to turn out specialists. The Navy itself is a special profession. It also contains within its own speciality certain narrow specialities. There are the Gunnery Branch, the Navigating Branch, the Engineer Branch, and the Torpedo Branch. Till very recently the Engineer Branch was regarded as a persistent speciality; that is to say, its members were to remain engineers and nothing else throughout their career. This has now been altered, and those who are to be trained at first for the branch are eventually to revert to the general body of officers, in order that they may succeed, or have an equal chance of succeeding, to positions of command.

The members of a specialised branch, except in rare instances, only remain in that branch for a short time. If we say that it takes an officer about twenty-four years to reach the rank of captain, he will have served in his speciality little more than a third of that time. The more brilliantly he performs his duties as a Gunnery or Torpedo Lieutenant the shorter his service as one is likely to be, because the successful

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specialist generally gets promoted early. In the great majority of cases promotion to the rank of commander ends the officer's connection with his specialist branch. In the Navigating Branch—and this is highly significant and worthy of attention—the connection more frequently lasts longer. Gunnery and torpedo work are purely naval, and are not essentially parts of an officer's duty in his capacity as a seaman. Navigating work, on the other hand, is of a general nautical character, and efficiency in its performance is indispensable to the mariner on the quarter-deck, whether he belongs to the Royal Navy or not. There are some reasons for expecting, when the new system of training naval engineers has been longer in existence, that the condition as regards the Engineer Branch will approximate to that of the Navigating Branch. Even then, a large proportion of officers trained under the system will quit the branch for the ranks of the general body.

As regards the prominent specialities—gunnery and torpedo—which, it ought to be explained, have for some years past attracted, and are still attracting to themselves the flower of the officers' corps, the condition of brief connection with them is likely to endure. In other words, our system of naval education is so arranged that in the case of the most promising young officers it only trains them, and indeed only professes to train them, for the special duties of one of several branches of their profession. The leading principle of our system is that of training sets of specialists, the great majority of whom will cease to be specialists in eight or nine years' time. The general public will more readily perceive what this means if, for the sake of illustration, we apply the conditions to another profession in which specialisation of branches is common. In the medical profession there are several special branches—oculists, aurists, &c. What would be thought of a system of medical education which divided the ablest of the young students into specialised sections in spite of the certainty that, as soon as some years' experience had made them adepts in their speciality, they would abandon it and devote themselves to general practice?

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The problem which the naval educator really has to solve is that of keeping down specialisation to the lowest limits compatible with efficiency. To extend it beyond those limits is to mistake the end and object of training. The all but universal abandonment of the special branches by those deliberately trained for them as soon as enough time has been devoted to them to render the mastery of them possible is an admission of the insufficiency of the system. As soon as the more capable officers reach the stage at which the prospect of obtaining positions of command comes in sight they nearly all hasten to withdraw from the special branches. This is a proof—although it may not be often perceived—that our naval education scheme is too narrow; that it must embrace something beyond a mere plan for turning out temporary specialists; and that the true object of naval education, viz., the equipment of officers with the culture most likely to fit them at a mature age for the exercise of high command, must be kept in view.

Naval specialisation is almost exclusively devoted to instruction in the handling of material. It is largely occupied in ensuring familiarity with the use of machines—*i.e.*, with things that are always worked for the same purpose in the same way. General reliance on machinery produces in all classes a lack of reliance on self: and it is a matter of common observation that it checks readiness of resource. Amongst the qualities most needed in a naval commander are intellectual alertness and flexibility of mind. Specialisation of training chiefly, if not exclusively, composed of the examination or manipulation of machinery—whether it be that which moves a gun, operates a torpedo, or propels a ship—is not favourable to the development of the alertness or the flexibility. It is true that an exceptional genius like Pascal can invent and solve geometrical problems without having received any mathematical instruction; but we have to deal with men as they are, and how many Pascals has the world ever seen? It need not be disputed that specialisation in different branches is necessary in our naval training; but we must never lose

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sight of the fact that it is intended to produce only a temporary result. Also we should never cease to bear in mind the danger, due to schemes of specialisation, of discouraging readiness of resource, breadth of view, and strengthening of character.

We must come to the conclusion that, however good within its present limited range, our naval education system is still imperfect; indeed, that without expansion it cannot produce the result which is most desired. It has, indeed, this merit—that it admits of expansion. It does not now force every student through the same speciality or branch, for some selection is still allowed. Training for one speciality goes on side by side with training for another, and some instruction is given to officers who do not select any one special branch.

The present training for each branch is at present very largely a school-room training. The special knowledge acquired is, to a great extent, knowledge derived from the study of books in colleges or schools more or less distant from the scene of the specialist officer's future duties. It is not only possible, it is also probable, that a gunnery or torpedo lieutenant who has gone through a long course of instruction in the lecture-rooms and studies of Greenwich will never be within fifty miles of Greenwich during the whole time that he does duty in his special branch. Consequently the principle of book-education in the Navy has been admitted and has, in fact, been consecrated by several years' practice. No objection can, therefore, be made to any particular class of study, because it must be carried on with the help of books and lectures.

Qualification for command is perhaps a natural gift. It is possible to stunt it by too narrow a course of training. It is also possible to develop it by a proper course. It is reasonable to suppose that its development is fostered by the acquisition of widely extended culture. The more a commander knows of what men have done, the more likely he is to understand the dispositions and forecast the actions of men, whether they be his surbordinates, his allies, or his enemies. The more he has learned of causes and effects in human affairs as traced

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throughout long periods of time, the more promptly will his reasoning faculty come to his assistance in moments of doubt and difficulty. It is an historical fact that, amongst all the progressive Western nations, the great majority of persons who have conspicuously influenced public affairs have received what is now called a "classical education." This has been the rule from Burleigh to Gladstone and Salisbury; from Jefferson to Bismarck. An Abraham Lincoln is as much an exception as a Pascal in the world of science. It has, indeed, been the rule amongst eminent naval officers; such school education as, for instance, Boscawen, Hawke, Rodney, and Nelson had time to receive, being of the usual English "classical" type. Though too much stress should not be laid on this, it is worth consideration.

What may be reasonably deduced from it is, that no formal system of education has yet been discovered which results in imparting such wide culture to the student as that "classical" education which some quarter of a century ago it began to be the fashion to disparage. The disparagers will, perhaps, perceive before long that they themselves are now behind the age, and that the ideas of the early "seventies" are as much out of fashion as last year's bonnets. We must recognise the necessity of giving to naval officers, who may hereafter have to fill positions of high command, facilities for acquiring the culture which will fit them for such positions. Attempts to force it on those who are not qualified to receive it will fail of course; but seed sown in congenial soil will bear abundant fruit. We know what has proved itself an unsurpassed vehicle for wide culture; can it be doubted that we ought to consider how it may be utilised?

As encouragement for those who hold that it should be considered, evidence may be adduced of the practical value of classical studies even to naval officers. It is necessary to explain to some at least who readily give their opinion of the value of those studies that they comprise a great deal more than instruction in the Latin and Greek languages. They include the study of the archæology, the art, the history, the policy,

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the institutions, and the naval and military campaigns of the Greeks and Romans and of their rivals. They, in fact, include the elements of a very wide circle of culture, the mere touching which must impart some refinement and some bracing of the intellectual faculties.

A mere knowledge of the two languages mentioned, or even of one of them, is of practical value to naval officers. At the Oxford meeting I had an opportunity of adducing from my own experience an instance in which a sea-going naval officer's knowledge of Latin prevented the risk of a grave international complication. Of course one swallow does not make a summer, and a single instance, though it may prove much, does not prove everything; but we may challenge the production of an instance showing anything like equivalent value of the result of any of the specialised branches of training. The vocabulary of Latin naturally resembles that of the derived, or daughter languages—the French, the Spanish, and the Italian. These are the modern foreign languages of most use to English naval officers, to whom German is quite useless. A moderate amount of early instruction in Latin greatly facilitates the acquisition of any one of the above-named modern tongues. Officers who attend the classes of strategy and tactics at Greenwich would not have their interest in their studies lessened if they knew something of the language from which the names of the two subjects are derived.

I respectfully maintain that the study of classical history will be found of inestimable value by officers appointed to command our fleets, especially fleets in distant waters, where, even in peace time, contact and communication with foreign and strange nations are frequent. It will be remembered that Mahan makes effective use of the record of the Second Punic War as illustrative of the influence of sea-power upon history. Illustrations as effective may be taken from the records of more remote periods. The earliest wars of which we have detailed accounts tell the same story as that now in progress in the Far East. Why did Xerxes' Persians, when advancing

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to the invasion of Attica, instead of the easier passage by sea from Asia Minor, make a long land march through Thrace, Macedonia, and Thessaly? The answer is, For the same reason that Kuropatkin has to look for reinforcements and supplies to the single line of the Trans-Siberian railway. The Russians, like the Persians, as was indicated in the case of the latter at Artemisium and proved to demonstration at Salamis, had not secured the command of the sea. Why did the huge Persian monarchy fail in the struggle with the much smaller Hellenic States? Surely we can see the cause in the contest raging at this moment, the course of which a knowledge of history would have enabled us to predict.

It may be said that modern history is full of examples of great use to the student of naval strategy. This may be granted at once; but in modern history we have at best an unfinished picture. In the history of ancient Greece and Rome we have a completed record. In the latter we can trace the several phases of rise, culmination, and decline. Modern history, owing to its incompleteness, is sometimes bewildering, sometimes misleading to the student of warfare. Is the Prussia of Frederick the Great or the Prussia of Frederick William IV. to be our guide? Are we to follow the France of Marengo or the France of Trafalgar? The finality of ancient history is of the utmost value as an aid to the study of naval strategy. We know how the brilliant campaigns of Hannibal failed to avert the fate of Carthage. We know how illusory was the revival of naval activity at Athens after Syracuse. Who can say if after Port Arthur Russia is to see another Sinope or another Tchesmé? We are all now alive to the significance of naval efficiency. The very term "sea-power," which Mahan has made as familiar in our mouths as a household word, was used by an historian who wrote more than four hundred years before the Christian era.

It is not necessary to make classical study compulsory in the Navy. All that is wanted is to introduce and extend it, to hold out encouragement to those who would take it up as

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voluntary work; that is, to those who would be most likely to turn it to good account. It is worth the while of people who are old enough to have caught the unreasoning mania of five-and-twenty years ago for what Professor G. Ramsay calls "facile and shoddy courses" to look around them and see what is being done in other countries. The example of Germany is being perpetually forced upon our attention. Well, Germany seems to be more devoted to classical study than any country in the world. The Americans are justly regarded as an up-to-date people; and amongst them classical education has extended within the last few years at a rate of which there is no previous example. The latter is a highly impressive fact; a fact of which we should do well to take serious note.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

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THE QUESTIONABLE SHAPES OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

WE do not venture to speak of those immortals who keep the secret of their nature as closely as if they were angels; but among men of lesser fame—say among those whose immortality is about fifty years of age and bids fair to grow older—the final test of the power of their books to endure is, perhaps, not only style, but a certain kind of suggestiveness, a gift of challenging the reader's will to agree, that holds him wakeful, alert, conscious of problems that bewildered his grandfathers and grandmothers neither more nor less than they bewilder himself. This power of suggestion Nathaniel Hawthorne, the centenary of whose birth falls on July 4 of this very year, possessed in a remarkable degree, the more remarkable because on two or three subjects he is a Puritan of the Puritans, and admits of no suggestion whatever. Capricious as he felt the world to be, he never speculated as to the Power that made it, as to the end for which it was made, as to the wickedness of everything that runs counter to that end. The world was made by "Providence"; it was made for the expansion and improvement of man; it was marred by sin, and sin is excessively sinful and never can be anything else. The proud humbleness, the strong natural reverence of Hawthorne's character, preserved him, in spite of his appalling sense of the comic side of tragedy, from the conjecture put forward by

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Heine, and in our own day by Thomas Hardy, that God might be a kind of Aristophanes.

> If we look through all the heroic fortunes of mankind, we shall find this same entanglement of something mean and trivial with whatever is noblest in joy or sorrow. Life is made up of marble and mud. And, without all the deeper trust in a comprehensive sympathy above us, we might hence be led to suspect the insult of a sneer, as well as an immitigable frown, on the iron countenance of fate.[1]

It is calmly said: the possibility of any difference of opinion is not even contemplated. God is God; fate, a dead heresy, slain long ago.

Concerning the aim of God in the creation of man there is the same clear steadfastness of view, the more noticeable because it consists merely in faith, unlighted by the faintest glimmer of hope. "The Blithedale Romance," alone among the longer masterpieces of Hawthorne, is written in the first person. Miles Coverdale goes to live as a Socialist at Blithedale because Nathaniel Hawthorne went to live as a Socialist at Brook Farm, and the two gentlemen of Utopia have much in common with one another. Miles Coverdale departs with a greyness of purpose that might have sobered the purple and gold of the most ardent reformers who ever lived. He believes that men and women will at length strike out some harmony whereby life shall be more musical than it can become at present. He is curiously prophetic of Ibsen in his belief that woman and the workman are the instruments by which this harmony will be attained. As to the use of any particular woman or any particular workman, he is not merely an agnostic, but a sceptic. Rubbish, all of it! He will give the experiment a fair trial, but he knows, ere he begins, that it is doomed to fail. He himself has no public spirit at all, and the other hero, Hollingsworth, has too much. Public spirit, carried to such an excess, becomes a private crime. It destroys friendship; it vitiates religion. Zenobia kills herself because, as she was not a criminal, Hollingsworth never had time to fall

[1] "The House of the Seven Gables," c. ii.

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in love with her, and he is left at last, humbled and deeply repentant, to consider himself the only murderer whose reform he dare undertake. Poetical writers are always against such persons as Hollingsworth. Here again Hawthorne anticipates Ibsen in his stern condemnation of Brand. The philanthropist is a modern development; there are no philanthropists in Shakespeare. Society is on his side—one reason, probably, why poets are not. His fellow mortals, the poets excepted, admire, adore, are ready to do everything but imitate him. Women will imitate and even marry him; but they die of the effort, inasmuch as they cannot kill that in themselves which belongs to the poets, and the poets are left lamenting over their graves and cursing the philanthropists. Yet the poets come in for little more favour at the hands of the terribly impartial Hawthorne. Miles Coverdale, for all his intellectual power of sympathy, is a selfish fellow. He has no true idea of living in and for others. Hand in hand with the desire to comfort goes the desire to know. The fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil tastes sweeter to him than the fruit of the tree of life.

What of the women then?

Hawthorne saw two types—the strong and the innocent—Hester, Zenobia, Miriam, on the one hand; Phœbe, Priscilla, Hilda, on the other. The innocent are never strong, nor the strong innocent. Innocence is dangerous ground. Dickens and Thackeray often came to grief over it. The heroine who talks about *Poor little me!* and is always jingling the household keys, or making a pie, or crying because a soldier has gone to the war, does not number us among her worshippers. Hawthorne avoided the household keys, the puddings and the tears. He never makes innocence absurd or petty. It is to be noted also that his conception of innocence rises as he goes on. Priscilla, in her mysterious enslavement, is a white passion of innocence, but for all her grace, rather unformed and inconvenient. Phœbe is the perfect girl, compact of sweetness and light, whom we have all had the happiness to meet once or

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twice in our lives. Hilda, the silver dove, high up in the Madonna-guarded tower, tending the Virgin's lamp, is little lower than the angels. Women like these, however, cannot wield any powerful influence outside their own homes. They are too delicate and fragile; they would wither in the sun or the storm. The women framed by Nature to rule, are always, in Hawthorne's books, disqualified by some past error. Zenobia, hardened by tyranny, is as cruel in her love of one as Hollingsworth in his love of many, and drowns herself, regardless of the world. Miriam, ever under the shadow of some unknown horror, vanishes, stained with the guilt of blood. Hester Prynne, the only one who, in the eyes of the world, had committed an actual crime, is the only one who spends her days for other women, in the relief of their suffering, in the ministry of their souls.

As to the sinfulness of sin, it is insisted on with such vengeful purpose that, if we could weary of anything in the writings of Hawthorne, it would be of the reiteration of this one theme. The four great novels show each a different aspect of it. The characters of "The Scarlet Letter" reveal it at its strongest, in the weakness of Arthur Dimmesdale—in the passion of Hester—in the hatred of Roger Chillingworth—even in the lawlessness of the unlawful elf-child, Pearl. The House of the Seven Gables" is a study of the power of sin in the past to overshadow and destroy the life of after generations. The punishment of the sinner finds expression in the terrific chapter describing the death of Judge Pyncheon, with a strength which is—we can use no other word—Shakespearean. In "The Blithedale Romance" the cunning bosom-serpent sin of egotism devours every fair bud of virtue. In "Transformation" there seems to be a crime without a criminal. Who can doubt that Miriam was beside herself at the moment when her eyes encouraged Donatello to fling her persecutor over the precipice? Who can help thinking that Donatello did well to rid the earth of a monster whom justice could not reach? Yet "Killing no Murder" would never have found favour with

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Hawthorne as a title. Murder is murder, and murder will out. Through the darkness there shines the bright light of that star of modern thought which he was one of the first to see above the horizon—the thought that sin may be the condition of higher goodness; but yet the woman—though she gains in true womanhood—must lose all joy; the Faun—though he become a man—must lose all joyousness, because against sin, whatever it may lead to, the tremendous forces of Nature and of innocence are arrayed; between the pure and the impure there is a great gulf fixed, a gulf that Hilda cannot pass, even for Miriam—a gulf that the little wild birds and beasts of his garden cannot cross, even for Donatello.

The shorter stories are full of sin; one or two, indeed, are choked with it. It shows its ugly head again and again, even in the pages of those discreet diaries which, says a witty biographer,[1] "read like a series of very pleasant, though rather dullish and decidedly formal letters, addressed to himself by a man who, having suspicions that they might be opened in the post, should have determined to write nothing compromising." Hawthorne, who "always knew perfectly what he was about," was conscious of this. "The devil himself always seems to get into my inkstand," says he.

Of the devil in person he had little experience. His disposition was of too high and rare a stamp to be moved by common temptations. He was very shy. He liked to have his meals set down outside the door of his room. He suffered from weighing coals as other genii have suffered from other incongruous tasks, and he did not take kindly to milking cows, for even among the cows at Brook Farm his preoccupation was rather as to the character of the transcendental heifer belonging to Margaret Fuller, which would aspire to rule the herd. But shyness, low spirits, and vaguely general discontent were not, in those days, accounted criminal. Even the cultivated Bostonians did not know that Dante had relegated them to a circle of their own in hell. Hawthorne never reproached

[1] Mr. Henry James.

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himself; nor does he reproach others. There were no very wicked people to study either at Salem or in Concord. His friends were loyal; he numbered among them Thoreau and Emerson. Love worked a miracle on his behalf, and brought back health to his betrothed, that she might bless him. "I have married the Spring. I am husband to the month of May," says he. Was there ever a prettier word spoken by a man to a woman since that compliment to the lady of old, who came "with the Spring in her eyes!" There is nothing in Hawthorne himself, there is nothing in the circumstances of his life to account for the fact that he was more taken up about sin than many a sinner. We are driven back on his Puritan ancestry.

Apart from these strong convictions, however, everything in the world appeared to him questionable. To mention his name is to call forth a question—a question typical of the questioning spirit that he never fails to provoke.

"Hawthorne!" says one of his admirers, when called upon to name the most original men of letters born across the Atlantic.

"Hawthorne!" says another. "O yes!" (and then in a moment it is sure to follow) "*Had Donatello furry ears?*"

This riddle of two natures, the animal and the human, drove all England and America mad with curiosity when it was first propounded, but Hawthorne would never answer it. And the reason that his questions are as interesting now as when he asked them is this: that they cannot be answered—there are as many answers as there are arguments.

Does evil in one man create—or only suspect—evil in every other? Young Goodman Brown had his own opinion; but we are at liberty not to agree with him.

Is there a physical connection between sin and sickness? Lady Elinor would never have died of the plague if she had not been so proud of her gorgeous mantle; and the snake that was eating out the heart of Roderick Elliston would not have

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rustled away into the grass but that Rosina killed his jealousy with forgiveness. Here is matter for Christian Scientists.

Are there any so miserable as those who cannot feel misery? To make one at "The Christmas Banquet" is to be convinced that there are not; yet many are in the position of those guests who doubted.

If the old could grow young again, would they carry their wisdom backwards, or would they be as foolish as ever?

Foolish, forsooth:
But gladsome, gladsome!

Alexandre Dumas *père* was so much pleased with "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" on this wise that he did it the honour to steal it—and Hawthorne had the good sense to feel flattered. The revival of the dead rose thrown into the water of the Fountain of Youth revives an historic question of no mean interest. Sir Thomas Browne, the distinguished author of the "Religio Medici," is a person of undoubted veracity; but was he speaking the truth when he declared that a violet could be recalled to life by science?

Is there a science in art by which the future may be fore-coloured, and people grow more like their portraits than their portraits, in the first instance, grew like them? Some of us have lived long enough to be well aware of the existence of these "Prophetic Pictures"; others deny that they are possible.

Is the longing of love for perfection in what it loves an error that must destroy earthly happiness, or a light from heaven that leads man to sacrifice all for the highest? Here the conclusion of the heroine of "The Birthmark" is different from Hawthorne's own; and he is probably right in believing that husbands and wives would not give the same answer, though he suppresses the husband's view.

Can perfect innocence grow up in the midst of evil, and yet contaminate a lower nature than its own? This is the problem of "Rappacini's Daughter" in the garden of poisonous flowers

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—surely, whatever we may think of the moral, one of the finest stories ever written.

We have but caught up at random a few of the unending speculations of a spirit that, far beyond all its Puritan ancestors, must have claimed kinship with the Sphinx. The borderland of mystery was more familiar to him than the world of sense. His characters go "glimmering" and "darkling." They move, as he says himself, "in a clear, brown, twilight atmosphere." They speak not in the least as any human beings ever spoke, albeit in those days Americans "conversed" more than they do now. They talk—or rather they think to one another—just as Hawthorne was in the habit of talking to himself; and we accept this beautiful Hawthornian as if it were the ordinary speech of men and women, nor ever find out, until we come to listen closely, that it is as different as if he had invented a new language. Furthermore, as he did not care for the light of common day, so neither did he care for common life. His heroes and heroines have something strange about them. He will die for it, but they had something strange; yet never quite so strange but that it may be naturally explained. They are gifted artists, sculptors, poets, doctors, daguerreotypists, or what not? They have appeared before the public as Veiled Ladies, or stood in the pillory, or been mysteriously married to villains with black beards and bands of gold round their teeth. Several of them are Faust in another form, possessed with his insatiable craving for unlawful knowledge. The most fascinating of the women have something witchlike. How on earth did Zenobia contrive to wear a fresh hot-house flower every day when she was living at a farm in the winter, in the depths of the country?

Fancy and Truth stood each by the cradle of Hawthorne a hundred years ago; but Fancy came five minutes earlier to the christening, else had she never gotten the advantage. There are passages in the Note-Books to prove that he could have rivalled Zola on his own ground, had he chosen to do so. We have only to compare the description of the drowned girl

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whose body he helped to find with the description of the finding of the body of Zenobia, to see that, if he withheld, in a work destined for the public eye, those details which Realists adore, it was for reasons other than because he had not observed them. When he was writing for himself, Truth got the upper hand. She makes the sober pages of the Note-Books to certain people in certain moods even more delightful than those which Hawthorne meant that they should read. They experience the same kind of pleasure that is derived from Thoreau, or from the Letters and Travels of Stevenson.

Again, when he is writing for children, there is the same sense of instinct in the choice of what to tell, what to omit, and in the selection of words. The story of the childhood of Christina, Queen of Sweden, is a model for any one who would teach history to babes, and they could not learn mythology better than from "The Tanglewood Tales." Here, in the Note-Books, and in the delicate prefaces, we catch a glimpse of the man himself. "Oberon" his friends called him—and fairies were certainly obedient to his wand.

It is the personal note also that makes "Our Old Home" piquant; and for us Britons, when we take it up, there is the added zest of reading in exquisite English what a man thought of us who was quite as much a foreigner as if he had been born in France. The book wounded many at the time of its publication—unreasonably, it would appear; but England is always very sensitive about America, and America about England.

Still, these things are by the way. It is not as a historian; it is as one of the most favoured sons of Fancy that Hawthorne will be remembered. He did well to be born on Independence Day; for there are none like him. His flowers, his jewels, his butterflies, his magic fountains are Fancy's own. We do not meet his characters in the street as we meet those of the other great novelists. How often have we not said: "This family is by Dickens"; "That other family is by Thackeray"; "Here is a middle-aged woman straight out of George Meredith"; "Trollope, of course, invented that pretty girl!" and so on,

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Rarely do we come across the remote heroes, the yet more distant and ethereal heroines with whom Hawthorne brings us acquainted. Nature, so apt to take a hint from art, has turned a deaf ear to him; she will not be persuaded that there are any men and women like those of the enchanter.

The writer of this essay had once the pleasure, or the pain —it was neither, and it was both—of seeing a child that Hawthorne might have made. She was pale as she was beautiful, a flower of air and fire rather than of earth and clear water; a blossom reared in an autumnal spring on which it seemed as though winter instead of summer must follow. She came of an old house, and in an ancient home had she played. The fairyland wherein all children dwell was solid, substantial ground compared with the elfin, ghostlike unreality of the world as it appeared to her. To see her was to rejoice, but to rejoice with a pang at the heart to think what life must bring to such a creature, and to hope that never another like her would be born. Questionable shapes are they all. Let them remain where Hawthorne set them, in a wonder-world of their own! It would be at her peril, should Nature re-create them in flesh and blood.

M. E. Coleridge.

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JAPAN AND THE POLICY OF A "WHITE AUSTRALIA"

THE vagaries of the late Australian Government and the strange freaks in which it at times indulged under the influence of the necessity for standing well with the Labour vote are no new things, but of all these actions the attempt to make Australia a "white" country was the most amazing. Even this monstrosity of narrow-minded legislation, which admits of shipwrecked aliens being refused a landing on Australian soil or allows of an English-speaking half-Englishman being examined in Greek, might have passed into being without any outcry from the civilised world, of so little importance are Australian affairs apparently, if the Australian legislation against the Japanese people as a whole, without consultation with the Japanese Government, had not ensured steps being taken to bring the Commonwealth Government to book for its actions. Japan has protested, without much coming of it; but recently two events have happened which encourage her to take more decided steps. First, there is the readiness expressed by Lord Milner to negotiate a special convention with Japan with regard to the exclusion or restriction of Japanese subjects wishing to enter the Transvaal; and, secondly, the opening of the war with Russia has demonstrated Japan's strength on the sea and has produced in the world a feeling that Japan can no longer

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be treated as a mere *enfant gâté*, but as a nation come to her full power and determined upon obtaining her rights.

The way in which the cry for a "White Australia" has arisen in a country where a little over a hundred years ago there was not a white man to be found, is very interesting. Although almost all of the black population have died out since then, the geographical position and the climate have not changed, and powerful though the Commonwealth may be, it is extremely doubtful if it can make all of that great island continent suitable for white inhabitants, without the aid of the coloured races. The mean summer temperature of Melbourne is 65·3 degrees; of Sydney, 71 degrees. When the thermometer registers a temperature of from 80 to 85 degrees it represents only a sub-tropical temperature, it is true, but in Australia there are nearly 2,000,000 square miles of territory with a summer temperature that runs up from 85 degrees to the fervours of, say, an anthracite furnace. Thus the exclusion of all but the whites from this continent cannot be justified either climatically or geographically, and the origin of the agitation is usually supposed to be due to the Labour party in Australian politics. In reality the Immigration Restriction Act owes its existence to the triangularity of Australian party politics. It is not fair to blame exclusively the Labour party, which itself only came into existence as a result of the half-heartedness of the Free Traders. Owing to the desire of both Free Traders and Protectionists to secure the Labour party's support, it came about that seventeen members out of a House of Representatives of seventy-five were able to dictate terms to the Federal Government. Both parties watch to outbid each other for the Labour vote, and if the Labour party does not actually determine the politics of the Commonwealth, it has an influence over them altogether disproportionate to its numbers. And the "White Australia" Act as it now exists is, apparently, the result of a "shameless *liaison* between the Free Traders and the Labour party."

The action of the Commonwealth in regard to aliens brings

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up several very important questions, chief of which, undoubtedly, is that of the right of a portion of the British Empire to make special arrangements touching foreign countries, contrary to the wishes of the Central Government. In other words, can Australia be both within and without the Empire? Can she choose what conventions shall bind her, and what she can ignore? The position that Australia has assumed is a most anomalous one, and it behoves the Imperial Government to define more clearly the limitations and possibilities of such a vital situation. A leading Australian magazine states that "by the passing of the Immigration Restriction Bill, the Australian Commonwealth has been put on terms of non-intercourse with two-thirds of the human race." Not a bad achievement for the first year of the Federated States!

While there has never been any question as to the right of Australia to manage her own internal affairs, there also has never been any doubt that the Imperial Government acts as intermediary with foreign Powers, and that the Commonwealth has no power to deal with foreign governments. A brief survey of past relations will show that Australia has, for instance, absolutely no right to treat with Japan—taking this country as the Asiatic nation possessing the most responsible government—even allowing that a colony could ever have the right of making independent conventions governing international relations, for in 1894 a treaty of commerce and navigation was signed between Japan and Great Britain, which forms the foundation of all present-day relations. In this treaty the rights of the ordinary British and Japanese subjects are defined as follows:

ARTICLE I.—The subjects of each of the two High Contracting Parties shall have full liberty to enter, travel or reside in any part of the dominions and possessions of the other Contracting Party, and shall enjoy full and perfect protection for their persons and property. They shall have free and easy access to the Courts of Justice in pursuit and defence of their rights . . . and in all other matters connected with the administration of justice they shall enjoy all rights and privileges enjoyed by native subjects. In whatever relates to rights of residence and travel; to the possession of goods and effects of any

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kind, &c. &c., the subjects of each Contracting Party shall enjoy in the dominions and possessions of the other the same privileges, liberties, and rights . . . as subjects or citizens of the most favoured nation.

ARTICLE III.—There shall be reciprocal freedom of commerce and navigation between the dominions and possessions of the two High Contracting Parties.

In this treaty was a special proviso that it should not apply to the following colonies of the Queen, these being: India, Canada, Newfoundland, The Cape, Natal, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, South Australia, West Australia, and New Zealand. It was, however, stipulated that the treaty might be made to apply to any of these "on whose behalf notice shall be given to Japan by the British Minister in Tokyo within two years."

From this proviso it is evident that then, at least, nobody recognised the right of the Colonies to approach Japan save through the British Minister at Tokyo, that is, through the representative of the Imperial Government. This treaty was adhered to by Newfoundland, Natal and Queensland, the last-named with special reservations. These were:

I. That the stipulations contained in the first and third Articles of the above-named treaty shall not in any way affect the laws, ordinances and regulations with regard to trade, the immigration of labourers and artisans, peace and public security, which are in force or may hereafter be enacted in Japan or in the said Colony of Queensland.

II. That the said treaty shall cease to be binding, as between Japan and the said Colony of Queensland, at the expiration of twelve months after notice shall have been given on either side of a desire to terminate the same.

This adhesion was signed on behalf of Queensland, a colony of Her Britannic Majesty, by the British Minister at Tokyo. Under this treaty and its added stipulations, Queensland was enabled to make an agreement with Japan that the number of Japanese arriving in Queensland should not be permitted to exceed the number departing from Queensland in any one year. In the words of the *Times* correspondent in Mackay, writing in January 1901, "there is no question that this treaty was working admirably, and Queensland held in her hands the

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entire management and control of the entrance of Japanese labourers and artisans." The same treaty, with the added stipulations as adopted by Queensland, was offered to the other States, who, however, preferred to remain without any treaty rights with regard to Japan, which left them in a very peculiar position, amongst others, that of not possessing the right to travel there except in the prescribed districts.

At the forming of the Commonwealth the right to restrict immigration passed into the hands of the Federal Government, and the treaty between Japan and Queensland was terminated as per Article II. of the special stipulations. Thus, it is clear that there remains absolutely no ground, if the absolute rights of the matter be enforced, for any of the Australian States to have any rights in or with Japan.

All the evidence of the last twenty years, also, goes to prove that the Australian Governments recognised the necessity of dealing with foreign nations with regard to immigration through the Imperial Government. In 1888, when there was an influx of Chinese coolies, Sir Henry Parkes, Prime Minister of New South Wales, addressed a memorandum to the Imperial Government urging that the Foreign Office should negotiate a treaty to prevent an inrush. In June of the same year an Intercolonial Conference was held, at which were representatives of all the Australian Governments, and it was agreed that the Chinese immigration could best be restricted by diplomatic action on the part of the Imperial Government, and by adopting uniform laws in Australia. If Imperial diplomatic arrangements were considered wise in the case of China, how much more so should they be considered necessary in the case of a country possessing a stable form of government as does Japan. Despite this expressed desire on the part of the Colonies for the attention of the Imperial Government to be directed to the matter, no decided policy on the question of exclusion seemed up to 1896 to have been determined upon by the Imperial Government. In that year, however, Mr. Chamberlain, as head of the Colonial Office, adopted a decided

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policy. It is to this Minister that we owe several very outspoken opinions upon the question of exclusion, and it is creditable to him that he has never failed to recognise the necessity for the fair treatment of Japan as a civilised nation. Mr. Chamberlain decided that, for the future, exclusion laws were not to be aimed at a nationality, but at the undesirable elements of all races, really a proposal to judge immigrants less by colour and race than by quality.

While the Immigration Restriction Act is ostensibly aimed at all undesirable immigrants, the speeches in the Federal Parliament show very clearly that it is intended to cope really with the Asiatics, and is primarily aimed against the Japanese people. This being the case, it is necessary to study more closely the question of Japan in this connection, apart from that of either India or China. Japan's rapid advance forms one of the most interesting, and probably the most conspicuous, feature of the history of the nineteenth century. The wonderful development of her trade, the growth of her naval and military power, and her undeniable diplomatic skill, have compelled recognition from the great Caucasian nations. The geographical position of the country and the friendly sentiments of its people toward the British Empire have caused Japan to be sought for and welcomed as a trusted ally of Great Britain, and thus to play a most important part in shaping the destinies of mankind. Japan being a civilised country, holding a position in the front rank of nations, and worthy of being admitted to an alliance with Great Britain on an equality, why then should she be treated as an irresponsible country overflowing with hordes of possible immigrants to Australia, and legislated against by that colony without any attempt to ask the opinion or assistance of the Japanese Government?

To protect her labour market by legislation should be a fairly easy matter for Australia, without having to set at defiance friendly nations. It is easily conceivable that there may be undesirable elements among the lower class of Japanese who immigrate, and if such proves to be the case,

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after due investigation by the proper authorities, the remedy might easily be sought by coming to a diplomatic arrangement over the matter and by limiting the objectionable features. The Japanese Government would without doubt be open to reason, but to pass a law condemning the Japanese wholesale, for no other reason than that they are Japanese, is striking a blow at Japan at her most sensitive point. An open declaration of war would not be resented as much. The reason is not far to seek. Japan has had a long struggle in recovering those rights of an independent State which she was forced to surrender to foreign nations at the beginning of intercourse, and in obtaining a standing in the civilised world. And now, when that goal has seemingly been achieved, if those nations will no longer associate with her on equal terms, the resentment against them must of necessity be bitter. Are not the signs too evident that in the coming century that part of the world known as the Far East is going to be the seat of stupendous convulsions from which great nations could not keep themselves clear if they would? And is it not most desirable that in that crisis those countries which have a community of interests should not have misunderstandings with each other? It is earnestly to be hoped that statesmen will estimate these large problems at their proper value, and not let them be over-shadowed by partisan considerations.

These claims of Japan are at least so large and important that the Australian Parliament could not disregard them without some efforts in the direction of self-justification. Mr. Chamberlain apparently considers that his policy regarding exclusion is met by the Natal Act, which provides for an education test to be passed by all immigrants. At the Colonial Conference, held in London in 1897, Mr. Chamberlain forced the Australian Premiers to adopt the Natal Act policy, and obtained their promise that they would fall into line with his ideas on the subject of race exclusion. How this promise was kept may now with advantage be shown. The Natal Act lays down as a test for immigrants, the writing "in some

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European language an application for admission." Even this would seem to the average man to be decidedly aimed at all persons not of European nationality. The Australian Act does not even conform to the Natal Act, however. The test is described in Section A of Article III., and names as prohibited "any person who, when asked to do so by the officer, fails to write out at dictation, and sign in the presence of the officer, a passage of fifty words in length, in any European language directed by the officer." This test of course gives the right of deciding admission into the hands of the customs officers, since they are to select the European language to be dictated. In the *Times* of September 8, 1902, a striking proof was given of the manner in which this pseudo-Natal Act test is regarded by those who have to enforce it. A Labour Member of the Queensland Parliament, when interviewed in regard to the Act, said: "We don't object to any white people. Germans and French make good colonists, and the orders to the customs officers are not to enforce the Act against any but the Asiatics, but if we chose, we could trip up a Cambridge B.A. on that Act." If that does not point to legislation against colour, and not against undesirables of all races, it would be hard to find a more absolute violation of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. The same day's paper contains an account of a customs officer at Thursday Island, in Queensland, who awaited the arrival of twenty-nine Japanese on the wharf "with an exercise in dictation, which, he said with pride, no man on Thursday Island could do correctly!" It is well to remember also that the framers of the Immigration Restriction Act do not consider this entrance test as sufficient, but hold over the head of immigrants who have entered the country the likelihood of being called upon to undergo another test of the same nature at any time during their first year of residence:

No. 17 of 1901. 5.—II. Any immigrant may at any time within one year after he has entered the Commonwealth be asked to comply with the requirements of paragraph A of section three, and shall, if he fails to do so, be deemed to be a prohibited immigrant offending against this Act.

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Since Mr. Chamberlain is the one statesman who has taken a decided line upon the subject of the exclusion of aliens, it may be as well to recall his statement in regard to the exclusion of the Japanese. On June 7, 1901, speaking in the House of Commons with reference to the veto of the Imperial Government on an Act introduced in the Queensland Parliament prohibiting employment of Asiatics and other coloured labourers in the sugar mills receiving financial help from the Government, he said:

> His Majesty's Government has represented to the Queensland Government that the Bill in question is open to objection, both on the grounds of principle and policy; first, because it embodies a disqualification based solely upon the place of origin, not on account of any moral, educational, or physical deficiencies, but solely on difference of race and colour; secondly, it is offensive to Japan, a friendly Power, inasmuch as it not only excludes natives of that country from employment, but also places them in the same category as Asiatics generally, without any consideration being paid to their state of civilisation.

If this Act of 1901, which had no direct bearing upon Japan, and which was passed before the Alliance was established, and when Queensland, the colony which it alone affected, had a treaty right to legislate against Japanese immigration, could be considered by the Colonial Secretary as offensive to the Japanese, and therefore as undesirable, how much more should Mr. Chamberlain object to this action of the Federal Government in the Immigration Restriction Act? which, as will be shown later, is almost wholly directed against Japan. It is perhaps to be deduced that, while the Act of a single colony can be vetoed, the Federal Government is too formidable a force to be thwarted in any way by the Imperial Government?

After the conclusion of the Japanese Alliance, Mr. J. O'Kelly asked in the House of Commons—

> Whether provision had been made under the terms of the Japanese Treaty to relieve Japanese subjects from the disabilities attaching to Asiatic immigrants to Australia, and if not, whether his Majesty's Government would urge upon the Congress of Colonial Premiers the necessity of recognising the equal inter-

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national rights of Japanese subjects within the British Empire with the subjects of other friendly foreign Powers, and call upon the self-governing British Colonies to extend to Japanese subjects all the privileges and rights as to residence, trading, settlement and colonisation enjoyed by the subjects of other foreign Powers?

Mr. Chamberlain answered, on May 8, 1902, that "the Anglo-Japanese Agreement does not touch immigration. It is not proposed to discuss the position of Japanese subjects at the Conference of the Colonial Premiers." A suggestion from Mr. O'Kelly that the Japanese subjects were not being treated as the subjects of a civilised Power, brought forth from the Colonial Secretary an indignant "there is not the slightest foundation for that insinuation." From which it may be concluded that Mr. Chamberlain has receded from his former position in regard to the Japanese, or had not had the advantage of reading the speeches of the Australian Federal Members upon the Immigration Restriction Act.

If there were any doubts as to the main aim of that Bill, a reference to the debates in the Australian Commonwealth Parliament shows how great a proportion was devoted to the Japanese; and if this were not sufficient, Mr. Deakin, Attorney-General, speaking in the House, in the name of the Commonwealth Government, made the direct statement "that the measure was primarily aimed against the Japanese." Sir Edmund Barton, the Federal Prime Minister, in introducing the measure, was not able to say much to prove the necessity of the exclusion. He was in the unhappy position of having to support, for political reasons, legislation of which he knew little, and which he had apparently less at heart. He was able to state very plainly, however, the dangers and difficulties accompanying such legislation. He said:

It is not a desirable thing in our legislation to make discriminations which will complicate the foreign relations of the Empire. It would be of untold evil and harm to us—and likely to lead to troubles even rivalling those which the future may bring forth to us from the causes themselves—if we were to

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take such action. There are Australian interests, it must be recollected, which it is our duty to attempt to preserve, so long as we do not defeat or embarrass the policy of the Empire itself.

He does not, however, apparently think that the insulting of the ally of Great Britain is likely to embarrass the affairs of the Empire, though in Canada, where the same question has arisen in British Columbia, the exclusion of the Japanese has been repeatedly vetoed by the Dominion Government in Ottawa on "Imperial grounds."

Sir George Reid, who followed the Premier, made a speech which, while it contained much of his usual eloquence, disclosed how absolutely the Bill was intended to serve as a hypocritical screen to lead the Colonial Office and the world to imagine that Australia was adhering to the policy of not discriminating against races because of colour or nationality. That Mr. Reid did this unintentionally does not detract from the value of his proof. That he quoted Mr. Chamberlain as saying "that such discrimination with regard to Japan was offensive to a friendly Power and contrary to the general conception of that quality which has been the guiding principle of British rule throughout the Empire," did not deter him from going on to explain how the Bill might be used against the Asiatic races while preserving an outside form of fairness. At the time Sir George Reid made his speech the test dictation was to be in English, later this was changed, despite the express promise of the Government, to a European test.

On the face of it [said Sir George] the Bill is not aimed at European nations, Governments must be credited with common sense, or it is no use committing to them the administration of such measures at all. This amount of common sense and discrimination must be credited to the present Government and its successors, that they will *discriminate* between those cases in which *desirable civilised* immigrants are seeking admission and cases in which those seek admission whose presence is baneful to us at present, and may be much more so in the future.

Since the "White Australia" agitation was supposed to have its foundation in the Labour question, the speech of Mr.

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Watson, the Labour leader, might be expected to state clearly the real causes of exclusion. The reasons he gave were very illuminating, it is true, but hardly in the way the Australians might wish. He said: "The objection I have to the mixing of these coloured peoples with the people of Australia, although, I admit, it is to a large extent tinged with considerations of an industrial nature, lies in the main in the possibility and probability of racial contamination." He then touched the true note of the whole situation by adding, "I think we should gauge this matter, not alone by abstract possibilities of the case, *but by those considerations which appeal to our ordinary human weaknesses and prejudices.*" Later in his speech he said, "We have room for every man who has a standard of living equal to our own, and whose general tone is in no way inferior to that of our own people." If the standard of living can be determined by any other tests than those of wages and education, Mr. Watson should have enumerated them. It is evident also that he does not allow education, because he said, "The more educated the Oriental becomes, the worse he is likely to be from our point of view. He becomes more cunning and more able, with his peculiar ideas of social and business morality, to cope with the people." So that from this it would appear that it is the ability "to cope with the people here" that forms the real danger. If this is not a purely industrial consideration, what is it?

It was reserved for the speech of the Attorney-General, Mr. Deakin, to sum up the arguments against the alien immigrants. To quote his own words:

> I say that the Japanese require to be absolutely excluded. I contend that the Japanese require to be absolutely excluded because of their *high abilities*. I quite agree that the Japanese are the most dangerous because they most nearly approach us, and would therefore be our most formidable competitors. It is not the bad qualities, but the good qualities of the alien races, that make them dangerous to us. It is their inexhaustible energy, their power of applying themselves to new tasks, their endurance, their *low standard of living*, that make them such competitors.

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Cheap labour must not be confounded with low-priced labour —low-priced labour can never be as effective nor as cheap (in the sense of the old maxim "quality is the test of cheapness") as high-priced labour. There is not one of the Labour representatives in Parliament—not one labouring man in the world probably—who will deny that low wages and a low standard of living must result in a low standard of all the qualities which make for the progress of the community. Then what becomes of Mr. Deakin's contention in this respect in regard to the Japanese? Are "inexhaustible energy, the power of applying themselves to new tasks, endurance and high abilities"—are these the sort of qualities produced by a low standard of living? Either the Japanese do not possess the good qualities which Mr. Deakin has credited them with, in which case the formidable danger of their competition disappears, or they do possess those qualities, in which case it is clear that Mr. Deakin is absolutely wrong in his statement of their low standard of living.

Mr. Deakin's remarks called forth a spirited speech from Mr. Bruce Smith, who, after pointing out that by making the language test a European one Japan was being significantly differentiated from the rest of the civilised world, went on to say:

> The Attorney-General has gone so far as to say—and I think it is a humiliating confession—that the principal reason for shutting out the Japanese race is, not because they are a low type of humanity, or a degraded people, but that they are too thrifty; they work too hard and they are too provident, and they possess so many of those old-fashioned virtues that we Britons cannot compete with them in our daily life. It is one of the things which I think had been better left unsaid. I think it is a humiliating confession to go forth to the world from one in so high a position that the truth of the matter is, we are *afraid* to come into contact and competition with a race like the Japanese.

So much stress has been laid upon the possibilities of a "Japanese peril" that it merits investigation based on indisputable facts. This is rendered possible by the publication of the official figures collected at the instance of Sir Edmund

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Barton. They are so convincing that Sir Edmund Barton must necessarily have carefully abstained from reading them, having his introductory speech in view. "During the five years betwixt 1896 and 1901 the total number of alien arrivals was 23,741; the departures during the same period were 18,228. The growth of coloured aliens amongst us, in a word, has been at a rate of about 1000 a year, spread over the whole area of Australia and Tasmania." Thus Dr. Fitchett, the well-known Australian writer, who further writes on this subject: "The whole question, it is clear, has been contemplated through the lens of agitations and alarms, which destroy all sense of the relative sizes of things. Australia, even without the aid of more stringent administration, is not in the least likely to be submerged beneath a 'yellow wave' or a wave of any other undesired tint."

It has always been the habit of the Labour party and its organs to represent Japan as a country inhabited by forty-five millions of impoverished "little brown men" ready to swoop down upon Australia in hordes to offer their services in the labour market at a beggarly rate of pay, on which no white man could live. As a matter of fact, the roving and colonising instinct is much more a western than an eastern one. It is found most difficult in Japan itself to induce Japanese farmers and agricultural labourers to immigrate to the northern island of Hokkaido, so strong is their love of home, and so little have they the wandering instinct. The forty-five millions of Japan are as fond of their country as the forty millions of Great Britain are of theirs—perhaps fonder; and the suggestion that a sufficient number of them to cause the slightest embarrassment would ever attempt to come to Australia, uninvited, is one which facts disprove. When it is remembered that there are 130 million Russians, 55 millions of Germans, 38 millions of French, 32 millions of Italians and 25 millions of Turks all within "a few weeks' sail of Australia," and that these various millions are far more likely to descend upon Australia than the Japanese, the danger of being "swamped"

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by white aliens is certainly no less, but probably greater, than that which is threatened by coloured races. In the whole of the British Empire there are only some five thousand or so Japanese subjects, and of these Australia has received, before the present system of restriction, about three thousand in all. What a spectacle to see the three and a half millions of Australia terrified before three thousand Japanese! Whatever is the real reason for this strongly professed fear of the encroachment of the Japanese, it is abundantly proved by the official figures that it has no substantial basis in fact, for according to Mr. Bruce Smith, speaking in the Federal Parliament, who took the statistics dealing with the Japanese immigration for the last two years:

> I find that in Western Australia the arrivals during the last two years were 29, while the departures were 86. In Queensland there were 206 arrivals and 534 departures during the same period! There is no record as to departures from New South Wales, so I count none, but there is a record of 42 arrivals; therefore the number of departures over arrivals of the Japanese, in the three States of Western Australia, Queensland, and New South Wales for the last two years was 393, so that the Japanese, so far as any one can ascertain, have been leaving these three States at a rate of 196 per annum, during the last two years, instead of coming into them.

In Queensland in 1901, the Japanese formed only 0·45 per cent. of the population, and in the whole of Australia only 5 per cent. of the alien inhabitants were Japanese. These figures knock the very foundations out of the wonderful bogey of Japanese invasion, which was made the excuse for the Immigration Restriction Act.

One of the favourite arguments against the Japanese also is that the Japanese women tend to lower the moral tone of Australia. This subject was treated by Mr. Grainger, Agent-General of South Australia, with the customary disregard for exact facts with which this subject has been treated, in a letter to the *Daily Graphic* in 1901. Amongst other statements he said, "Hundreds of Japanese women of a too accommodating disposition do not increase the morality of

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our young countrymen." Sir Horace Tozer, Agent-General for Queensland, whose forty years of residence in the colony, where the greater part of the Japanese population is to be found, has given him the right to speak on the subject, wrote: "There has been practically no blending with the Japanese. I never saw a Japanese half-caste in Queensland." The last official returns gave 201 females, including children, most of these residing on Thursday Island. Where, then, are Mr. Grainger's "hundreds of women of a too accommodating disposition"? since at least a certain percentage of these 201 Japanese women, besides the children included in this figure, must be put down as wives and unobtainable for immoral purposes. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that all the Japanese women in Australia resided there for that purpose, does Mr. Grainger wish the world to believe that these few women set out, unsought for and unaided, and of their own free will, for Australia, in order to make a determined attack upon the tender morality of the colonies, which for long have had the unenviable reputation of possessing a very high standard of illegitimacy?

Meanwhile, what do the Japanese think of the position taken by Australia? Notwithstanding the low opinion held there of Japan's civilisation, she has shown through it all a sanity and good reasoning not to be excelled. To understand the general Japanese attitude, we take a passage from Dr. Nitobe's book on "Bushido." Bushido is the Japanese equivalent of the English word chivalry. Dr. Nitobe says:

> The transformation of Japan is a fact patent to the whole world. In a work of such magnitude various motives naturally entered, but if one were to name the principal one, one would not hesitate to name "Bushido." When we introduced the latest improvements in every department of life; when we began to study Western politics and sciences, our guiding motive was *not* the developing of our physical resources and the increase of wealth; much less was it a blind imitation of Western customs. The sense of honour which cannot bear to be looked down upon as an inferior power—*that* was the strongest of motives.

The Japanese are extremely sensitive upon subjects that touch

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their ideas of national honour—a fact that may be conceded without any derogation from their dignity. The proposal to exclude them from Australia therefore was one which they viewed first with surprise. As a dependency of Great Britain, Australia was not unnaturally regarded as likely to be dominated by similar sentiments to those which had already found expression in Great Britain in friendly and reciprocal treaties between that country and Japan. The Immigration laws that had been passed by several of the colonies from time to time, before the inauguration of the Commonwealth, had formed the subject of respectful remonstrances or protests with various degrees of effect. The position always taken by the Japanese Government was a dignified claim to be recognised as one of the civilised nations of the world, with a clear and indefeasible title to courtesy and justice. At the time of the discussion of the Immigration Restriction Bill the Japanese Consul-General in Sydney expressed himself as follows in a newspaper interview:

Whatever opinions my Government might hold as to the wisdom of legislation admittedly passed for the purpose of excluding the Japanese from Australia, however they might consider the motives, real or ostensible, which could prompt the Commonwealth legislature to pass such an Act, no matter how clearly they might foresee consequences unforeseen by its advocates following upon its passage, the matter might have been treated with comparative indifference or borne with equanimity if some of the principal clauses of the Act were not couched in terms which make discriminations on the grounds of race and colour. Such discrimination we hold to be in direct opposition to the spirit of international law, and besides being calculated to wound the feelings of a friendly nation, is altogether unnecessary for the carrying out of the objects in view. It is upon these considerations that I have addressed communications from time to time to the Prime Minister, for the purpose of inducing him to accord to Japan a similar treatment to that shown the European nations. I have pointed out that Japan is entitled to equal rights and privileges with Western civilised nations, in all matters regulated by international law, and is recognised clearly as being on an equal footing with them. This is certainly not the case with any of the other peoples with whom the Bill proposes to include the Japanese, in the tests prescribed o secure admission to the country, and in other matters connected with the administration of the Act. I can only hope that the representations that I

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have made may lead to the exemption of the Japanese altogether from the operation of the Act, leaving them to be dealt with separately in the manner I have suggested, or of placing them upon the same footing with the Europeans. That is to say, if a Frenchman, or a Russian, or a Turk, or a Greek may be examined in his own language, there is no reason why the Japanese should not be allowed the same privilege.

The Japanese Government has begun to wonder whether the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has anything to do with Australia, or whether in case of a war in the Far East involving Great Britain the Australians would expect the Japanese fleet to protect their thousands of miles of coast-line from a hostile fleet, although the crews of the Japanese fleet could not land on Australian soil!

Although the Australian Government was not consulted as to the Treaty of Alliance between Great Britain and Japan, Sir Edmund Barton expressed publicly his high opinion of it, and Sir Horace Tozer wrote on the subject that—

Japan has always been looked upon as the menace of the Far East. It is the only powerful neighbour that we have at our doors, for Japan is within eight days' sail of Australia. If that powerful neighbour is turned into an ally, the entire menace is withdrawn. We hail with satisfaction the removal of a danger which, I can assure you, has not been absent from the minds of responsible men in Australia.

It is in this dependence of Australia upon the British Empire and her ally for protection that is found the whole crux of the question. If Australia were in an independent position, even while remaining a part of the Empire, able to defend her own shores from an enemy, then there might be more justification for her action towards the Japanese, but so long as Australia is anxious to be able to borrow money at British Empire rates, and relies upon the protection of the British Empire and expects that conventions entered into for the purpose of the better defence of the Empire shall also include Australia, then it is a monstrously unpatriotic move for the Australians to "complicate the foreign relations of the Empire"—to use Sir Edmund Barton's own words. Such

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action as has been indulged in towards Japan, for this, if for no other reason, should not be considered to be in any way justified. The shallow pretence that the education test does not discriminate between races is valueless as a shield of hypocrisy, when no secret is made as to what is to be the practical working of the Act. Even the most bitter opponents of the Japanese race in Australia have to admit that, as things now stand, the Australian Commonwealth has assumed a position which she does not possess, with regard to the Empire, in dealing with this question. It is difficult for outsiders to realise why there should be such a strong desire to offend a civilised nation, when the protection of the labour market in Australia, the ostensible cause of the agitation, could have been secured by invoking the direct action of the Japanese Government. There is no doubt that, should Japan be asked to regulate her immigration to Australia, she could do so thoroughly. First, she possesses a most competent central authority; and, secondly, every emigrant leaving Japan has to have a special passport, and thus absolute control of them is possible. The cases of Queensland and of the United States, where the influx of Japanese came to an abrupt end owing to the action of the Japanese Government itself, proves the efficiency of this control. By such an arrangement any danger of coolie or artisan hordes swamping Australia could be obviated at any moment by applying to the Japanese Government. As to the admission of Japanese business men travellers in Australia, there should surely never be any more question than there is of Australian travellers in Japan.

As has been mentioned before, the action of the Japanese has been most praiseworthy throughout. During the debate on the Immigration Restriction Bill, the following message was given to Lord Hopetoun as "British representative in Australia" by the Consul-General of Japan in Sydney: "I have received a cablegram from his Imperial Majesty's Government stating that they consider these two Bills [the Immigration Restriction Bill and the Post and Telegraph

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Bill] clearly make a racial distinction, and requesting me on that account to express to your Excellency their dissatisfaction with the measures." In addition to this, many respectful offers from the Japanese Government were made to deal with the whole question of the regulation, limitation, or total cessation of Japanese immigration, by means of a direct treaty of agreement with the Commonwealth Government, so that, what was represented as the wish of the Australians might be carried into effect without an unnecessary affront to the Japanese nation. But all these overtures were disregarded on the shallow affectation that the Immigration Restriction Bill involved no reproach to the Japanese on the grounds of either race or colour. Yet, when at the same moment assurances were being given to the Labour supporters of the Commonwealth that the test clause of the Bill would only be put into operation against coloured aliens, surely an illustration has been afforded of legislative double dealing and public hypocrisy that might well cause every honest man and woman in the Empire to blush for shame.

Mr. Bruce Smith made some remarks during the debate on the Immigration Restriction Act which have a great deal of truth in them:

> I think [he said] that this measure is a very important one, and the result of this debate will constitute a sort of mirror in which we, as a people, can be seen by other nations; because for the first time in Australian history we are put to the test to demonstrate our sincerity in using so many glib phrases, which though they apply admirably when they involve confessions by other people, yet seem to change their meaning altogether the moment they involve concessions to others; we are being put to the test, not merely as parochial politicians, but as statesmen, to be judged by our utterances, how far we are capable of grasping our position as part of the Empire, and as one of the powerful nations who now have to deal with the politics of the world.

And how has the British Empire emerged from this test placed upon one of its members? In the altogether shameful position of a nation which has legislated against another people, occupying a place in the front rank of nations, and an

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ally, on the evidence of a danger which was absolutely distorted and largely false. The Japanese Government recognises that no nation has the right to force Australia to receive one single alien against her will, but that does not alter her firm conviction that the present state of affairs is quite an impossible one, and that it is the Imperial Government's duty to see her put right as regards the British colony, Australia.

The Japanese Government has never recognised the right of the Australian Commonwealth to negotiate the matter, and has always addressed itself to the Imperial Government. They have made no secret of the fact that, if approached on the subject by the Imperial Government, they are prepared to make a treaty to regulate the Japanese immigration to Australia if, after investigation, it is still thought necessary to protect Australia from an outgoing rush of some 196 Japanese yearly.

Let Great Britain remember that mutual intercourse is a necessary condition for the existence of any member of an international society. Let her appoint a special commissioner, or a small commission, to go through the evidence at first hand and negotiate with the Japanese Government. Then if the facts justify it, let the Australian Commonwealth be given to understand, as a part of the Empire, what are the duties which it has to that Empire and to the Imperial Government. But, first of all, let the Immigration Restriction Act be repealed as far as Japan is concerned; that is an essential step before discussion can take place. The great value of this question of Japan and Australia is that it may be regarded as a portent of the great and imminent danger which is now hanging over the British Empire, and which may come to a crisis at any moment, rending the already loosening ties between the Mother Country and the Colonies asunder beyond hope of repair. No time should be lost in removing this danger, and it may be truly said that never before has there been such an opportunity for an Imperial statesman. But where is that statesman?

ALFRED STEAD.

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ENGLISH MUSIC

A PRACTICAL SCHEME

WITHOUT troubling ourselves to analyse what we mean by perfection in a work of art, but resting contented with the definition of it as an absence of whatever faults or defects the artist himself can perceive and would have wished to avoid, we may say that even if perfection is unattainable it is that which every serious work of art aims at. We rightly regard the Greeks as the best artists that the world has seen; and yet, without disputing their supremacy, the moderns may claim, in respect to this quality of perfection, to have actually surpassed them; for it happened that the one art which they left unmastered was the one in which the most perfect results are most readily attainable; perfection being more easily attained in music than in other arts by reason of the strange concurrence of two different advantages: for while the method of it is more scientific and reducible to law, the result aimed at is more indefinite and irreducible to criticism and comparison either with ideas or with nature. It is difficult to imagine a statue by Pheidias competing with a prelude by Bach, and few could pretend to such a knowledge as would be necessary even to weigh the relative perfection of each in its own province; but one need not shrink from saying that, judged by human criticism, a faultless statue was an extreme rarity, while faultless music has been very freely produced by the best masters.

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It is a reflection which must cause us most painful regret, if it be not even a ground of national reproach and discredit, that our countrymen, whose musical endowments are second to none in the world, should during the last century have taken such an inferior rank in this living and spiritual art. The position that we should have expected to hold is witnessed by the earlier history of music, for it is an eminence whence we have fallen; and that we might still occupy it is attested by our keen appreciation of the most modern developments of music, and by those concerted performances which are unsurpassed out of England. As for the actual decadence, I am writing to those by whom it is recognised and lamented; and I would only point out that its evident and sufficient cause was accidental, for orchestral music was developed in Germany at a time when English music was stagnant and almost dead, its springs having been utterly quenched and choked by the civil war; the new art therefore grew up impressed with the characteristics of a foreign temperament, and we cannot now identify ourselves with it, and be as truly part of the stream, as if it had flowed spontaneously from our own life. And though music tends to become more and more cosmopolitan, it cannot be denied that its exact actual condition has been largely determined by national character; and such differential qualities are an accident which might have been other.

Now I suppose that those interested in this matter must agree with me in believing that there can be no solid improvement in English music without the formation of a sound national taste, which is an indispensable condition for the guidance as well as the encouragement of our composers, if they are to have an art of their own. And I wish to persuade them that, having the best possible material to work on, we have lately acquired an all-sufficient means to work with; and that by a very simple course of action we could in a few years assure ourselves of all that we desire.

It has been my life-long observation that all persons (the exceptions are not worth considering) will prefer the music to

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which they have been accustomed; and I am myself absolutely convinced that the reason why our common people have a liking for bad music is solely and wholly because they are badly trained, and have from childhood been brought up to hear bad music, and that if they had been trained in good music they would have preferred the good. Remembering that the alternative which is most frequently offered to them is foreign music, I assert that there is absolutely no other reason or cause at work than this habit, and to call a healthy national taste into being we have only to get rid of the bad music from our children's education.

In order to do this we must seek out its habitats; these are chiefly three:

(1) The primary schools.

(2) The churches.

(3) The theatres and the music-halls.

First to take the primary schools; these are most important, and the machinery of control is perfect. The Board of Education has an Inspector of Music, whose authority is ample. Let the inspector draw up a schedule of music, that is, a sufficient list of musical pieces suitable for the different classes in the schools, and all published at a national office; then let the County Councils forbid the use of any music in their schools save what is provided in the schedule.

As a mercantile venture this would not only pay all its expenses, but become capable of providing a fund for musical scholarships; and it must expect opposition from those who derive income from the present supply of music to schools. To the objection that the County Councils would not be likely to enforce what they would consider doubtful means to promote an end which they did not understand, it may be answered that they are composed of sensible, practical and well-intentioned men, and that there is in every county a sufficient number of musicians with authority to present an expert opinion to the council, which its committees would be too reasonable to neglect; especially if it had, as it would

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have, the urgent recommendation of all the best musicians in England. Now, if this action were adopted, then in ten years all our people of twenty years old and under who had been to school would have the foundation of a sound musical taste, and in thirty years the whole population under forty.

Secondly, the churches. Sacred music, that is dignified music with mystical significance and religious association, is just what we should most desire as one basis for sound education, and it is sad beyond words to find that, with few exceptions, our natural ally is our worst enemy, and that the typical parish church choir is the *ne plus ultra* of vulgarity. With the moral aspect we have nothing to do; we must face the fact that the obstacle of bad tradition is here reinforced by the clergy for the most part belonging—as I do myself—to that class in whom bad taste has been ingrained and fostered as a social accomplishment; while the artists whom they employ represent often enough the very condition of music which we so deplore. The extreme obstinacy of the situation is shown by this, that even where the musicians are of the very best, their slavery has broken their spirits and made them hopeless of good, and they meet the raillery of their friends with all manner of paradoxes to excuse their connivance in what they despise. Nevertheless the church would have to follow the schools, for, if I may trust my little experience, the clergy would soon find their choir-boys laughing at them. Moreover the main defence that the clergy have for their bad music is that it delights their congregations; and their congregations would be soon leavened, and at last altogether unsympathetic.

Thirdly, the music-halls and theatres I am content to leave aside. They are also a powerful element of evil where they exist in force, but their action is fortunately more local; and supposing education to advance, one of two things would happen to them: either they must to some degree give way before the improvement in public taste, or they must lose their musical significance and become mere haunts of buffoonery and vulgar revelry, which would stand apart from musical art,

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especially as they mostly exist in centres where music would be too strong for their competition. At present there is nothing to be done with them; but it would be monstrous if we should allow their influence to deter us from attempting to rescue the innocent, and should scruple to invade the proprietorship of a devil's possession.

These considerations have only regarded "the people," and above them there is that large class much more difficult to deal with, that upper many who are self-satisfied in the possession of insufficient or bad culture and the fashions of a degraded tradition. Their activities need not be described; the historical text-book of English music, its doomsday book, is the musical catalogue in the British Museum; let the simple consult it: but there is a passage in Cowper worth quoting—he is telling how "art can fashion and reform the race," and this is what music can do:

> She guides the fingers o'er the dancing keys,
> Gives difficulty all the grace of ease,
> And pours a torrent of sweet notes around
> Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the sound,

and that is all. It may excite wonder that a poet of most refined feeling, and with the accomplishments of a liberal education, could write thus of music when Beethoven was alive; but his example may serve for a revelation of what English culture was from that time down to Thackeray, who represents, I suppose, the period of worst vulgarity. As the authors, so of course were their readers. Thinking of the musical Philistine's long reign I am reminded of Sir Thomas Browne's sturdy phrase about the Turk, which I was reading the other day; it runs thus: "*For the Turk, in the bulk he now stands, he is beyond all hope of conversion; if he fall asunder there may be conceived hopes, but not without strong improbabilities.*" Our Philistine's case is much as the Turk's; but he shows better symptoms of falling asunder; for his company comes most directly into collision with that really sound, living and expansive movement of musical culture which has sprung up

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during the last thirty years; so that there are every day fewer families that do not send one or two members to a local orchestra; and chamber-music of the best is heard in their drawing-rooms performed by such amateurs. The schools, too, where their sons go, are showing a musical sense, the masters uniting in a league to raise the standard of the boys' teaching. Again, only this year a new society for the co-operation of the teachers in girls' schools has been founded by Miss Cecilia Hill, so that one may expect the Cowperian view of music to perish out of those establishments. But valuable as all these attacks on the Philistine are, I should hope more from a strong upward movement of the lower classes.

Nothing more need be said to make my position clear. Unless my practical scheme is open to some grave objection, I hope that it will receive the attention of those in whose hands the musical future of the country lies. Even though all the good results which I anticipate should not follow from the action which I recommend with regard to the primary schools, yet, it seems to me, the action is simple and good in itself; and in the presence of great evils and abuses which call for immediate reform of some kind, a scheme such as I advocate should at once be adopted, unless something better can be proposed.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

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JULIAN STURGIS

I

THERE are now many writers—and their number seems to be increasing—in whose hands the art of writing becomes a very grim one. The idea of saying or describing something for the pleasure of doing so lingers here and there, but it is not as strong as it used to be. Writing now ranks as skilled labour; it is no longer for amateurs; if amateurs still practise it, they do not regard themselves as such. One man sets to work in the morning to make steel plates, and another to write novels; and if the novelist has not yet reached the standard of the mechanic, it is not because he considers his trade demands less precision, less accuracy of measurement and nicety of line, than the other. This is all very different from what it was; the artisan was once less neat and rigid in his work, but his work had a grace and individuality which it has not now; the writer, too, worked with happy insouciance, but managed to leave on his productions the sweet glow of life, which is the only thing that can prevent a book from being forgotten. It is not that this magical quality is now undervalued, or that any one imagines it can be produced by correctly following the rules; but the mere fact that books are now written by "taking thought," enormously increases the difficulty of getting the fresh living idea into words without crushing and thumbing it. And so it is that so many of even the better class of books now written are like plums, that

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instead of being left to bulge luxuriously in the sun, have been examined and pinched and fingered till they have lost that clear, clean bloom that no device can restore.

Among books such as these, the novels of Julian Sturgis have a peculiar zest and charm. Such a light hand, such a sensitive touch, has produced them that they reach the reader in all their morning scent and colour. The story grew, bright and significant, in the writer's mind, the attractive figures, the queer characteristic types, moved and talked, and without any stereotyping of the life and motion, without any thickening of the lucid air, the words were found for it all, and the book written. I do not imply that the construction is careless, which is far from being the case, though there will be more to be said on the point presently; but it is this absence of strain, this clearness and ease, that give the books part of their especial charm. Tennyson spoke of certain writers as moving in a wide sea of glue; and there are others who work in a medium of sand and chopped straw. But others are able to move in a clean violet light, quite unmarred by the earthly hand of technique; and it is hardly too much to say of the author of "Stephen Calinari" that he was one of them.

Charm, however, which is the evasive note that has to be insisted on in speaking of Julian Sturgis's writings, cannot be identified as easily as this. Beside the rare gift of unimpeded expression, there are still essential qualities, of the mind and spirit, that must be there: some brightness and romance of sentiment, some especially vivid sympathy with life. It will, I think, be found that these qualities are never absent in the books under consideration. There is no very wide range of subject, and even within the chosen field, curiously definite limitations are imposed. The theme taken is nearly always that of the young man passing through spring weather along the primrose path—which is not all primrose, but often hindered by thorns and briers—that leads through school and college to maturity and the free outside world. This is a subject which many people seem to think themselves able to handle, but it requires in reality the rarest capacities. The

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young cannot do it, and the old do not know anything about it—"si jeunesse pouvait, si vieillesse savait"—such, it may be said, is the general rule; but Julian Sturgis not only could do it as a young man, for "John-a-Dreams" was his first published book, but also he never forgot: "Stephen Calinari," his latest, has lost nothing of the freshness of insight and sympathy of the earlier book, and the earlier has very nearly the firmness of touch of the later.

The gift of sympathy with immaturity, with crudeness gradually ripening, with vagueness gradually concentrating—in the convenient German phrase, with the "werdende Mensch,"—is rarer even than the rare gift of sympathy with children. Childishness has such grace, such originality, such queer depths of imagination, that it is naturally more attractive than the wayward, yeasty whirlpools of thought and feeling in which the human being revolves between the stages of boy and man. Keats is, perhaps, of all people the one who has spoken in the truest and most touching way of this period; but he was barely out of it when he wrote the preface to "Endymion," and was not likely to speak unfeelingly. People who in after years retain any recollection of it, usually adopt a very different attitude. "Suave mari magno" may be the explanation of it; it is certainly true that the habit of "beaming through spectacles" on the perturbations of the young, that is supposed to sit so gracefully on middle age, is generally combined with a patronising complacency that many people must in their time have found galling. There is nothing of this in Julian Sturgis. He pays his inexperienced and enthusiastic heroes, Irvine Dale, Philip Lamond, Stephen Calinari, and the rest, exactly the compliment they would most have appreciated. He takes them seriously; he banters them, he challenges them with delightful raillery, but all the while he is on their side against the people "who stiffen in their middle age."

There, then, is a further explanation of the charm of these books, their atmosphere of the thrilling dewy morning, their romantic sympathy with youth, far too fresh and humorous ever to degenerate into sentimentalism, which is another

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quagmire into which writers on such subjects usually fall. This latter point is especially noteworthy in one whose plastic sense is almost Greek in its responsive vividness. The instinct for beauty in all forms is to be seen on every page; his many pictures of Oxford and Oxford life have a radiance worthy of that flower of cities, and in several of his books there are Italian landscapes and glowing southern figures that reflect the sweet brilliant light with peculiar richness. But this keen sensibility to beauty of form is salted with an honesty and candour that keep it always fresh and alert.

It is at Oxford and Eton, or in the goodly English country-side, crowned with summer seas, or in the magic splendours of Venice, that the writer most willingly lingers; but in London, too, to which he often returns, he finds a fresh attraction. It is London on a June morning that he delights in, with gay window-boxes and streets washed by the night's rain. Here is to be found every variety of quaint and entertaining humanity, the æsthete, the valiant dowager, the butcher-poet, the duchess determined to be original, the Bohemian determined to be fashionable, the beautiful girls, as merry and gracious as young Rosalinds and Violas—the whole gay, variegated life, that makes our hero forget his sulky morbidities and extravagances, charmed in spite of himself by such sparkle and flash; all this is touched in the lightest possible manner, with delicious humour. The London scenes in "John-a-Dreams," in "The Folly of Pen Harrington," in "Stephen Calinari," may be singled out as admirable examples of this tender sunny view of London, sketched in the fewest words, yet with perfect precision of line, worth volumes of the ordinary solemn or sarcastic or meretricious descriptions of the London "season."

So our Irvine or our Stephen passes on, growing gradually in wisdom, gradually finding himself, little by little reaching his stature, till the great thing comes that he has heard of, seen from far off, hoped for, yet perhaps hardly believed in—he finds the completion of himself in the maiden who becomes his wife; and strangely enough, here, at the point at which the realities of life, as they are generally considered, begin, where the gay

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and simple prologue is over, and the stern tragic drama opens —here our author leaves us, and we get no more from him. He will not lift that veil, and we must supply the rest for ourselves. Passion, the joy and pain that cleave to the foundation of existence, the fiercer struggles and more lasting scars of manhood, he will not write of; here we are excluded from our Stephen's mind, and are only allowed to watch him through his mother's eyes as he crosses the green garden to the figure by the sundial.

It is easy to see why this is so—to recognise the reverence and delicacy that will not lay bare such sacred things; but the fact remains that though a man may refuse to violate this sanctuary, an artist may not. In Mrs. Browning's poem the great god Pan cut a tall green reed from the river, and hacked and hewed it, tearing off its leaves and drawing out its pith; then, and not till then, could he make music out of it. Such seems to be the bitter fact — that a man must be torn and stripped before an artist can be made; and it is thus far, and only thus, that Julian Sturgis must be called an amateur.

Within the limits that he so carefully marked out for himself, his work is nothing less than admirable. His firm seizing of his point of view, his intimate knowledge of the people with whom he has to deal, the refreshing sense that life has forced its way into words, and has not merely been laboriously written round, his limpid style, as exquisite in his occasional political and economic writings as in his creative work—even in his earliest books there is no amateurishness in all this. What he touched he did well; the bold task of adapting Scott and Shakespeare for opera he accomplished with delicate tact and judgment, and though his few published poems are slightly inconclusive and wanting in concentration, they have an airy grace that is all their own.

There is always a danger in speaking of a writer of this kind, of representing him as a trifler with literature, a Harold Skimpole, who refuses to be treated as a serious writer because he knows it is not in his power to be one. Such an idea as this in connection with Julian Sturgis would be totally false. It is

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true he seems to work by felicitous instinct rather than by tape and foot-rule; but no good book, not the Odyssey, not *Twelfth Night*, not Boswell's Johnson, is written by instinct alone. It is only the author who knows what thought and labour and experiment have combined to train that instinct; and if, after all, no smell of the lamp clings to the book, that is the last triumph of the artist.

It is the enjoyment with which he writes, and no laxity of workmanship, that separates Julian Sturgis from the sad self-conscious writers alluded to a few pages ago. His method is one of great freedom and spontaneity, and though of the school of Fielding and Thackeray, does not draw much from either; indeed, it is to the dewdrop sparkle and fresh laughter of *As You Like It* and *Much Ado About Nothing* that he seems to owe the most; it is in that bright world that he loves to move. Comedy is his domain—that true comedy, that is mostly now replaced by farce or by drawing-room sentimentalism. Comedy is a very delicate medium; it hovers like a butterfly over a flower, takes one draught of sweetness, and is gone to another. Its movements are the lightest possible; yet, though like Camilla it hardly bends the grasses under its feet, it has moments of bewildering insight, revealing the tender spirit beneath. This authentic soul of comedy is to be found in nearly all Julian Sturgis's novels: in "John-a-Dreams," his first published book, in which his sensitive, allusive style is seen already perfectly mature; in "Little Comedies," a book that contains some of his most delicate and characteristic writing; in "An Accomplished Gentleman," an admirable study of shallow literary pomposity, set in the pearly background of Venice; in "Dick's Wanderings," the story of a typical public school-boy and country squire, who will not relapse into the opinions and pursuits that in England are ready-made for such; in "The Folly of Pen Harrington," a picture of the artificial eccentricity that in certain parts of London so often does duty for originality, sketched with fine humour and just sufficient malice; in "Stephen Calinari," his latest and best, which takes the experience of the clever, un-

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satisfied young hero a little deeper than is his wont—all these pleasant books, and others, are continually illuminated by the ready sympathy and wit and insight of the writer. The result is, that a very definite *personality* pervades them all; they come from a living hand, not from a shorn reed, through which anything and everything blows into music. The curtain that hides the innermost altar that hand will not draw aside. But it is only the impersonal writer, the artist, in the stern modern sense of the word, who really does this, though there are many hysterical voices who, without doing so, yet delight to shout aloud what it is that is hidden. The writer of these books does neither. He takes you through bright lawns and sunny courts; he leads you up the marble steps; and then he disappears behind the curtain. The rest, the most important part, is for himself alone; but even so, the visitor has had a charming experience.

PERCY LUBBOCK.

II

Pure and beautiful as Julian Sturgis's literary work is, it does not wholly reflect his temperament; indeed, it reflects only one side of it. His work cannot be said to be profound, not because his own nature was not a profound one, but because he had a quiet reticence about the things that lay deepest in his heart. This reticence — and in these days of self-revelation it is a *dulce vitium*—was, perhaps, part of the mark set upon him by his education, which, in spite of the fact that he was an American born, was almost typically English.

He was a characteristic product of Eton and Balliol, so far as his outward training went; and he was not only an Etonian, but he came from that inner fastness, so to speak, of Eton, known to the initiated as Evans's. Evans's still exists under the beneficent sway of the gracious lady who gives her name to the House. It is the last of the so-called Dame's Houses. A Dame, in old Eton parlance, might be of either sex, but the essence of the position was that the Dame in

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former days had no teaching connection with the school, but simply held a domestic authority, subordinate only to the Headmaster. When Julian Sturgis was at Eton, the House was nominally governed by Mr. William Evans, father of Miss Evans, an artist of considerable power, and a man of much character. But he was in weak health, and only exercised a species of constitutional monarchy.

The House was and is larger than most Eton houses, containing nearly fifty boys, and was, at the time that Julian Sturgis was a member of it, remarkable for the number of vigorous personalities to be found among the boys. The dynasty of Lyttelton, that band of brothers who have since won high distinction, was in the ascendant. The House was to a great extent governed by the boys, and under this despotic yet liberal constitution, Julian Sturgis grew to maturity. Then, though perhaps less than now, a boy's social influence largely depended upon his athletic prominence. Julian Sturgis became a notable athlete; he was Captain of the School Football Eleven, and distinguished himself as a jumper and runner. At Balliol he rowed in the College Boat, and might have figured in the University Eight but for parental remonstrance.

But Julian Sturgis gained and kept, in spite of his strong athletic bent and social popularity, what boys in that vigorous yet narrow atmosphere are apt to miss—a belief in ideas. He did not do much in the schools at Oxford, because his pursuits were varied, and he followed his own literary bent too much. But he acquired a solid knowledge of, and a vivid interest in, academical subjects, such as history and political economy; and he became an essentially well-educated man, with a lively taste for intellectual things, a mind open to big questions, conscious of the stir of political forces, sensible, balanced, intelligent.

He travelled much, and was interested in art and kindred subjects; but life and character and national atmosphere appealed to him more than archæology and tradition. He became thoroughly open-minded, and got rid of the insular

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and provincial point of view that characterises the ordinary Briton. But if he was touched by conventionality, it was in this respect—that his education gave him a strong sense of propriety, and a dislike of the affected or superior point of view. The result was that in his writing he hardly let himself go. The deeper forces of life, the secret energies of the soul, seemed to him things to be experienced rather than to be glibly discussed and written about; he had, indeed, a virginal delicacy of mind; and in an age when shamelessness is held to be virile, and lawless impulse has stepped out of the shadow, he preserved a chastity and purity of thought and outlook, which almost hampered him in his creative work. Certain things seemed to him to be *tacenda;* and he could not even bring himself even to hint at what he so instinctively disliked, and what was so entirely absent from his own life and thoughts.

The literary work, then, of Julian Sturgis is a mere reflection, brilliant but superficial only, of his mind and heart. And yet literature proved for him a school in which he learnt a deep and far-reaching lesson of character. Successful, in a sense, as he was with his writings, he had dreamed of making a still larger mark, and wielding a mightier influence than he found himself able to achieve. This failure, or seeming failure, was at times a very poignant disappointment to him. He was conscious of diligence, of perseverance, of a power of expression patiently acquired, of sincerity and vigour of thought; and yet he proved powerless to do more than attract that smaller circle of readers who could appreciate charm and distinction. I do not think he was ever quite aware that it was because he could not speak out. But he bore his disappointment with courage and cheerfulness; and it played its part in moulding the generous and gracious philosophy of life, which he practised in unaffected simplicity.

In his earlier days, after leaving the University, there was, I believe, a certain severity of judgment about him, a certain absorption in his own aims and pursuits. This is not to be wondered at in one who had trodden the dewy field of early life so firmly and blithely; who had found himself from the first admired

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and applauded. There was, one hears, a certain restlessness and impatience about him, which did not wholly disappear until he stepped inside the door of experience. It may be said that his marriage brought him face to face with reality; and it was then that a stronger and deeper side of his character was revealed. It is not always easy to predict whether the nearer and simpler horizon of domestic life will bring satisfaction to one who has lived with zest and enjoyment the unfettered life of the social world; but in the case of Julian Sturgis, it became clear that he had found his true vocation as a husband and a father. We must not, however gently, draw the veil aside; but all who knew and loved him would agree that his married life was one of the most beautiful that it is possible to imagine; from that time he drew apart to a certain extent from the world, though he never deserted it; but instead of embracing his new duties as many good citizens of social gifts have done, with a certain tranquil resignation, he lived his real life henceforth within the charmed circle, and brought the radiance of his happiness abroad with him legibly written in face and voice. He no longer needed the larger field, the motion, the excitement of life. At first in a quiet home, Elvington, near Dover, and latterly in a pleasant white house, Wancote, which he built for himself on the ridge of the Hog's Back, near Guildford, he lived a simple life of extraordinary happiness, tranquil without being self-centred, and leisurely without being idle. He loved his airy white rooms and the terrace commanding a wide view over pleasant fields and wooded ridges. There he welcomed his friends with that genial serenity and gracious kindliness which drew a newcomer at once within the home-circle; he did not desert London; he kept his house there, and visited it at intervals; but it was the simple country life, with open-air pursuits and time for his beloved work, that he treasured most.

It is always a difficult thing to analyse charm, because it seems so evasive a thing; it is not a combination of circumstances or qualities, so much as a distinct ingredient of character. There are faces of which each feature by itself is beautiful, each detail is picturesque, and yet the face, the choir, the scene,

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may just lack some gracious harmonising influence, some balance of effect. But as there are personalities which seem to have every capacity for pleasing, except the power to please, so again there are personalities which, by a kind of inner grace, have a power to send a thrill through intercourse, to choirs of which each single voice is admirable, scenes of which quicken interest, to give a zest to life, and to hint at beautiful mysteries lying all about us.

Julian Sturgis had this gift of charm in a high degree. His well-furnished mind, his quick perception, made it easy for him to put himself in line with people of very varied interests. He had that kind of sympathy in talk which does not overwhelm by brilliance, but which draws the best out of the interlocutor, interprets a baffling thought, raises a faltering fancy on to a higher plane. He was not witty so much as humorous; his stories illustrated a passing point, and never relapsed into anecdote; he had a keen appreciation of complexities of character and personality, a tolerant enjoyment of oddity, a generous admiration of originality. He was personal in talk without being egotistical; he claimed no recognition of his own gifts; he had no sense of superiority. One felt in talking to him his keen relish for life and activity; his quiet, almost lazy laugh, seemed to brim over from a great reservoir of contentment; but his happiness was so unselfishly enjoyed, so liberally distributed, that it aroused admiration and never envy. It was never complacent; but one could watch it as one could watch the eager pleasure of a child; and the world seemed a more gracious place which could hold such gentle and tranquil enjoyment. His own interests were so wide that there was no need for him to divert talk into his own channels; he could devote himself without strain to following out the line which others seemed inclined to pursue. And thus it was that he seemed to irradiate a circle with something of his own serene joy; again, he had the great power of being *intime* in talk without sentimentalism; and it was possible to be entirely frank in talking with him, and to say what one really felt and believed, because he had no contempt for other

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points of view. He could disagree without despising; he desired to understand and to appreciate; and the result was that many people expanded in his presence, and went away with the happy discovery that they were more interesting than they had been apt to believe.

After all, the real charm was the simplicity of the man; he had no worldliness, no conventionality; he could not understand how people could sacrifice an ideal to the pursuit of wealth or fame. Had he been a poor man he would have worked at his profession with the same tranquillity and diligence that he put into all that he did. He would have accepted his limitations without question; and his work would have been full to the brim with happiness. Those who did not know him might have thought, with Becky Sharp, that it was easy to be virtuous on an assured income; but there was no one who knew Julian Sturgis who could not have unaffectedly declared that he would have been both virtuous and happy, however homely a task he had discharged.

In his consideration for others, his entire freedom from pettiness, in his modesty, his ingenuousness, his wholesome purity of thought and life was revealed one of those natures that seem to raise the possibilities of humanity higher. He could not be untrue to himself; he could not have stooped to any meanness of word or deed, however strong the temptation had been; and the beauty of this was its unconsciousness, for he never thought of himself as different to others; and indeed his belief in others, his trustfulness, his appreciation was the secret of the influence which he possessed, and which he would have been the first to disclaim; and though this charm was perhaps concentrated in his own family circle, yet he carried it abroad with him into any society in which he found himself.

So the good years sped by; and looking back, it all seems to present a record of cloudless and unbroken happiness such as it is given to few to realise.

But it was even so that his truest self came out. All the best things of life, all the things that men agree to think desirable, came to him, not as it were by conquest, but as

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by a supreme and easy felicity. He had wealth and leisure, work and success, a large circle of friends, and a happy home. But the most admirable felicity of all was in his own temperament. These blessings flowed in to him, and left him simple, tolerant, generous. He grew more wise and tender every year. The sunshine of life, instead of making him impatient, fretful, self-centred, made him large-minded, compassionate, and loving. He moved from strength to strength. He neither judged nor criticised; he took people as they came, he spoke frankly and unaffectedly, and thus he was one to whom others showed their best side without affectation or unreality. It was natural to him to praise and appreciate because, constrained by the quiet charm of his own nature, his friends showed him all that was praiseworthy and admirable in themselves.

And then the shadow fell; in an illness, which he bore with wonderful patience and fortitude, he spent his last months; and even here his felicity did not desert him, for there was hardly ever a time at which there did not seem to be a favourable prospect of recovery; there were times, indeed, when he was overshadowed by the thought, not so much of death, as of the suspension of his chosen activities. He was not conscious of how much he was needed; but much depended on him as the centre of a home, and the shadow was rather that others might have to bear the burdens he shouldered so easily, than any selfish dread of the cessation of his own happiness. And thus he passed quietly out of life, like one gently summoned rather than one ordered to relinquish delights; and so, though to all who loved him the world that knows him no more must seem a poorer place, yet it is possible with grateful hearts to ponder the memory of a life of supreme felicity, simple, generous, and unstained, unshadowed by care, but still more nobly unshadowed by the taint which so often vitiates the fragrance of good fortune. Here, if ever, was a sweet and noble mind, a stainless example, a gracious and beloved memory.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

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HUMANITY

"EVER exulting in thyself, on fire
To flaunt the purple of the Universe,
To strut and strut, and thy great part rehearse;
Ever the slave of every proud desire;
Come now a little down where sports thy sire!
Choose thy small better from thy abounding worse!
Prove thou thy lordship who had'st dust for nurse,
And for thy swaddling the primeval mire!"
Then stooped our Manhood nearer, deep and still,
As from earth's mountains an unvoyaged sea,
Hushed my faint voice in its great peace until
'T seemed but a bird's cry in Eternity:
And in its future loomed the undreamable;
And in its past slept simple men like me.

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THE HAPPY ENCOUNTER

I SAW sweet Poetry turn troubled eyes
On shaggy Science nosing in the grass,
For by that way poor Poetry must pass
On her long pilgrimage to Paradise.
He snuffled, grunted, squealed, perplexed by flies,
Parched, weather-worn, and near of sight, alas!
From peering close where very little was,
In dens secluded from the open skies.
Yet Poetry in bravery went down
And called his name, soft, clear, and fearlessly;
Stooped low, and stroked his muzzle overgrown;
Refreshed his drought with dew; wiped pure and free
His eyes; and lo! laughed loud for joy to see
In those grey deeps the azure of her own.

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EV'N IN THE GRAVE

I LAID my inventory at the hand
Of Death, who in his gloomy arbour sate;
And while he conned it, sweet and desolate
I heard Love singing in that quiet land.
He read the record even to the end—
The heedless, livelong injuries of Fate,
The burden of fear, the burden of love and hate,
The wounds of foe, the bitter wounds of friend:
All, all he read, ay, ev'n the indifference,
The vain talk, vainer silence, hope, and dream:
He questioned me: "What seek'st thou then instead?"
I bowed my face in the pale evening gleam:
Then gazed he on me with strange innocence,
"Ev'n in the grave thou'lt have thyself," he said.

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BRIGHT LIFE

"COME, now," I said, "put off these webs of death,
Distract this leaden yearning of thine eyes
From lichened banks of peace, sad mysteries
Of dust fall'n-in where passed the flitting breath:
Turn thy sick thoughts from him that slumbereth
In moulder'd linen to the living skies,
The sun's bright-clouded principalities,
The salt deliciousness the sea-breeze hath!
Lay thy warm hand on earth's cold clods and think
What exquisite greenness sprouts from these to grace
The moving fields of summer; on the brink
Of archèd waves the sea-horizon trace
Whence wheels night's galaxy; and in silence sink
Thy pride in rapture of life's dwelling-place!"

WALTER J. DE LA MARE.

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RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT CARTHAGE

IT is to be regretted that modern criticism refuses credence to the charming story of Dido and her association with the foundation of Carthage. While recent research seems to suggest that the Cretan Labyrinth was no myth at all (or at any rate a fable reared upon a strong substratum of fact), the opposite result has overtaken the Carthaginian legend; and Dido perishes, not in the flames of her funeral pyre, but under the fierce and withering light of historic inquisition. We are to relinquish our faith in the pleasing story of the bull's hide cut into many strips, and to accept Byrsa as being derived from Bozra, a Semitic word signifying fortress.

Mr. Bosworth Smith, writing some seventeen years ago, applies to Carthage the memorable words of Gibbon describing Palestine as it has been ever since the Crusades: "A mournful and solitary silence has prevailed along the coast which so long resounded with the world's debate." And to the casual observer these words might seem to apply with equal force to-day.

On this wind-swept peninsula, where four Empires have raised cities which have vanished, whose mosaic floors lie piled one above the other with wide intervals of earth in between, here one sweeping glance will take in almost all there is left to see. The ruins and excavations to the right and left of the Cathedral; the gigantic Cistern, with its marvellous groined

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roof going away back into cavernous distance; the ruins of the Roman Basilica, the groups of flat white buildings which shelter the few Arab peasant inhabitants of to-day; and, further away to the left, the Convent built beside the tomb of St. Monica, spot reminiscent of that epoch when Carthage became the centre of African Christianity; and further on that sweet white town sacred to the Arab, which Christian foot seldom defiles, Sidi-bou-Said, which clings like a group of white sea-birds to the side of the red cliff.

Behind the great white Cathedral—the one imposing erection here—over on a lonely little hill stands a solitary cross sacred to the memory of St. Cyprian, who perished on that spot and won his martyr's crown—and lower down beyond the station is the arena where St. Perpetua was devoured by the wild beasts.

In front are the miniature lake and ancient port where the pride and glory of the Phoenician race—their fleet of five hundred ships—was towed out of the harbour and deliberately burned in sight of the citizens by their treacherous and brutal conquerors.

And this apparently is all that remains to-day of the richest city of ancient times, the pioneer of international commerce, who not only held the proud position of mistress of the seas, but also enjoyed a period of uninterrupted prosperity for a period extending over seven hundred years, the story of whose decline and fall alone forms the stateliest of epics. And so when the time-pressed traveller pays his hurried visit here, he may perhaps be pardoned if, after a cursory glance round at things in general, he returns to his carriage and makes straight back for Tunis, revising the time-honoured sentence to "*Deleta* est Carthago."

In front of the Cathedral, on the brow of the hill, stands enclosed in its garden the Convent and Museum of the White Fathers of Carthage, into whose skilful hands has been entrusted the very careful and painstaking excavations of the treasure-laden soil of the ancient city's site.

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Though a missionary community receiving and training continually changing candidates who are drafted south to the desert to teach the heathen the True Faith, and certain manual arts, still the director of the Convent, the Reverend Father Delattre, sees men come and go, and himself remains with a little band to accomplish one of those glorious victories of peace, by patient research, by applied scholarship and by untiring zeal, forcing the past to yield up her secrets, to unfold page by page the mystic scroll of the buried years.

Wherefore behold a change, silent and modest though methodic, and tentative in its beginnings, but pregnant with mighty results, and the Convent Museum which stands where the ancient Phoenician citadel once stood, holds to-day such a precious and unique collection as must command the profoundest admiration and distinguished recognition of the world's *savants*.

In the Museum of Antiquities at Cagliari is another rich and interesting gathering of Punic remains and workmanship, collected in Sardinia alone—an island which would appear to have imbibed and retained a more thoroughly Phoenician character than any of the other Carthaginian territories, not even excluding Cyprus. But the main point of difference between the collection at Cagliari and that at Carthage seems to lie in the fact that the former is of a more or less fixed character, the precious bequest of a few rare souls and the spoils of another district many miles from Cagliari in the north-west of Sardinia, whereas the treasure garnered up at Carthage grows in ever increasing quantity; and the continual record of each find, with its image and superscription, is given to the world through various channels—notably that of the *Comptes Rendus* of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*.

The systematic excavation of Carthage undertaken on the initiative of Cardinal Lavigerie, and pursued with so much enthusiastic pains by the Reverend Père Delattre, in addition to his unceasing ecclesiastical duties as Arch-Priest of the

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Cathedral of St. Louis of Carthage, have occupied a period of upwards of twenty years.

Unquestionably the most fruitful results have been obtained from the cemeteries, Christian, Roman, and Phoenician, and more especially the latter, the oldest of which is the Necropolis of Douïmes.

Anything approaching a summing-up is obviously out of the question in the case of work still in progress. For drawing conclusions and compiling a history of Carthage in the light of modern excavation, the time is necessarily not yet, but meanwhile it may be of interest to recount some of the results obtained from opening up the ancient cemeteries surrounding the Byrsa or citadel, and its environs.

The chief of these are the Christian cemetery of Damous-el-Karita, excavated in 1884. A Roman cemetery of the "Officiales" in 1888, and again in 1895 and 1896. A Jewish cemetery at Gamart in 1895, a Punic necropolis in the flank of St. Louis' Hill, 1891–1892. A Punic necropolis at Douïmes; and lastly, the inexhaustible Punic necropolis near St. Monica's Hill, and the battery of Bord-el-Djedid.

Though the cemetery at Douïmes is considered the oldest of all, we have chosen the next oldest, that of St. Monica's Hill, as offering perhaps a richer variety, if not a rarer and more choice collection, of treasure trove.

Towards the end of November 1897, M. Célérié, Guardian of the Battery of Bord-el-Djedid, in causing a trench to be made to obtain sand, came across traces of Punic sepulture. After making certain investigations, M. Célérié became further convinced of the genuineness of his find, whereupon he communicated the news to the Chaplain of St. Louis, then engaged in excavating the Amphitheatre, the site of Perpetua's death. The Reverend Père Delattre there and then resolved to suspend the work he was engaged upon in order to undertake the exploration of the newly found necropolis. This enterprise has yielded, and up to this present day continues to yield, such happy results that there can scarcely be placed a limit to

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the possibilities one may dare to hope for in the future in connection with this subject and the light which may come to shine upon Phoenician origins.

With regard to the marked differences existing between the two cemeteries of Douïmes and Bord-el-Djedid, the Reverend Père Delattre writes:

We are acquainted to-day with the mode of sepulchre in use among the Carthaginians during the seventh and sixth centuries before our era, as well as during the third and second centuries. Then after stating that the *savants* agree in attributing to the second of these two periods the necropolis of St. Monica's Hill, he goes on to say: The two large Punic necropoli which we have explored at Douïmes and near Bord-el-Djedid, offer considerable differences, confirming the gap which seems still to exist in the chronological order of the various modes of Carthaginian sepulture, but he adds the following foot-note: I adopt here the date lately assigned by M. G. Perrett to our two necropoli; I am inclined, nevertheless, to believe that that of Douïmes served as late as the fifth century, while that of Bord Djedid already existed during the fourth century. Thus the interval which separated the end of the first from the commencement of the second could not have been very considerable, and the gap which exists between the funereal appurtenances of the two might be filled up by a study of the necropolis of St. Louis, which does not appear to have been abandoned from the foundation of the city until its destruction by the Romans in 146, and includes in consequence types of sepulture of every epoch.

The most ancient Punic sepultures are characterised by a simple grave, or by caves constructed by large stones, by special funeral accompaniments, by the absence of cremation and that of coins. The less ancient Carthaginian tombs have been hollowed in the rock at the extremity of the region of cemeteries, and that which characterises them above all else is the simultaneous use of inhumation and cremation, as well as the presence of numerous coins.

The more ancient necropolis has furnished us with quantities of hieroglyphics; the less ancient, while containing scarabaei and Egyptian amulets, after a year of excavation has not yielded a single hieroglyphical sign.

The terra cotta figurines taken from Douïmes have moreover either an Egyptian or proto-Corinthian stamp, while those coming from Bord-Djedid shew on the contrary an Italo-Greek or Etruscan influence.

So much for the lines of demarcation separating the usages

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of one age from another; but before finally dismissing this side of the subject in order to proceed further we may stay to note an interesting coincidence, namely, at the same time that M. Heron de Villefosse received and communicated an account of the first Punic discoveries at Bord-el-Djedid to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, at the port of the ancient *Berytus*, in the dunes which extend to the south of that town between the mountains and the sea, some funeral pits were found enclosing the remains of wooden coffins and jars of Phoenician and even Greek graffites. Perhaps the parent origin of these two necropoli so widely separated, though washed by the waves of the same sea, could not be better demonstrated.

Meanwhile an interesting and somewhat important discovery had been made at Bord-el-Djedid—which went still further towards reviving the bonds between these two distant coasts, namely, a Punic inscription graven in very fine characters on a plaque of whitish stone. It is composed of nine lines enclosed in a cartouche formed by a raised rim which frames the front of the stone, and proved to be a votive offering to Ashtoreth and Tanith. It is the longest and most important that has been met with at Carthage up to the present moment, Unfortunately it is incomplete.

MM. de Vogüé, Phillip Berger, and Clermont Ganneau have all studied it, and the conclusions arrived at by the latter seem to show that it belongs to the epoch when Carthage was independent and is a dedication to Ashtoreth and Tanith of Lebanon of two new sanctuaries and their entire contents, and gives an enumeration, unfortunately incomplete, of objects manufactured and sculptured, of sacred vessels, possibly of altars placed before the sanctuaries, and it finishes with a date indicated by the name of the month of Higar and the names of the magistrates. Their list is long and apparently arranged in hierarchic order.

First come the *suffetes*, supreme magistrates of the city, then persons simply designated by the title *Rab*, members, no

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doubt, of the Senate, then the high priests, sons themselves and grandsons of high priests, lastly a magistrate whose function remains to be determined.

The inscription commences with these words, "To the Goddess Ashtoreth and to the Goddess Tanith of Lebanon, two new sanctuaries." This is a sufficiently interesting commencement, and reveals an unexpected fact, since up till that moment it was usual to confound Ashtoreth with Tanith. M. Phillip Berger advances the suggestion that these two divinities might correspond with Demeter and Persephone, that is to say, Ceres and Proserpina.

The inscription goes on to enumerate the contents of these sanctuaries and all things pertaining to them, columns and sculptures, works in gold, stairs, steps, barriers of enclosing walls, &c.

M. Clermont Ganneau fills in the gaps of the text, and makes the first part to read thus:

"And in like manner they (the people of Carthage) have surrounded with an enclosure the Chomerat (or the Chomerots) in order to (protect) the hill of . . ."

From the fifth line he goes on to decipher thus:

"And the expense has been entirely borne by the people of Carthage from the greatest to the least. Made in the month of Haijar, the suffetes being Abd-el-Melkart and . . ."

Here the name of the second suffete is missing. The Carthaginian year was indicated by the name of the supreme magistrates or suffetes in charge, just as, later on, the Roman year was designated by the name of the two consuls.

At the sixth line M. Clermont Ganneau reads, "The suffetes being Chophet and Hanno"—and here the learned epigraphist finds cause for rejoicing, for he takes it that there are here two dates given, which he looks upon as forming the first step in Punic chronology, since for the first time it is possible to establish, at an unknown distance, it is true, two suffetic years in relative order.

The rest of the inscription names civil and religious

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Architectural Fragments — *Temple of Ceres, Carthage*

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functionaries in charge during the construction of the two sanctuaries. First comes the *Rab* Abd-el-Melkart, son of Magon, who possibly may be identified with the chief of the famous Council of the Hundred, who administered the affairs of Carthage. The other persons named on the stone are Azrubaal, son of Chopet, the high priest, which would seem to indicate that the function was hereditary; then lastly, a person of the name of Akboram, son of Hannibaal, whom M. Clermont Ganneau takes to be a master builder, and M. Phillip Berger, a questor. The last-mentioned *savant* was of opinion that the stone has been found in the neighbourhood of the Temple of Ceres, and subsequent discoveries would seem to have added strength to his surmise.

In the course of excavating this spot there next came to light the stumps of fluted columns of Numidian marble, and other architectural fragments, likewise of marble and of a beautiful style, such as bases and capitals, cornices, pilasters, and capitals of pilasters, and numerous fragments of inscriptions sufficient to indicate the presence of a sanctuary at some former time, and in addition a statue of Ceres in a fine state of preservation, laden with fruit (grapes, figs, and bananas), and bearing a wheatsheaf, the habitual attribute of this divinity, who was surnamed the "Goddess of the Harvest."

A beautiful classic head of the goddess was likewise found here, veiled and crowned with wheat-ears; then came some curious fragments, apparently portions of a large marble serpent or dragon, on which strode a tiny cupid, portions only of the little body and limbs remaining, and another stump belonging to the region of the reptile's head, and bearing wings.

On finding these Père Delattre says he no longer retained a single doubt that these fragments belonged to certain winged serpents or dragons driven by small cupids, which drew the car of Ceres, since it is thus, according to the fable, that the goddess is represented going to search for her daughter Proserpina, whom Pluto had borne off to dwell with him in Hades.

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It was often the custom in Roman times to confide the sacerdotal ministry of Ceres to matrons of the upper classes, whose office lasted for one year; and M. Delattre mentions that in an epitaph from Carthage which was acquired by the British Museum from Mr. Davis, the word Cerealis is given as a cognomen or possibly a title to a woman of Carthage.

The *ludi cereales* consisted chiefly of processions in which nuts and dried peas were thrown to the crowd, and curiously enough an egg was solemnly borne as a symbol of the earth which Ceres had been obliged to overrun, in searching for her daughter Proserpina, a proof that the ancients were acquainted with the real form of our planet.

It was at the commencement of the fourth century before our era that the Carthaginians, frightened by their reverses in Sicily, and attributing them to the vengeance of the goddesses Demeter and Persephone, because the army had violated and ravaged their temple at Syracuse, resolved to introduce them into their pantheon. They raised statues to them, and, in order to render themselves favourable to the goddesses, they essayed to honour them with the pomps and rites of Greek sacrifices. In addition they gave the care of their cult to Greek priests.

The panic which was a prelude to the establishment of the cult of Ceres and Proserpina at Carthage, and the influence which the Greek priests exercised on the manners of the Carthaginians, seems both to explain and admit of the dating of the unexpected appearance of the custom of burning the dead and enclosing their calcined and broken bones in little stone chests.

The necropolis of Douïmes, which dates approximately from the end of the seventh century to the first years of the fifth century, has furnished scarcely an example of cremation in upwards of a thousand sepulchres visited, whilst the pits and funeral chambers hollowed in the massive rock where was raised in the Roman epoch, according to these authorities, the *fanum* of Ceres—contains, almost exclusively, urns with

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calcined bones. There have been found as many as eight or ten in one chamber, and up to the present moment the total reaches 400. The custom of cremation seems indeed to have been introduced suddenly into Carthage at the epoch when the Greek priests, charged with the cult of Ceres and Proserpina, exercised their influence on the manners and religion of the Carthaginians.

But above and beyond any other finds those which bear the most distinctive *cachet* are the beautiful and curious engraved hatchet razors, the exact counterparts of which are not, up to this present, forthcoming from any other quarter of the globe.

In every instance the engraving bears a distinctly Egyptian character, and the handle is invariably shaped in the form of a swan's head and neck. To the unskilled eye these flaky blades, notwithstanding their delicacy of form, appear to be little more than a mass of verdigris; but a patient and minute antiquary, the Marquis d'Anselme de Puisaye, has brought to light the true meaning of the scarcely discernible lines.

A very perfect specimen bears on one side a man's upright form turned to the right, the left leg advanced, dressed in a kind of skirt decorated with *motifs* in the form of crosses. The neck is adorned with a collar. In the left hand he bears a palm towards which he is holding up his right hand in a gesture of adoration.

Beneath his feet, a line of oval shapes completes the scheme of decoration.

The reverse bears the form of another person wearing the double Egyptian crown, and a collar also adorns his neck. He, too, lifts his hand in adoration, but in this instance the palm is an entire tree and placed at some distance from him. The following is the description of another specimen given by Père Delattre himself:

> Here is a new specimen. It is a razor found more than ten years since in the Punic necropolis at Byrsa. On one face it bears a sort of palm or water lily with lotus flowers, surmounted by two hawks bearing Egyptian crowns and facing each other. At the foot of the sacred tree are two birds resembling

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herons, cranes or ibises. The reverse bears a representation of peculiar interest, which is further augmented by a Punic inscription comprising a dozen letters.

On presenting the photograph of this precious piece of archæology to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, at the meeting of the 22nd September, 1899, M. Heron de Villefosse gave the following description of it, which he accompanied with the following learned commentary:—

Beneath the inscription is depicted a bull, lying with his two front legs folded under his body. A bird attacking a serpent is perched on the back of the animal, who seems otherwise pre-occupied.

The origin of this curious representation is to be sought for in the East, and no doubt as far as Chaldaea. Some bone combs decorated with an analogous scene at Carthage and in the South of Spain. Thus we do find attested the commercial predominance of the Phoenicians throughout the basin of the Mediterranean.

It is certainly a very interesting *à propos* of the bird perched on the bull's back, to recall the celebrated bas-relief of *Taurus Trigaranus*, which decorates one of the altars discovered in Paris in 1711, under the Choir of Notre Dame, and preserved to-day in the Musée de Cluny. One sees there cranes perched on the back of a bull, but instead of the animal lying down, it is upright and adorned for the sacrifice. On the blade of Carthage a bee or large fly is engraved at the left of the inscription—one of its wings being overlapped by the tail of the bird.

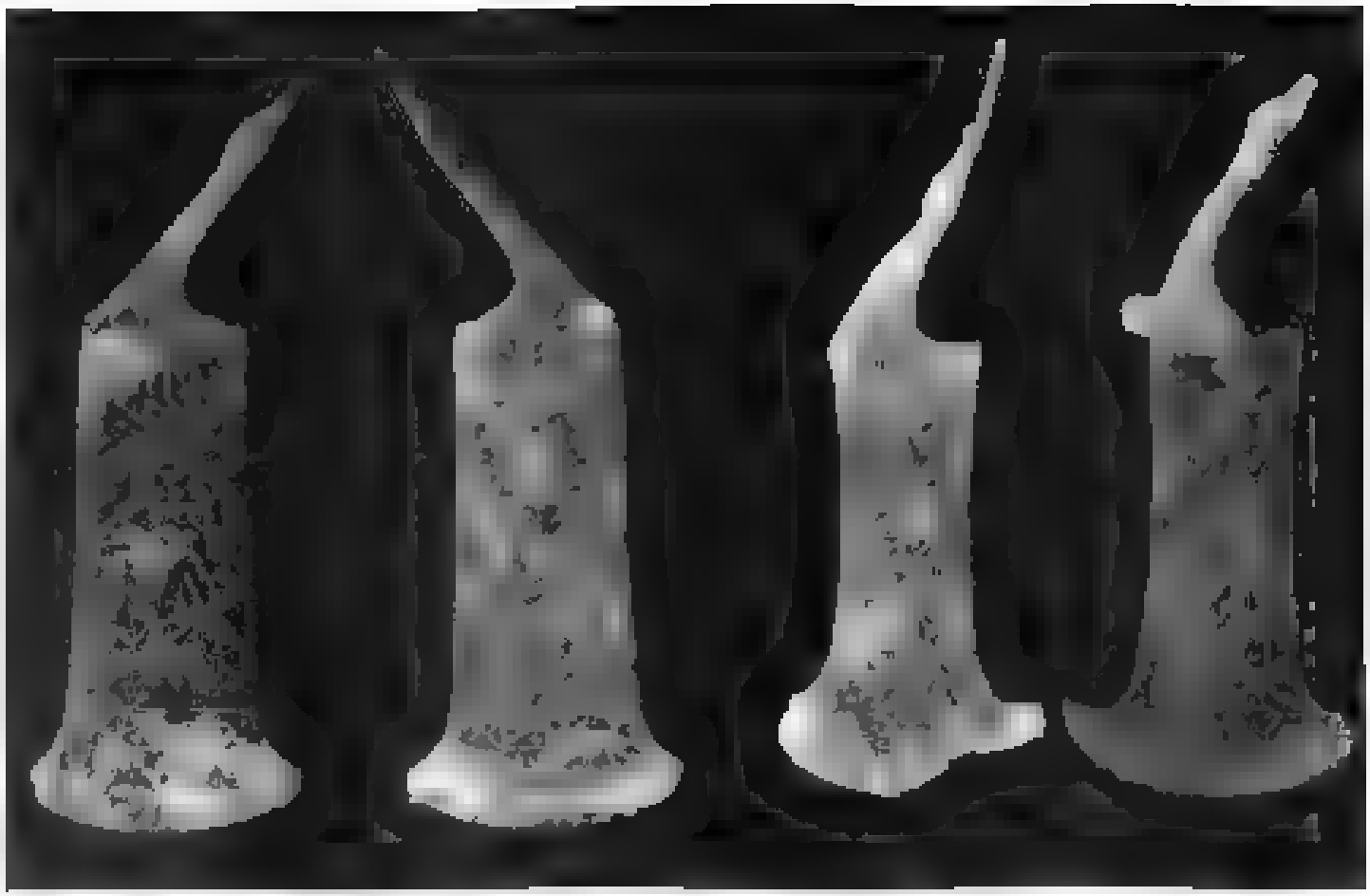
This bronze blade was found at Byrsa, on July 31st, 1899. Preserved in the Musée de St. Louis at Carthage, it there hid its secret for ten years under a thick oxydised coating. It was the skilful and delicate hand of the Marquis d'Anselme de Puisaye which knew how to reveal it to us.

As to the inscription, M. Phillipe Berger notices that the writing is archaic and analogous to some ancient Phoenician inscriptions of Egypt of the epoch of Psammeticus.

The learned epigraphist there deciphered the name Arbarbaal, son of Asar, preceded by a word the meaning of which he could not determine. One is asked whether one might attribute to these little monuments a votive character or simply recognise in them an instrument of special use. Many of my *confrères* who have sojourned in the interior of Africa, particularly the Equatorial regions, Upper Congo and Tanganyika, have assured me that the blacks of this district use razors having the form of our little hatchets.

This assertion has led me to see in these objects genuine razors, and this

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Engraved Hatchet Razors found in the Punic Necropolis Byrsa

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Original from

opinion has been admitted by the *savants*. Possibly these instruments formed part of the paraphernalia of Phœnician worship, since there have been discovered in the ruins of Carthage Voting Offerings of the Sacred Barbers, and in an inscription from Cyprus we see *tonsores* forming part of the *personnel* of the Temple of Astarte.

We have here, perhaps, an explanation both of our razors in the form of a hatchet and of the frequent presence of those scissors (*forcipes*) in the tombs of the necropolis which we are exploring.

The razors are perhaps the most interesting as they are indeed among the rarest of the finds.

A certain tribute of Carthaginian spoil finds its way to the Museum at Bardo, the Official Palace of the Bey of Tunis; and here one notes, as in the Musée St. Louis, that there is no plethora of these little bright green hatchet razors.

As for pottery and potter's marks, the subject is so wide that only a touch at the fringe of this extensive theme can be aimed at here.

[Of potter's marks the Chaplain of St. Louis writes]:

We collect and publish with care these little monuments which at first sight appear insignificant, but in archæology there is nothing insignificant, the smallest potsherd, as soon as one can by dint of a long series of observations, recognise its origin and assign to it a date, becomes a scientific element enlightening a discovery. The Musée Lavigerie de St. Louis possesses hundreds of potter's marks of all epochs. When these inscriptions shall have become embodied in the *Corpus Inscriptionum of Berlin*, which publishes all Greek and Latin Ceramic texts collected throughout the world, some interesting conclusions will be opened out, not only as touching the history of pottery and epigraphy, but also, and above all, that of the great commercial currents of which Carthage constituted the point of departure.

He mentions elsewhere "the clay handle of a Rhodian amphora with a circular potter's mark ornamented with a rose, symbol of the Isle of Rhodes, which took its name from the abundance and beauty of the roses which its soil produced." Again he notes "the handle of a Rhodian amphora and another of a Punic amphora, each with its mark." The Greek stamp is 87 millimetres long and 15 wide. I reproduce it here.

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E	I
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΚΡΑΤΕΥ	I
Υ	Δ

Albert Dumont gives a similar mark (*Inscr. ceramique de la Grèce*, page 84, No. 61). But he shows at each corner of the seal a star of four rays; in our example I recognise rather the letters.

It is impossible to enumerate, far less to describe within the straitened scope of a review, the diverse forms of the vases and other pottery found in this Punic cemetery, for their name is legion; but though there are Greek, Roman and Etruscan types met with in abundance, testifying to the wide-spread commerce of Carthage, the pottery which belongs to Phoenician invention is no doubt represented by the curious amphora with long stems, instead of the usual conic base. Evidently they were intended to be held by this form of handle, as a torch would be held, and were destined for religious use.

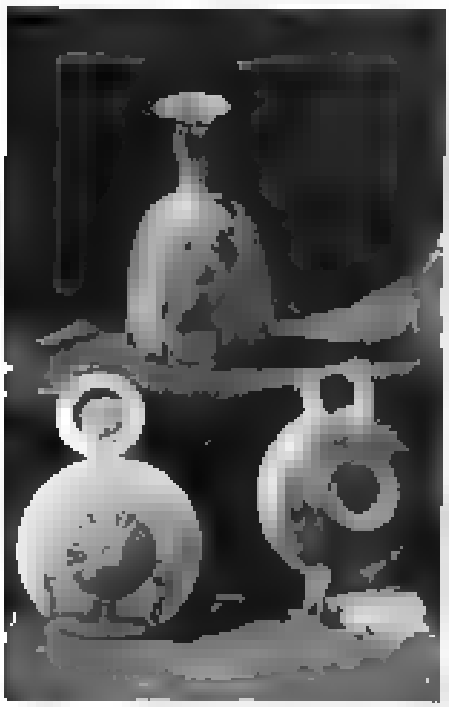
In Roman ceremonials it was forbidden to deposit on the ground the vases containing the liquid destined for the sacrificial rites.

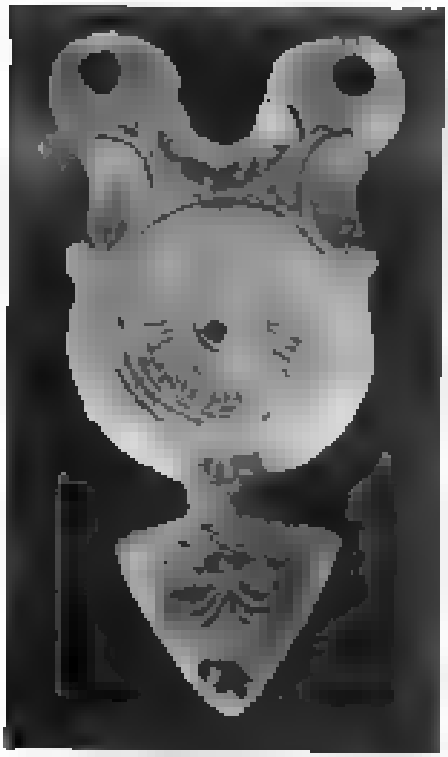
Probably this was also the case among the Carthaginians, and the vases were thus constructed to facilitate their tenure.

Of the vases it will for the present suffice to repeat the description of one interesting specimen which the Reverend Père Delattre gives in his account of the work done during April, May and June, 1898, in this necropolis at Bord-el-Djedid.

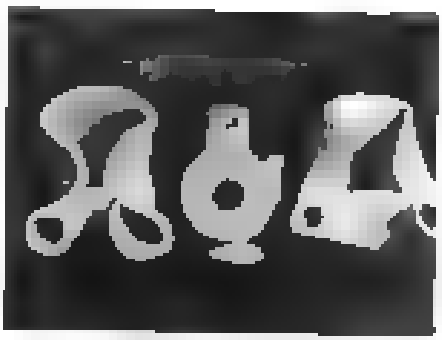
The most remarkable finds were two terra cotta pieces, a small vase and a figurine, both of them decorated with painting. The vase is a lecythos of very fine earth; the convexity, of oval form, is surmounted by a narrow neck. A slender handle takes up the back of the vase, which is decorated with a palm leaf met by two half-leaves which over-reach it in height. But it is the painting on the front of this vase which is especially interesting. One sees here, a woman seated on a stool receiving from a slave the finishing

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1. Pendant Photograph Cover Full in Nacre Opaline rectangulée et Bord-et Objets
2. Hanging Lamp in Christian Lamp. 3. Three Lamps, one
4. Cards and in Paper in Fire

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Original from
MYERS [illegible] HOAN

touches to her toilet. The *coiffure* is completed, the arms are already adorned with bracelets, the right ear has its earring, and the maid is helping her mistress to pass the second pendant into the left ear.

The slave herself, placed on the left and seen in profile, also wears bracelets and earrings. On the right, in the background, appears a band of stuff finished at each end by a fringe, and some lines.

The artist, perhaps, wished to represent a girdle. This scene has an astonishing realism. The drawing is perfect; the pose and movements have a quite remarkable naturalness; the expression is living. The matron, her gaze fixed on the slave, seems to betray an apprehension of pain, and to say to the one helping her, "Oh don't hurt me!"

One could not wish for a picture more full of life. At first sight the two figures appear to be painted in a light tone on a black ground of metallic reflectiveness. Nothing of the kind. The artist, after having determined by drawing the position of his models, has painted the outline in black. He has done the same with the palm leaves, filling with the same colour the whole remaining ground.

The black colour has again served him to fix with excessively fine touches and lines the features of the faces and the details of the garments. This system of painting *in reserve* upon the light tone of the clay displays great art in the painter who has decorated this vase. To complete the effect he has employed white. With this he has entirely painted the stool on which the matron is sitting. The same colour has served to indicate a slight cap on the head of the two women, likewise the earrings, bracelets, borders, fringes and lines which finished the two ends of the band of stuff mentioned further back.

Finally, behind the slave in the background appear six or seven little touches arranged in a vertical line and diminishing in size until the lowest and last is scarcely perceptible. The scene depicted on our lecythe is truly a work of art. Several *savants* have thought that the greater part of the painting thus executed on antique vases, particularly on Greek ceramics, reproduced the pictures of celebrated painters. The painting on our vase, dating back to more than 2000 years, has perhaps preserved to us the copy of a picture of one of those great masters.

This cemetery seems to enclose a most representative display of the various forms in which defunct humanity may be committed to the dust. Here are found the little stone chests which contain, not only the ashes of the corpse, but likewise traces of his vesture and the money placed on his person, together with other mysterious accompaniments, the exact reason of whose presence has not entirely been deter-

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mined upon, and which have all been burnt together. Then come the wooden coffins in large quantities in various stages of preservation or decomposition.

In the Musée de St. Louis is preserved a large coffin hollowed out from the bole of a cedar tree, containing a perfect skeleton embedded in resin, and it is interesting to speculate whether this resin was poured over the corpse after the latter was placed in the coffin, or whether the simple, natural plan was adopted of allowing the sweet resinous sap, the λιβανος of the Wise Men, to flow from the wounded cedar wood, enfolding the corpse in a fragrant shroud of incense.

Then come the sarcophagi of stone and white marble, six of the latter having come to light during the year 1902, and among these last are to be included the crowning surprise of the year, namely, two very beautiful, very perfectly preserved and most characteristic, anthropoid sarcophagi, the one of a Carthaginian priest and the other of a contemporary priestess.

Truly this sweet priestess need not fear to take her place in the ranks of classic loveliness. The dove she is holding in her right hand might be taken as a symbol of her own gentle beauty and serious sweetness. From across the gulf of the centuries she looks down on those who have taken her from her tomb, with a look of such ineffable sweetness as seizes the imagination and holds it in reverie.

She lies extended on her sarcophagus, which is painted all over with the most brilliant colours, which are still further enhanced by the addition of gilding. She wears the costume of the great Egyptian goddess Isis and Nephtys, the body being hidden by the two wings of the sacred vulture which enfold the hips and cross in front, thus arching their extremities in such a fashion as to give to the lower part of the body almost the aspect of the tail of a fish. The vulture's head appears surmounting her head-dress, and a short veil falls on each shoulder, leaving free the brow surrounded by close curls, the full calm face, the throat and the ears bearing rings.

The bosom is draped with a slight, veil-like fabric, sym-

by Google

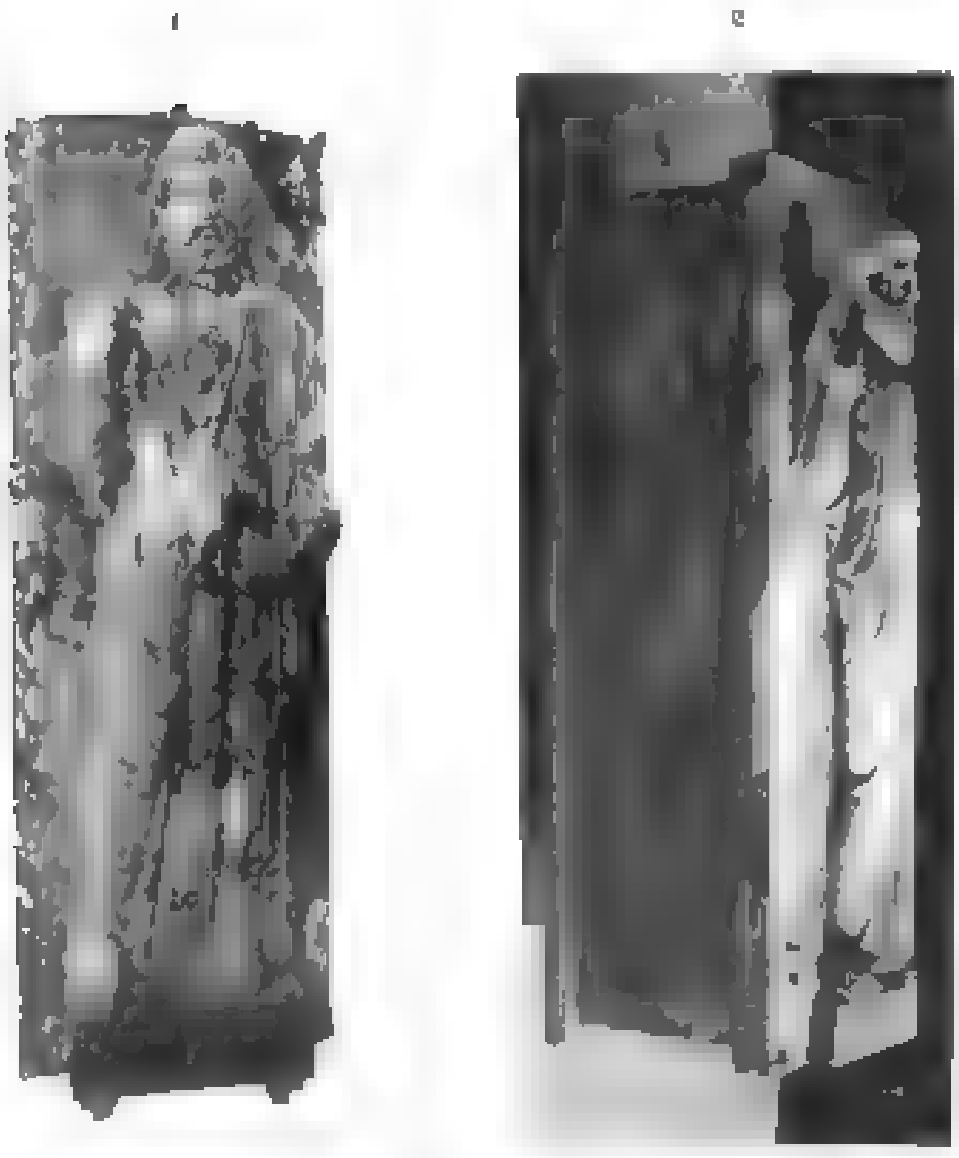


Figure 1. Carthaginian Priest in Sarcophagus. 1. Front view; 2. In profile.

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Original from

metrically and beautifully folded and attached by two brooches to a wide golden collar band, while the same piece of fabric continues from the girdle to the feet, so exquisitely chiselled, which appear from beneath the robe and between the two great wings.

Surely here is a pure type of Phoenician womanhood. That majestic calm, which is the outward and visible sign of the highest courage within, accords well with all we are told of the women of Carthage, of their bearing and enduring, in that most terrible siege which tried and proved them valiant unto death.

A large hole was found in the upper end of the lid of this sarcophagus, and on opening it a femur was found near the skull, indicating only too clearly that the tomb had long since been rifled by the Arabs. They had left twenty-one bronze coins, which possibly they considered too unimportant to take, but the entire absence of silver or gold coins in any of the coffins or ossuaries leads one to wonder whether this deplorable practice was the cause.

However, it is possible to attribute other reasons for the exclusive presence of bronze coins, which appear by hundreds and even thousands, sometimes well preserved and with the head of Persephone or Astarte clearly defined on the one side, and the galloping Phoenician horse on the reverse; sometimes, on the other hand, stuck together into a green and solid lump by oxydation.

One hypothesis is that the golden rings found in some of these tombs were possibly coins in their primitive form, and used as such by the Carthaginians, even as the Egyptians before they introduced stamped golden coins made use of golden rings for the purpose of exchange.

Three of these golden rings were found in the sarcophagus of the priest, which was discovered beside that of the priestess. Their position deserves to be noticed. On the right side of the skull, at the bottom of the coffin, lay two of these rings, and the third was found on the left side.

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A curious terra cotta masque, discovered six years ago and preserved in the Musée Lavigerie, represents the head of a man wearing bronze rings in his ears and a leaden or silver ring in his nose, analogous to the "Nezem" or nose-ring of the Hebrews.

Until this mask was discovered, it was thought that the nose-ring was entirely relegated to women. Now, however, in view of the fact that they evidently were also worn by men, an interesting speculation arises as to whether perhaps our priest wore them too, and whether in course of decomposition the nose-ring slipped down to the right and joined the ear-ring.

The skeleton, as is almost invariably the case, retained the shrunken remains of an envelopment of resin. On the neck a tiny cylindrical box had become oxydised to the breast bone, and on removing it the fork of the sternum came away with it. But the box itself, after very short exposure, crumbled to atoms, leaving revealed twenty-five bronze coins.

The ring finger of the right hand bore a beautiful signet-ring entirely of gold, engraved on the bezel, of which was a profile head with hair and beard crisply curled. So close is the resemblance of this head to that sculptured on the lid of the sarcophagus, as to leave no doubt that we have here two accurate portraits of the defunct priest.

The sculptor has revealed a man of great character and dignified presence. The features are well accentuated, the brow slightly wrinkled, the ears are small, and the eyes, whose irises still retain traces of colour, gaze straight forward with a reality and solemnity which is almost startling, and this impression is by no means diminished by the attitude of the right hand, raised in benediction.

He wears a tunic with short sleeves and over this falls a toga, terminated by a fringe. In his left hand he bears a perfume or incense vase. His marble robe and that of the priestess both have a rosy tinge in parts, due, perhaps, to the action of that all-pervading Phœnician red with which the

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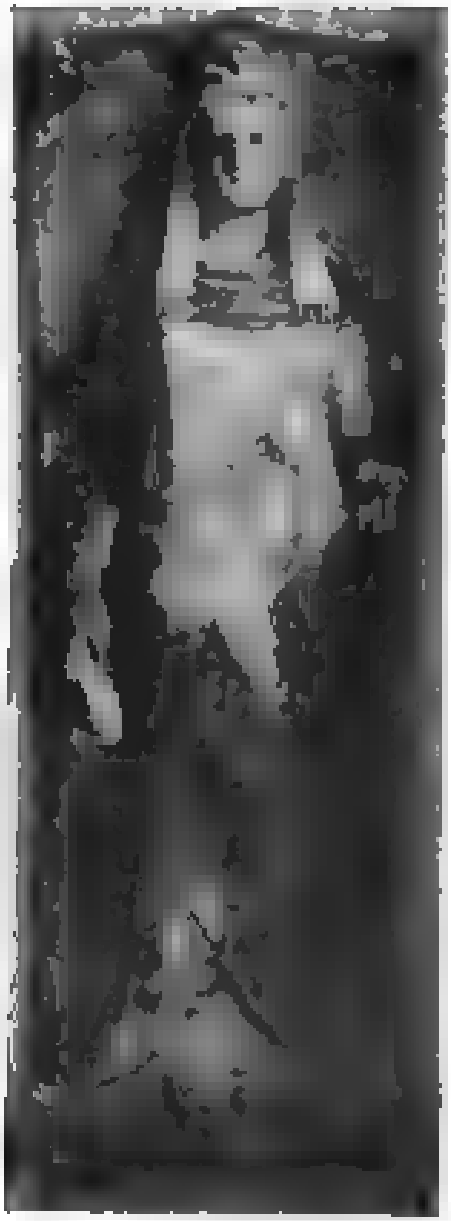


Figure of Carthaginian Priestess on Sarcophagus with Design of Sacred Vulture



Figure of Carthaginian Lady on Sarcophagus

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Original from

interiors of the coffins and the walls of the tombs were so frequently painted. This vivid scarlet, which they knew how to obtain from certain molluscs, especially from *Murex trunculus* and *Murex brandaris*, became so entirely their own national colour, that in order to intimate to a slave that he should have his back reddened with the cuts of a lash, he was told that his skin would wear a Phoenician or Punic tint. *Fiet tibi puniceum corium.* (*Plautus. Rudens*, 1906.)

The same writer in one of his vanished comedies bearing the title of "*Coecus*," composed, it is said, to satisfy the bitter hatred of the Romans against Carthage, mentions in the only two verses remaining to us :—

> Nihil quidquam factum nisi fabre nec quidquam positum sine luxu,
> Auro ebore purpura argento picturis spoliis tum statuis.

The visitor to Carthage to-day may find in the glass cases of the Museum, workmanship of gold, silver, ivory, coloured objects in which the Punic red dominates, painted vases, sculptures, statues and figurines, all of them the spoil of ancient Carthage.

Much more excavating and much more comparative study must no doubt be accomplished by the wise White Fathers, before they can fully interpret for us the meaning of the abundant presence of heterogeneous objects which invariably accompany the dead in their tombs. So much has already been done that there is every reason to hope the time is not far off when each fragment found may be forced to yield its secret and take its part in telling once more, better than has ever been told, the story of Punic Carthage.

Meanwhile, this queen of the ancient world lies trampled in the dust, but guarded, as majesty should be, by the eternal majesty of the hills, the broken heart hushed into rest by the soft song of the breakers, the naked soul, shrouded as with a veil of mystic colour, radiating from the everlasting loveliness of the tideless sea.

MABEL MOORE.

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RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN ÆGINA

AN excursion from Athens to the Island of Ægina is well worth undertaking for the natural and artistic beauties of the site. Long before reaching the island, its widely extending mountains, half-veiled in blue vapour and crowned by the steep cone of the Oros, meet the eye. We know that important remains of a large sanctuary exist, and the fame of the Æginetan sculptures contained in the Glyptotek at Munich is universal. The north-eastern point of the island, with the hill on which since the dark ages the renowned temple has stood, is the most striking. After climbing this height a high plateau is reached, thinly sprinkled with pines; the temple, standing on a broad terrace among fragments of stone, shines resplendently white in the blue atmosphere. Below, on two sides, the sea glances in the morning light; the richly indented coast of the Gulf of Saronicus, from Cape Sunium to the Attic plain, from Salamis to the mountains of Geraneia near Megara, bounds the view. The temple is a Doric peripteros, the twenty columns still standing are in good preservation, most of them are situated on the front side, facing east, and on the adjoining lateral parts. Besides these columns and considerable remains of walls, the two columns of the pronaos remain, also to a great extent intact. The measurements showed the length of the pillars with their capitals to be five yards and three-quarters, the diameter of the lower part is one

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yard, that of the upper twenty-four inches. Some of the shafts are monoliths, the remainder show the usual drum division; the material employed is the common limestone, of a yellowish hue, found in the neighbourhood; it was covered with a coating of stucco, still partly preserved. The roof and pediments are gone; the latter, the greatest ornament of the building, were conveyed to Munich by Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, afterwards King Ludwig I. Cockerell and Stackelberg had discovered the celebrated pedimental sculptures in the course of some excavations for architectural purposes among the ruins in the year 1811. The problem of the "Æginetan smile," which has so occupied archæologists, had its origin in the finding of these benign-faced groups. No further excavations were made till 1893, when M. Staïs worked at the northern end of the east terrace wall, but without obtaining any very definite results. It was the liberality of the Prince Regent Luitpold of Bavaria which has lately opened the way to a thorough investigation of the ruins and the whole of the sacred precincts. The excavations conducted by Professor Furtwängler have brought the following facts to light:

The temple was built in the early fifth century, for the greater part, on the remains of older edifices, and is divided in the usual way into the pronaos, cella, and opisthodomos. There were six columns in the front of the court and twelve on the sides. As in the Theseion at Athens, the pronaos and opisthodomos are screened off by outer walls with two intermediate columns. The parastades of the pronaos have perished, but both columns are upright, and the walls separating the outer court from the cella is also intact. The floor of the pronaos as well as that of the cella still shows many traces of the red stucco that covered the flags. Originally the interior space was ornamented on both sides by a row of narrower columns placed more closely together in fives; upper rows of columns were superimposed, which supported the roof, as in the Parthenon. Traces of a wooden staircase in the cella

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have been found, leading upwards, and on the floor of the cella the spot where the image stood was recognised. This was not at the end of the cella, but stood about at the end of two-thirds of its extent (an exactly similar arrangement to that in the Parthenon at Athens and the temple of Zeus at Olympia). Four holes and the arrangement for pulleys are clearly discernible. It is evident that the image rested on a low basis and also that it was of small size, proportionate to the space, and surrounded by a railing. It was made of wood covered with ivory. From the fact that Cockerell had found a large ivory eye in the cella, it was inferred that the image must have been on a large scale. The space, however, does not admit of this hypothesis, and it is more likely that the eye in question formed a separate votive offering, or possibly that it ornamented a ship's prow, or some utensil or piece of furniture. A door leads from the cella to the opisthodomos and, curiously enough, is not built in the middle of the posterior wall, but quite unsymmetrically. Though the door is undoubtedly of ancient date, the broad piece irregularly inserted into the threshold and riveted by a small stone, seems to point to a later construction than the remainder. The addition might have taken place during the building of the temple or after its termination. The opisthodomos is divided into several parts; that to the left contains two remarkable marble tables, which may have served as altars. The recent excavations, bringing to light the whole understructure, have shown that each row of columns and wall rests on a separate foundation, the intervening space between the foundations being filled up with earth and stones. Some remains of an archaic pavement found behind the opisthodomos below the terrace of the temple, probably belonged to an earlier sanctuary which occupied the same site. A wide gutter runs along the northern side of the temple, branching off at the north-east corner in a north-easterly direction and running for about twelve yards to a small fountain and from thence into a cistern. The cistern communicates with a cave situated under the

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Temple of Vishnu Agra

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eastern terrace and used by the first excavators as a shelter. Evidently the cave formed the centre of worship in distant ages, for a great part of the oldest remains were found in it. Before the eastern front of the temple, and belonging to the same period, stood a monumental altar; judging from the foundations discovered at some distance, it occupied almost the entire breadth of the edifice and was accessible from the west. Several more buildings, whose use still remains doubtful, were found in the vicinity; one, a plain bath-room in the old Greek style, probably served for religious and sacerdotal purposes. The small propylaion or gateway in the southern terrace wall, leading to the open space before the temple, deserves more attention. It consisted of a plain portico with double octagonal pillars standing between the andes on the north and south sides. From the rich stucco covering the floor, similar to that in the pronaos and cella of the temple, it would seem legitimate to assign the same date to both buildings, were it not for the fact that the propylaion stands on a lower level. We must conclude, therefore, that its construction preceded that of the temple and was adapted to the newer edifice.

The question as to what goddess presided over the sanctuary has been finally solved by the results of the excavations. In former times the temple had been ascribed to Zeus Panhellenios; the inscription, however, which led to this assumption proved to be false. Afterwards the goddess Athene was credited with being the protectress, because her image figured to a large extent in the sculptures of the pediment. Now the recent investigations point with the greatest show of probability to Aphaia, an Æginetan local goddess, as the deity of the temple. Besides other fragments of inscriptions relating to her, a large votive inscription unearthed beneath the rubbish accumulated on the eastern terrace proves with almost absolute certainty that Aphaia was worshipped within the sacred limits and that the temple was in her honour. She is, however, not found among the brilliant throng immortalised in the nation's verse and familiar

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to all Hellenic minds, nor is her name to be met with among the deities of the old Greeks. Her worship presumably reaches back to a period beyond the ken of historic Greece, for our knowledge of her is limited. The legend attaching to her is probably of a later date and inspired by her name (ἀφαρής); as far as we can ascertain, she was a tutelary and beneficent deity, protecting the female sex in all its woes.

Though the conceptions of her vary greatly, she never attained to the plastic distinctness of an Olympian deity, but was familiar chiefly to the Æginetans as a local goddess. Her early disappearance is a natural consequence of this; with the foes of Ægina, as these grew in power, came their gods, the fame of the Athenian deities spread, and Aphaia's name was forgotten. Yet Pindar had sung her praises, and we may infer that the occasion was the consecration of the magnificent new temple on whose ruins we now look. At that period, the commencement of the Persian wars, the island saw its most palmy days. These were soon past; barely thirty years after the erection of the temple the Athenians became masters of Ægina; material prosperity and all artistic and intellectual individuality ceased in the dark times that followed and obliterated even the tutelar goddess's name, which it is the learned Nicander's merit to have rescued from oblivion long after her temple had been destroyed and the surroundings devastated.

Between the ruins of the temple and the accumulations of soil, numerous small objects have been found and deposited in the little museum of Ægina; they deserve attention, as they determine the history of the sanctuary and date of the temple, to a great extent. A surprising abundance of vases, female figures of idols of the so-called Mykenæan period, monochrome pottery of still older date, Corinthian vessels, ancient Ionian terra-cotta statuettes and Attic fragments of the sixth century, were unearthed; the remains of more recent times, on the other hand, were few.

Architectural fragments of ancient Doric buildings were

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also discovered among the dust of the terrace on the east and south sides, besides portions of the temple of the sixth century, well preserved in colour. The pearls of the excavations consist in the newly discovered fragments of the pedimental sculptures and other remains of ancient statues, amongst them a head of great beauty, which is unfortunately much damaged.

Thus we have ocular evidence that the sanctuary was held in high honour as far back as the Mykenæan period, and that the worship of the goddess subsisted from those remote times up to the new flourishing era in the sixth century, when Ægina's separation from the parent city took place. The construction of the new temple at the beginning of the fifth century marks the zenith in the island's history; after this culminating-point the backward flow sets in rapidly.

The work in the sanctuary of Aphaia is at an end now, its history an open book to us. It tells of the bold seafaring spirit, of the artistic mind of the old Æginetans and of the unparalleled prosperity attained by them in a short time; it tells also of the rapid decay of this ancient civilisation, beginning precisely at the moment when the Athenian star was rising. Ægina's bright days have long since passed, a great stillness reigns here now. As of old, the intense blue of Grecian skies smiles on us, eternal sunshine lies on the land, we look on the grey stunted growth of olive-gardens, over brown plough-lands and bare rocks to the shore below. Here is the sea, more brilliantly blue even than the sky, the element of being to the Greek nation, its fosterer and its enemy.

AUGUSTA VON SCHNEIDER.

Google

THE REBEL

WHEN I was alone on the farm in the evening, when the sheep had to be counted and the boys to be fed, I often wondered how much there really was that we knew. In the morning, when it was fresh and bright, when there was sun on the veld and a glow on the mountain, a wondrous, varying glow that seemed to fill the sky and shape itself into strange forms and spectrelike figures, when it was warm and sunny and the children came and played around me, when the finches chirped above me and the snipe cried in the distance—then I had no such thought. The present was enough then. Was there not glow and sun to please me? Was there not enough for us all, Hanni and me and father, poor old man with his weak eyes, and the children? What was there to be gloomy about? There was the free sky above and the free veld around me—the veld with its cracks and fissures, its grey and its reds, its green and its yellow and its colourless patches. Did I want more? did they want more?

And now? Is there a blue above or beyond—air, light, life, liberty, freedom, love—all that I dreamed of, all that I still dream of? There is no rent between the leaves—everything is dark, with this only sure, that to-morrow, or the day after, I die, a rebel, sentenced for high treason.

Was I ill then when Scheepers came to the farm three months after Hanni died? Let me try to think about it. Where was I?

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It was dark when they came that night; dark, with a drizzling rain that was almost like a mist, that seemed to cling to you as if it loved you and would have you for its own, never to give you up till the sun came out or the moon struggled through the fog bank and the wind blew in gusts. The wind was as if it came straight from the Sneeuwbergen, where it had kissed the cold and brought the breath of the snow back to us. The house was grey, for before Hanni died I had clayed the walls, but when the moon shone upon them it made them white as if they were snow strewn. There was no one about that evening, only old Otto sniffed around as if he had spied a jackal-trail and wanted to nose it through to the hole. The children were round the hearth, cracking mealies in the fire, and I could hear their shouts and how the ayah scolded Mock. They knew nothing—why should they have known? But I knew that Scheepers was coming with his commando, and I wondered what I would have to do.

Look at Martins, now. He likes the English. He would not come with us, for he said there was nothing to talk about and that England was just and in the right. What a life we led him for it! He was nothing much, was Martins, and he did it all for money, bribed, so they say, but he suffered for it. It must be much that makes a man endure all that we made him suffer. I remember when the meeting was over—the meeting at Snyders' house, I mean, when we talked of the war and what we might have to do, he came and we turned him out. He might have betrayed us. Betrayed us—what am I saying? Little Lord, as if there was anything to betray. We were free—we could speak, for we were within our rights in doing so. The atrocities under martial law—they had made an old man walk up a hill till he was almost dead, they had shot a native in cold blood because he would not do as they ordered him, they had stolen sheep and cattle and insulted us and burned houses. Snyders told us at the meeting that they had done worse things. He spoke about Vander Merwe's wife—man, it made one's blood boil! Only Martins said such

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things were impossible, or if they had happened the men would be punished.

Martins is a queer fellow. We went the next day, he and I, to look at the Valley of Desolation. I had not been there since I was at school at Graff-Reinet, and I wanted very much to see it again. Snyders could not go, he had to look after the market, so Martins went with me. I did not like it, for I did not know what we could talk about, he being so English-minded. I could not stand his talk, but then he offered to go with me and I could not very well insult him. Snyders said I should have done so to show him that he was not one of us, but I really couldn't. He and I used to be friends after all once, and I had liked him. So he went with me and on the way we talked. First it was about the sheep. He is so English-minded, and yet he is with us when it comes to scab. I told him he should come over to us, for the repeal of the Act was one of our planks, but he shook his head and said that was not the great question. I did not want to go on, but somehow we were fairly in it before we came to the cave, and then I let him talk. And now, when I look back, I have my doubts which of us was right, he or I.

How well I remember that walk! We went over the cliffs, walking on the slopes of the mountain till we reached the valley. We saw its big pillars that stood up like giants—as if some one had piled up stone above stone and forgot to put on the mortar. There was a glorious sunlight, splitting the valley into halves, the one where the rocks overloomed the grass, withered and drear and dry, and threw it into shadow, and the other where the sunbeams fell on the cliff and upon the blinking conies that came and stared at us as if they were satisfied that we would do them no harm. The aloes in the rock clefts were red and in flower and the white spines of the thorn-trees gleamed like silver in the sunglow. It was a grand day, but we saw little of it, Martins and I. We were so busy talking and arguing that we looked little at the valley. He called me Boetie (little brother), as he did in the old times

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when we were at school. I hadn't the heart to tell him not to do so, for, after all, I think he is honest, though they do say he does it all for money.

How we sat in those 'days—ah, it seems years, we scarcely think of it as only a few months back—it seemed so sad, so long, so hard that time. It seems as if we were children then and now have become men, to see these things and to feel the first flush of lust, as a boy feels it when he gets his hands hard and his voice harsh. It seems as if we have been in the dark and have now emerged into the light, seeing the glow dimly beyond, but knowing that surely it is there, and that we cannot miss it. Years ago I was in the Cango caves near Oudtshoorn. It was when I was young yet, before I met Hanni, before father's sight grew weak and all these troubles came on us. I went down with old Jacques Marais, who had black hair and a yellow nose, and he looked so funny in the dim light that we all laughed. Oh Lord, how we laughed! Then he blew out his candle and we came back through the big hall. He said he knew the way and that it was all quite safe, but we did not feel quite at ease till we saw the light glimmering at the end of the hole, dull, but light all the same. It is like that now—as if there was a glimmer in front and beyond that the glow, the light, the full blaze and warmth of the sunshine, the green of the trees and the brown of the veld. Then we knew nothing—and now? An empire in Africa—was that our dream? To drive the English into the sea and usurp the place of the ruler? I do not know. I never thought of it in that light. It was home, it was the farm, Hanni, pa with his bleared eyes and the children. What did I care about an empire—ours or the Englishman's? Snyders did, yes, and he sits at home and talks about the soldiers and the wrong they are doing.

What made me join that night when they came to the farm? I knew they were coming. I did not expect them because anybody had told me that the commando had left Arendspoort, but because I felt that they would come, some-

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time. I knew they would not go past without touching at the farm, where they could get coffee, perhaps a man, perhaps a horse. There is no sin in giving a man's kith and kin coffee when they need it, and if there was a horse on the farm, was it my fault?

That night—I shall never forget it. There was a fire inside the house on the hearth and the children were cracking mealies at it. Through the closed windows I could see the glare of the flames, and when the ayah pulled the curtains aside they shone out and fell on the veld beside me. They seemed so fierce and ruddy that I thought they would scorch the dog as he ran from side to side, nosing the ground as if he smelt the commando from afar. Hanni was dead and the children were all alone, for father with his weak eyes had gone to the village to see the doctor, and he could not return because there were no horses to fetch him. The keen cut of the wind, as it swept over the veld and struck the walls of the house, made me shiver. When the blast came and Otto's tail hairs flapped in the wind, I crept closer to the wall. But I stayed outside, waiting, I scarce knew for what. Elias had told me that he had seen a patrol of the khakis clearing away to the town. He could only see the dust as their horses swept past and hear the patter of their hoofs on the hard ground, but he thought there was something up. Elias is a good boy. He'll have nothing to do with the others and he refused to scout, although they promised him ten shillings a week.

I stood outside on the werf (farmyard) and felt the cold bitterly. It was as if some one had thrown a bucket of icy cold water over my shoulders and the streams were trickling down into my boots. I remembered what my mother had told me—she had died of the dropsy, and always complained that she felt so cold and that chills crept over her as if there was ice round her heart, and her warmth could not melt it. They said it was her heart itself that was weak, but there was nothing the matter with mine. It was as sound as a bell, said the doctor, when old Sam Smith, who goes round to get people to assure

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themselves that they won't die, got me to take out a life policy. I wonder whether that will stand, and whether the military will get the money or the children? The fire died out, and they put more mealie-cobs on it, so that the flames flared and flickered through the shut windows till the ayah came and pulled the curtains down. Otto ran up to me and put his nose into my hand, whining as if he thought we should go in. But I was thinking, and took no notice of him. Elias had told me the commando was not far off. What was I to do when they came? When Elias came that evening he said: "Baas" (Master), he said, "they'll be here to-night. They're coming from there, baas"—and he pointed towards Arendspoort. "Is baas going to burn the wheat, as the military told baas?" Why should I have discussed my intentions and my not intentions with a Hotnot? When they came it would be time enough to consider the matter, whether I should go in to the children or whether I should remain outside and meet them. I pitied them in that bitter cold. After all, they must be men who could stand such things—for what! Their freedom—independence—liberty. That's what they told me on commando, where we always said that if it was not freedom it need be nothing. Yes, nothing but misery and poverty, to be hunted and starved, to have no place of refuge, to be an outlawed outcast, running about the veld with a rope round your neck and a load at your heart. The wind lay for a moment, and I thought it was going to still, but it blew again so wildly that it flung the wet sand into our faces, and the dog and I turned round. I could no longer see the lights in the windows, but now I could see the dark outline of the mountains and the leafless willow-trees near the dam. The branches were swaying in the wind, and the mountains were cloud-blurred and obscured by mist, so that everything was dark and shadowy. When I turned to the window I saw the firelight again and the shadows of the children and ayah Kaatjie on the curtain. Outside, towards the veld, it was dark like hell, and the drizzling rain threw a shroud over everything.

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Then, still vague and far off, I heard the sound of their horses, trotting over the veld. I knew that they were coming up the ravine, by the path where the yellow banks of hard clay were bored through and honeycombed by the earth-peckers, the pirrows, whose long-echoing, snarling cries I had heard all the afternoon. The path curled and twined round boulders and big stones, but I heard the tread of the horses, moving steadily as if they knew the way and did not fear to travel over the slippery ground. Otto ran from station to station, barking and yelping, till I quieted him. I knew Elias was at the huts with his folk, and though I could trust him (for he is a good boy) I could not rely on them. English gold and English talk will make the staunchest Hotnot stumble.

Yet what was there to be afraid of? I knew some of them who were coming. There was young Sarel Michau from Ceres, down in the old part of the colony, near Cape Town, where people have grown quite like Englishmen, and feel little or nothing of what we do. But Sarel was of the old stuff. He stuck at Ceres till he could not endure it any longer, and then he went into the veld with his uncle's old horse and the biltong that his aunt had made, and galloped till he came across a commando. I had known him when we were boys, I old enough to know better than to steal water-melons out of uncle Berend's garden when we came to the village at nachtmaal time, he young enough to despise me because I went about with Hanni and the girls. We have both grown out of that now. He was going to marry a niece from the Free State when last I heard from him. He was a nice boy with large hands, and he could pick up a muid of wheat and hoist it on his shoulders and carry it up the ladder to the loft. Ay, he was strong, Sarel Michau, though he could scarcely read, and the pastor said his ignorance of the book would have shamed a little child. He was fiery, large-souled, obstinate like an earth-pig, but he could be friendly with you, as if he had known and loved you for years.

There was Oompie Dirk of Wonderfontein, in the Senekal

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district, in the Free State, where the road slopes down towards the north as you near the river. Oompie was father's step-brother, and went north when the old trouble was settled and men thought they could live free once more. Now and then, at New Year or Queen's Birthday, he came and visited us, and once pa and all of us went to see him. Pa asked him why he did not sell out and return, but he said he loved his new country and he would die there. He was a little old man, with almost no beard, for he never could grow one properly. When it came out it was of all colours, and as he did not like that he shaved, and looked like a young man except for his wrinkles and his white hair. I knew he would be there.

Poor Oompie! He fell when we were fighting in the Camdeboo, but he was not put out about it at all. "It's all right, Frikkie," he said to me and Sarel as we left him, "I am no more use to you or to them, and they can't send me to the islands over the sea. When things are settled, do you come down with Manus (that was his son, who was with De Wet) and see if you light on anything of me and bury it at Wonderfontein, where Tant Saartjie lies—under the yellow-wood near the goat kraal. Get on, hurry now." Some one else will have to do that. Manus is dead, and I——. There was Helm, 'Noldus Helm, who wore a white shirt every day and could read print and writing as if he had made them. 'Noldus was a clever fellow, but not strong. He was always learning and never doing anything, for he took after his mother, Aunt Alet' Meiring, who had been pa's second cousin and died of the stitch five years ago. He was a fine fellow with all his dandyism, and when we heard that he had gone on commando we were quite proud of him.

Elias had told me they would come about that time if they came at all. The moon went in and out amongst the clouds like a partridge that struts in high grass, and when it shone on the ground I saw how muddy and wet the path was. That would leave their tracks all the clearer when the scouts came. I heard the footfalls of the horses, now almost regular again for

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they had reached the level ground and were out of the ravine now, nearing the willows of the dam. 'Noldus told me afterwards that they would not have done it if they had not had Gys Tempo with them; but the old man was brought up in these parts and knew the ground as he did his ten fingers. I saw the first horse coming up the rise, and I wanted to go in but could not. I wished to see what they looked like, these men of whom I had heard so much. Would they be as I had known them of old? Would Oompie be as mild, still, as if butter would not melt in his mouth, and 'Noldus so fine as if he were a parson and could not go about except he wore a silk hat? Would they molest me? After all, we were flesh and blood, and fifteen months would not have changed them so much.

Though there were several, I recognised Oompie at once. Dear Lord, he had not changed a bit, though, when I saw him closer, when he drew me into the firelight and looked into my eyes and I into his, I could see that his forehead had become more wrinkled, his eyes brighter. Which was Scheepers? But a moment later I knew, though none had told me. It was that man with no gun, merely a sjambok in his hand, astride on a big brown horse that was mud-mottled all over. It was he with the square shoulders and the thin face, looking as if he had fever or consumption, a young man yet who, when he spoke, dropped his voice to a half-whisper, as if his breath hurt him. 'Noldus I could not see. It was only when they had off-saddled, leaving the saddle-clothes on and giving the horses fodder where they stood, that he came towards me. Then I knew him, for he was as of old, with a tattered glove that he had got from some khaki officer, and the best feather in his hat, though now it hung wet and draggled. But his face was no longer boyish. It was like a man's. And even more so was Sarel's. He had lost his smile and his eyes were gloomy and, though he showed his teeth when he shook hands with me, it was in a half-sorrowful, half-scornful smile. It cut me like the wind almost, though I could not say why I

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should have felt it, for he was just as friendly to me as of old.

What could I do? Scheepers came to me and shook hands silently. He did not ask to be allowed to off-saddle. He simply gave the word, and then came forward and greeted me, flinging himself off his horse as if he were dead tired and walking towards the house as soon as he had shaken my hand. The others looked to the horses, and Tempo, the old black fellow who had guided them, called out "Evening, baas," as cheerily as if it were the most ordinary occasion. What could I do?

I followed Scheepers into the house. The children were about him, staring at him, and their neglected mealies were burning in the fire and filling the room with smoke. Little Annie was looking at his gaiters and Mock, the boy, was standing in the background, uncertain what to do. Only ayah Kaatjie kept her wits about her and got out the tea-caddie. He sat down at the table and the ayah brought cold meat and milk and brown bread, and afterwards the tea in the old stoneware jug that was Hanni's favourite. He called Annie to him and the child came, shyly, and as he stroked her hair she played with his sjambok. All the time he sat silent and I stood behind with Mock, looking at him. I could hear the others outside fondling the dog, that had made friends with them at once, and cursing the cold. I could hear Sarel's voice, loud as ever, and then, suddenly, I heard my own name mentioned. What could I do? I turned to the ayah and roughly told her to bring in the others and to give some food to old Tempo. They came in and sat round the table, all silent with me, though they laughed and chatted amongst themselves and with Annie and the ayah. I and Mock stood aside, and the boy was too young to notice it. I felt it and could not stand it. I went up to them and spoke to them. I asked them how they were and whence they had come.

It was Scheepers who replied, looking at me with his dull eyes, "Why should we tell thee, nephew?" he asked, "Thou wilt have to say all when the khakis come."

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I felt that they did not trust me, though I knew I would have to suffer for what they had done. I felt it acutely, as one feels a sting, or as one feels when some one has wronged you. But I would not let them see it. So I stroked Mock's hair till the boy wrung himself loose from me. It was Oompie who spoke to me first after that. He asked me how old Mock was, and I replied that the boy was getting on for five. He looked larger and stronger for his age, and Oompie said so. Then another, whom I did not know, struck in with a remark that our children were always sturdier than the others. "Our children"—that was pleasant again, and for the moment I forgot Scheepers' remark. I asked Oompie how he did, and he looked at me before he answered: "How wouldst thou feel, son," he asked, "if thou wert one of us?"

One of them! I had never thought of that. I had *never* dreamed to be one of them. Was that to be the final result; was that what we had been striving for, Snyders and all the others and I? Dear little Lord—one of them!

It was Oompie who interrupted my thoughts. He asked me, roughly as I thought, if the khakis had been in my neighbourhood. I answered coldly that he should find that out for himself, and the others looked at me suspiciously. Sarel bent forward and whispered something to his neighbour, and I could hear the other's reply, "He is English-minded."

English-minded! Could they have seen into my soul they would have known how little I was against them, how much for them. I turned away and went to the hearth, where the fire had died to coals that glowed under the white ash as my own heart smouldered under all my calmness. They talked with Annie and Mock, and one of them gave the boy some spent cartridges. I could notice Sarel and Oompie sitting somewhat apart and glancing occasionally at me, but what I felt most was the commandant's silent gaze, half-pitying, not wholly scornful.

"Nephew, thou seest what we are doing. And thou?"

The question was sharp and unexpected, given in a loud,

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crisp tone of voice that startled me from my abstraction. It was Scheepers who had spoken, and the dull eyes seemed to have gained a light almost too strong for them, the tall figure with the round shoulders to have become impressive and handsome. The eyes were bent upon me, not as if they looked beyond me but as if they wished to pierce through me.

I came forward, for I could not reply at the moment, and wanted time to collect my thoughts. Then, as I came into the circle of shadow where the rays from the fire barely brightened their faces, I replied, "What can I do? I exist—I farm."

"Farm"—it was 'Noldus' voice, jeering almost in its sharpness—"farm, with your horses commandeered, with your oxen gone, with your boys scouting for the khakis and shooting us—how can you farm?"

"I have Elias still," I rejoined lamely, as if that were sufficient excuse. "He can look after the sheep."

"The khakis will do that for you," said Sarel; "trust them for it."

"And thou canst farm, nephew," came the inquiry from the round-shouldered man, "when—when nobody else farms?"

"What would you have?" I asked. "See, I have sheep. Take them if it profit you, though God knows I shall have to suffer for it when you are gone."

"One man"—the voice was milder now and sounded as if it was far away—"one man, nephew, is worth more to us than all thy sheep."

I knew it all then. They wished to make me one of them—and Hanni not yet cold in her grave, and the children uncared for. Was such a thing to be thought of?

Oompie came forward, leaving his chair lurchingly, like one who had not friendship with his legs. He placed his hands on my shoulders and looked me in the eyes. Ayah Kaatjie had thrown more sugar-bush on the fire and the coals had started into blaze again, so that the glow fell on his face and on his thin wrinkled hands. I could see how much he

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had aged and how blue the veins on his forehead stood out, how keen his eyes were and how deep the wrinkles on his brow.

"If I have done it, son, canst thou not?" he asked. "Hast thou so little care for thy land and thy freedom that thou canst not give up thy life, ay, and thy children's, when it comes to that?"

He spoke strangely, as if he were praying, and it made me thrill. Everything seemed to slip past me—Scheepers, the men, Mock, the old servant piling more wood on the fire, the dog breathing deeply near the door. I saw only his strangely solemn face, his small, sharp eyes that seemed to pierce me like needles, and his thin white hands through which the fireglow seemed to tingle. I no longer heard the trampling of the horses outside, where Elias and Tempo were chattering together, no longer the sough of the wind over the housetop. Only his voice, so stern and solemn that I was almost frightened, and knew not what to answer.

"What good canst thou do, farming while others die? Leave that to those who are for us and yet are against us—to those of the English who say they abhor this injustice that their nation has done us, yet lift neither hand nor foot to aid us. Thou art ours, Frikkie, from the time thou wert born till now—now more than ever, for this thing has banded what time has sundered, made pliant what was stiff before, loosened what was bound, cemented what was broken. Canst thou sit in silence, hearing what goes on about thee, listening to what the women say, to what the children cry? Canst thou be against us?"

He spoke so strangely that I could not make it out. The others were staring at him in silence and Mock was listening open-mouthed. What could I do?

"There are others to farm and sit still, to speak and write, to agitate constitutionally as they call it. As if our freedom could be gained by request on application, as if we had not to fight for it as our fathers fought for theirs; not with pens or paper, but with guns. Wilt thou be one of us?"

There it was at last. If it were not for Mock and Annie—

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ah, I had had enough trouble already for their sake—I might as well be one of them.

"I am not as thou art, Oompie," I answered hesitatingly, for it was a great thing and to be thought about. "You and 'Noldus are Free Staters. You may do as you like and no one can harm you, except he harm you in open fight."

"And I?" Sarel's challenge was direct, and I could not meet his eye. "Is Ceres in the Free State? Could they not harm me?"

"They could disfranchise you," I said shiftingly. "Perhaps imprison you." A hard gleam came into the old man's eyes, but it vanished so soon that I doubted whether I had seen it aright. I felt his hands clenching into my shoulders as a man tightens his grasp to restrain himself.

"They do not let thee have the papers, son," he said before any of the others, or Scheepers or Sarel, could interpose. "Therefore hast thou not heard what happens to those who, like Sarel, did not wish to farm while their land was throbbing with woe and others were travailing for freedom. Thou dost not know?"

"No," I replied lamely. "I know that they tried some of them at Dordrecht and at Colesberg and fined and imprisoned them. More I do not know. As thou sayest, we get no papers now."

"I thought so," he said, but his eyes searched my face as if he doubted my word. "Then thou dost not know what they are doing to men who, like Sarel, came and joined us here in the Colony?"

"No," I said in surprise. "What?"

"They are hanging them," he answered fiercely, jerking the words from between his teeth, while his grasp again tightened on my shoulder. "Hanging them, my God, as if they were murderers or Hotnots."

"They hanged young Coetzee from Cradock," struck in 'Noldus, lighting his pipe at the fire and coming back into the shadow. "Quite a boy."

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"He joined us two weeks before Sarel did," said Oompie and loosened his grasp. "I liked the lad. He was——"

He bit his lip as a man does when he cannot continue his speech because of his emotion. I looked at the others, at the commandant sitting silent at the table, with Annie trying to get on his knee; at 'Noldus, puffing at his pipe and blowing the smoke in wreaths about the group; at Sarel, flicking his leg with his riding-whip; and at the others, whom I did not know, though I had shaken hands with them. They were quiet, sad as it seemed to me, and some of them had deep furrows between their eyes. The children went back to the fire, for they were getting sleepy, and the talk did not interest them. I stood alone with the others and as they were silent I spoke.

"I did not know that," I said; "I thought they were just fined."

"They are not," said Oompie. "They are being hanged. Those who go with us know it, and it has made us firmer. It has given us greater courage and faith. Little Lord—as if we wanted faith!"

"We have spoken for you," I said, repeating what Snyders would have said under the circumstances. "We have agitated, written and petitioned. And we have waited and prayed."

"Waiting and praying"—the old man's voice was biting in its scorn, his sneer cut me to the quick—"while others were working and risking their lives. Waiting and praying! Yes, here in comfort, with the fire on the hearth and the bread on the table, with the wife at the side and——"

"Hanni is dead," I said quickly, sinking my eyes, for I could not meet his look.

"It is best for her, son," he rejoined, his voice a trifle less rasping. "These are times when the dead and the unborn are the best off. But we who are neither have our work before us. Come."

"I am a British subject," I said, fidgeting with the table-cloth. "Why should I give up everything and join you?"

"Why, indeed!" exclaimed Sarel sarcastically. "A

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pretty subject with not a sheep to call thine own, with every Hotnot insulting thee when he pleases and where he pleases. A pretty subject with thy officers to sweep the life out of thee."

I could answer him when he spoke like that. For, after all, Martins was not altogether wrong when he said that we lived under a good government and had a measure of liberty. Now that the old Queen was dead and there was a new king it might be different, but after all it was our Government, his as much as mine. I could speak to Sarel, but I could not meet Oompie's eyes. They seemed to burn me through and through as if they were fire while I spoke to Sarel and told him what Martins would have said.

"Thinkest thou so, son," said Oompie, laying his hand again on my shoulder. "Listen, there was a time when I, boy as thou art, thought likewise. It was in the old days before we knew of Rhodes and Kimmerlan, or of Conventions and Outlanders and such things. My father did not like the old ideas. He was one who would not go with Pretorius. He said the Old Grandmother was good enough for him——"

"Ah," I interrupted, turning to Sarel, "see, Oompie says so, too."

"Yes, but stay," said the old man. "That was before we knew what we now know. I am changed to-day—God knows we are all changed, and He only knows what has brought us to the turning. The old love lies dead in me and in its place is a new one, stronger than any I ever felt—the love for this land, my country. For that would I give all I hold dear, son and wife and child, everything, as freely as I would give this coat to one who has greater need of it than I have. And thou, son, an Afrikander as I am, thou canst sit in apathy, willing to be of us when our cause is triumphant and the gallows is no longer the reward of those that join us? Sis!"

"'Tis a coward's choice," said 'Noldus slowly. "He will not make it."

"Ay, that it is," said Oompie, "waiting with folded arms.

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They were given thee to work with, not to cross in quietness. Sis!"

"Yet it is difficult," said Scheepers, suddenly joining in the talk, "to sit quietly, Oompie. It demands some courage, perhaps courage that is greater than ours—who knows?"

I was glad he had taken my part, for I knew he would treat me justly. Surely he could not expect——

"There is no courage in cowardice," said the old man sternly. "There is courage in enduring silently as our fathers endured, to turn the other cheek to the striker when he has smitten the one, to go into the desert and seek a fresh field where you and yours can be alone with God to live and to enjoy or suffer as He deems best. But there is no courage in sympathy that goes no farther than idle talk and vapouring. A dozen stalwarts at the beginning and, I ask thee, nephew Gideon, would this war have been?"

"No. I grant you that, uncle," said the commandant reflectively. "But you cannot blame him for that. It was not upon him that we trusted."

"Our trust is in God," said the old man solemnly, reverently, as if he felt what he said, "in none other."

"Yours, perhaps, and mine, Oompie," said the round-shouldered man, "but what of the others?"

The old man was silent and his hands dropped from my shoulders. Some of the men had gone out and the ayah had taken the children to bed. I could hear the wind outside, for the room was quiet and the soft patter of the rain tapped on the window-panes.

"Before thee, nephew," continued the round-shouldered man, turning his eyes full upon me, "there lies a road of safety and ease and one of peril and danger, not easy to tread——"

"Ay," said the old man, "it is not easy. We may stumble and fall on it, but God's hand will guide us, praise be to Him."

"There is liberty on the one side," pursued the commandant, "and on the other treason to thy country and to the memory of thy forefathers. Which road wilt thou choose?"

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"What treason?" I asked. "Whither will your road lead me, and why should I travel it? What is the good of struggle? I do not see it."

The old man's eyes, dull a minute before, blazed again. His hands grasped my shoulders convulsively in his eagerness.

"The good we never see here," he said simply. "It is our duty. Is not that enough?"

"That is all we ask of thee," said Scheepers. "We want no unwilling men. We want those who know their duty and will abide by it, even in the hour of adversity."

"For thee the choice is easy," said Sarel. "What hast thou to do here?"

"There are the children," I answered. "Some one must look after them."

"Who looks after ours?" asked Oompie fiercely. "No harm can come nigh them unless He wills it, and if He wills who can avert?"

"Is there hope of winning yet, Sarel?" I asked, not that I thought he would reply, but simply because I wanted time to think.

"Of winning"—it was one of the men who spoke—and his voice was sharp, almost exultant. "Why, man, we have every hope. We are winning. Is it not victory to have stood so long?"

"It is victory indeed," said Oompie. "Praise be to Him—it is victory indeed."

"There is nothing to lose, man," said 'Noldus impulsively. "Come on, join. We can give thee a horse, a gun, and any quantity of ammunition thou desirest, little brother."

"Leave him alone," said the commandant, and his voice was suddenly scornful and hard. "Let him tell the khakis when they come here all about us. Let him be loyal and see what he gains. They will never believe him."

I knew it was true. I knew that my word would never be accepted, and that the scouts would believe Elias and the other Hotnots before they believed me. I knew it, and as he spoke

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I grew ashamed and angry. Was my word to be of less account than a black creature's?

Oompie went to the door, and I followed him, heeding acutely the glances that the others threw upon me. I felt that they were unfriendly, and that the round-shouldered man, though he had affected to take my part, despised me. Yet I could not make up my mind. Wherever I looked I seemed to see Hanni and the children, and when I thought for a moment I seemed to hear Martins' voice telling me to stop and pause. Poor Martins—he was ever faint-hearted—"not the pluck of a house-rat," as Snyders said. He was always quiet, and he advised me to follow his example. Poor Martins. They took his horses and his cattle, and his Hotnot went and lied to the khakis. So they arrested Martins and sent him away. Our little Lord in heaven alone knows where he is now.

How wet it was outside! The rain fell in showers, and the horses stood with their tails to the wind grouped round the poplars to get some shelter. I could hear the lapping of the water in the dam, sad and slow and very quiet, and now and then the rustle of the willow branches. The ground was wet and muddy, soaked and rutted where the little streams had coursed down, and there was no moon to be seen now nor stars. Only the dark wet night and the mist that crept up from the dam, shrouding the mountains beyond.

"They tell us," I said at last, "that you are broken and that there are not a thousand of you that pull the same way. We hear of surrenders every day, and defeats. See, this is the latest official report which has been circulated!"

"Doubtless, doubtless," he answered quickly. "Remember, nephew, that if a cat kittens in an oven the brood is not necessarily loaves of bread. A defeat is not always a defeat, and a victory not always a victory."

Snyders had told me the same, and now, when I heard Oompie confirm it, I believed it. Why should he lie to me?

Tempo came forward and whispered something, and

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Scheepers gave an order. Why should I tell you more? They were of my kin, of my flesh and bone—was it a disgrace to share with them, to suffer what they suffered? After all, as Snyders said, relationship is stronger than the Government, and I went with them. I no longer saw Hanni's face, I no longer heard Martins' voice. The fire died down inside the room while we were standing talking outside and arguing. They fetched a horse for me, a fine chestnut, one of their spare ones. It had a saddle and bridle, a military bridle and a constable's saddle, and they said it was to be mine. Then they put a gun in my hands, a Lee-Metford which 'Noldus said they had got at Swartpan in the fight with Gorringe's men. That was to be mine, too.

I turned and went back into the room, and as I did so I heard Scheepers say to Oompie, "Let him be. He has chosen our road." I was grateful to him for it, for I wanted to be alone, to linger a moment in the room where Hanni had died and where the children slept. The ayah was sitting at the door, sewing by the light of a guttering candle, that flickered into sudden brightness as the gust of wind struck it when I opened the door. She knew what I had come for. She was a good old soul, ayah Kaatjie, and I knew that she would take care of the children.

"Little master"—she called me that, for she had carried me pick-a-back round the farm when I was a child—"baasie, is baasie really going?"

"Yes, I cannot help it," I said. "I must. You will look after them?"

"As I did after you, baasie. Have no fear. But you, baasie? What if they should catch you, baasie?"

"They will not catch me so soon, ayah," I said lightly; "and if they should—well, one cannot die more than once."

I went towards the bed where they lay, Mock and Annie. Mock was snoring, for he had fallen asleep an hour ago, but the girl was breathing quietly, and I kissed her very softly, for I feared to wake her. As I turned away the ayah came

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forward and gave me my veld-shoes, a spare pair. She had filled my saddle-bags with biltong and biscuit, and while I was pulling on the boots she went to the door and called Oompie. He came in and took my hand and shook it.

I felt calmer when I had pressed his hand in my turn, and I put the future away from me. What had I to do with to-morrow when the rain might be cleared away, the sky clearer and the ground dry?

I went outside with him and together we mounted our horses. Elias held my stirrup as I mounted, and as he handed me the gun he said, "Good-bye, old master," but when I tried to answer my tongue stuck fast in my mouth and I could get out no sound. I lowered my head on my breast and clutched the mane of the horse, and as I waited for the order to move I scarcely felt how wet my hands were, till I heard some one addressing me.

"Lord," said 'Noldus, offering me his pouch; "Lord, it is a bad night. Will you take a fill, neef Frikkie?"

I stuffed my pipe, but when I tried to light it my fingers shook and the match flared and went out, and I put the pipe back in my pocket, unlighted. I looked towards the house, and in the dim light I saw the ayah and Elias standing in the doorway and waving their hands to me. I turned away and dug my heel into my horse's flank, and as he bounded forward I slung my rifle over my shoulders and rode up to the others. They were laughing and chatting and made way for me cheerfully. The wet mud of the path spattered my boots and nearer and nearer came the lap of the pond water. My brain was in a whirl and I could scarcely think, but when I looked back I saw that the darkness hid the house and I could no longer see the fire.

C. Louis Leipoldt.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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AUGUST 1904

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The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *"Monthly Review," 50a Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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MOTORS AND MANSLAUGHTER

LIKE many other new things we have seen, the motor is the luxury of to-day, the life of to-morrow. Up to the present moment we know it in itself, but not in its consequences. Into a national existence already complicated it is about to introduce an entirely fresh set of complications; and these, it is hardly necessary to add, we have made no serious effort to forecast or to regulate. It is not our way. In the Boer War, we have been recently told by the German Staff, "the broad-mindedness, foresight, and practical sense of the British race showed themselves in a high degree: the officers and officials were able to supervise with certainty, and to overcome successfully, all those difficulties which were due to the extensive theatre of war, so different in every respect from the conditions in England." Praise is always welcome, and seldom fails to bring conviction to the subject of it. But this eulogy, however pleasant to read, seems to include a camel too bulky for the eye of any English needle. It contains a glaring inconsistency. We did encounter many difficulties in South Africa; we did successfully overcome them all—in the long run; but that we or any of us showed "foresight" in a high degree is a statement quite at variance with the facts and with the rest of the sentence. It was confessedly lack of foresight which got us into all our troubles, both of policy and detail; we had given no thought beforehand to a set of circumstances "so different in every respect from the conditions in England";

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it was in spite of this that the practical sense of the race enabled us to muddle through. Mr. Wells' example and teaching notwithstanding, we are not good at "anticipations"; the discovery even of the immediate future is the least popular branch of research among us.

Once more we are about to be confronted with conditions different in every respect from those in England—the England we have known. Is it not time that we began at least to discuss the matter seriously—that is to say, as a purely practical question, putting aside the merely combative methods of argument with which writers on both sides have for the last twelve months delighted their respective backers; putting aside too, as anything but serious, the legislation at present dealing with speed—a mere compromise of the nature of an arbitrator's award, adding together the extreme claims on either side, and dividing by two? If ten miles an hour is too slow for a car of forty-mile power, so is twenty: if thirty miles an hour is too fast for public safety, so is twenty. The excuse for the present law is, that until now we have hardly realised what it is that is going to happen. It is time to recognise that this is no longer the case; if we do not know what are the coming conditions "so different in every respect," it is because we do not read the reports from the Assizes.

We have before us two such reports, both of cases tried during the third week of July. One was a criminal charge of manslaughter, the other a civil action for damages; taken together they give us practically all the data we need for full consideration of the subject. In the first case Emile Richard, a Frenchman who was a professional motor-car driver, holding a French but not an English licence, was charged with the manslaughter of a man named Job, at Banstead, on Easter Monday last.

The evidence for the prosecution was to the effect that on April 4 Job was riding a bicycle, accompanied by a friend, named Sayer, along the road across Banstead Downs at about 1.30 P.M. They were going in the direction of Banstead, and were crossing the railway bridge at Belmont, Sayer riding

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ahead of Job. When they got to the top of the bridge Sayer saw a motor-cycle coming towards them on its proper side. He and Job were going at a speed of seven or eight miles an hour. He then saw a motor-car (which was being driven by the defendant) about 200 yards away coming towards them very fast. When he (Sayer) was at the bottom of the decline leading from the top of the bridge he saw that the motor-car was gradually coming out towards its off-side so as to pass the motor-cycle. The road at this point rose in each direction, so that the motor-car was coming down a decline. Sayer thereupon got off his bicycle and stood on the footpath on his proper side of the road. When the motor-car got near it swerved out towards him and passed him at a distance of about 18 in., and he turned round and saw Job lying about ten yards behind him with his face on the road and his feet on the footpath, having been struck by the motor-car. The motor-car stopped a few yards on the other side of the bridge, and the defendant, who was driving the car, and the occupants thereof, a lady and a gentleman, came back to the scene of the accident.

The medical evidence was that Job was brought to the hospital suffering from a compound fracture of the left leg and a fracture at the base of the skull. He never regained consciousness, and died on April 8 at 10.30 A.M.

The case for the defence was that the accident was caused by the first bicyclist jumping quickly off his machine without giving Job, who was only a few feet behind him, any warning, thereby compelling him to swerve out towards the middle of the road and thus come in contact with the motor-car, and that the speed of the motor-car, even if it was excessive, which was denied, was not the cause of the accident.

The remainder of the evidence, which was decidedly interesting from our present point of view, may be summarised as follows: First, as to pace. An expert described the motor-car as a 20-h.p. car, weighing one ton, and capable when new of going forty miles an hour on the level. In answer to the Judge, who asked the often heard question why, if the legal limit of speed was twenty miles an hour, cars were built to go forty, this witness said that it was to enable the car to go up hill at a fair speed. He admitted that when going down hill the car could gain a speed even higher than forty miles an hour by reason of its own momentum. As to the actual pace at the time of the accident a typical difference of opinion was shown. Of five witnesses who were on the road near, three swore that the car was going "at least thirty miles an hour";

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two that it was going "very fast." The defendant himself said he had been going about twenty miles an hour, but reduced speed slightly before passing the first bicyclist. Another witness, who was travelling in the car, said they had been going about twenty-five miles an hour, but had reduced speed.

As to the position of the parties at the moment of impact there was also a very significant conflict of evidence. The surviving bicyclist swore that when the car passed him he had already dismounted, and was standing on the footpath on his proper side of the road. He was supported in this by another witness, who was on the same path as the bicyclist, and saw the accident. He declared that when the motor-car struck the deceased man and his bicycle both bicyclists were standing on the footpath by their bicycles. Another witness who was very close, in a carriage attached to the front of the motor-cycle, described the motor-car as striking the second bicyclist while still on his machine, and throwing him into the air. The defendant's counsel seems to have adopted this theory, and in cross-examining the survivor, Sayer, got him to admit that he dismounted somewhat suddenly, without giving his companion, who was close behind him, any warning, the suggestion being that the deceased when struck was swerving out towards the middle of the road. The defendant himself, however, appears to have failed to appreciate his counsel's line of defence. His version was that both bicyclists were riding, and that there was plenty of room to pass; he could not account for the accident. The Judge in summing up explained the Motor-Car Act of 1903 as meaning not that a speed of twenty miles an hour was allowed in all cases and everywhere, but that it was never to be exceeded, while in some places and on some occasions even seven miles an hour might be excessive; it might be the duty of the driver to proceed with great caution, or even to stop. He then, upon a verdict of *guilty* being returned, sentenced the defendant to six months' imprisonment, a serious but not a severe punishment.

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The second case was a simpler one. A farmer was riding close to the hedge on his proper side of the high road from Ross to Monmouth when a motor-car came "at a great speed," and, as was alleged, on its wrong side; the driver ignoring a warning signal made by the plaintiff, the latter was thrown, with injury to his spine, while his pony swerved in front of the car and was so hurt that it had to be destroyed. The jury awarded £250 damages; it is doubtful whether the evidence of negligence was strong enough to have led them to this verdict, but the defendant, Dr. Gerald Dundas Edwards, failed in the Judge's opinion to give a satisfactory explanation of the fact that he refused immediately after the accident to give his name and address; and the jury probably took this unfortunate mistake as evidence that he was not himself quite clear as to his own blamelessness. The inference is one which will constantly be made in such cases; but it may, and often will be, an entirely wrong one; a man strongly convinced of his own innocence may easily wish when he has seen his victim placed in good hands to spare himself the undeserved ordeal of a trial by jury. He will be wrong of course; but though law and morality may insist that he shall not acquit himself by flight, it is none the less true that flight is not really by itself conclusive evidence of guilt.

Our point is, that probably in neither of these two cases was there anything which could fairly be called "guilt" on the one side, or "contributory negligence" on the other. The facts were all typical facts; such facts as must, in the absence of definite and far-reaching provision on our part, multiply in an ever-increasing ratio. In 1904 they come before us twice in one week of the year; in 1914 or 1924 they might conceivably come before us ten or twenty times in every week of the year. But they will not? No, for such a state of things would be the end of civilised national existence; better the wild beasts of the primitive forest-life, which could at least be attacked and now and then destroyed, than an age of chimeras, ubiquitous and invulnerable. The question is not whether

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such a position shall be avoided, but by what means, and with how short a period of chaos, destruction and class-feeling.

It comes, then, to this: in the few years immediately before us, either the new conditions, "so different in every respect," must have been abolished or modified, or our present mode of life out of doors must have been abandoned or modified. Which is most probable? What is most desirable? Let us take first the new element—the motor-car and its concomitant facts. These are exemplified with sufficient clearness by our two cases. Entirely well-meaning persons in fast and irresistibly heavy cars traverse the country in great numbers; their machines are, it is true, more obedient to control than horsed carriages, but they are more in need of control, from their infinitely greater speed and momentum. How seldom is it as much as fifteen feet from a motor's position at any moment to the edge of the road or to the place on the road occupied by another passenger; yet even at the statutory pace of twenty miles an hour those fifteen feet would be crossed in a swerve of half a second's duration. The motor which killed the bicyclist at Banstead missed his companion by eighteen inches; that is to say, by one-twentieth of a second. So swiftly did death swoop that the ten or more witnesses cannot agree as to the position of the two bicyclists at the moment, or even be sure whether they were riding or dismounted. In the other case the Herefordshire farmer, who was also on his own side of the road, was accused of unskilfully handling his pony in endeavouring to get it to pass the motor-car. It is natural that both horses and human beings should at times be startled out of control.

Are these then such facts as can be abolished or modified? Abolished, no; for they all result from speed, and speed is the mainspring of the whole movement. Nor can they be very greatly modified. Men and horses will no doubt adapt themselves to a certain extent: we shall become more accustomed to judge distance at high speed, whether we are ourselves the hawk or the quarry. But while the powers of machinery are

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capable of enormous development, our own senses and muscles are not, and we cannot forget, as intelligent animals, that the penalty for almost any of the innumerable varieties of failure is death: and that amounts almost to a *reductio ad absurdum* of any pursuit whose aim is the development of individual activity.

On this side then the future is not difficult to foresee: it will be a direct prolongation of the present. We are going to have motors and more motors: perhaps to every man a motor or two, for prices will inevitably fall to meet the demand, and combination will come to the aid of the poorer. Our inquiry is reduced to this: how in face of these inevitable conditions is our life out of doors to be modified—for we will not think of abandoning it yet. Even when motoring is no longer merely a pastime of the rich, but has become the daily transport of the democracy, it will be out of the question that every road and lane in the country should be permanently unsafe for anything living, from a chicken to a Cabinet Minister, to walk upon. It follows, we think inevitably, that, since legs cannot abandon the roads to motors, motors must give up the roads, or most of them, once more to their old uses, and restrict themselves to another set of roads made or reserved expressly for them. This, of course, need have no application to those motorists who will undertake to bring themselves within what may be called "horse-conditions," that is, who will confine themselves to a speed not exceeding that of a pair of horses—say a maximum of ten or twelve miles an hour. Low-speed motors are not only not adding to the dangers of traffic, they are in a fair way to make the roads safer than they have been for a generation. But the high-speed motor, the "non-stopping" car that clears a road for a mile ahead and buries it in dust for three miles behind, must be provided with a track of its own.

Is this impossible or unreasonable? Not impossible, for we have from the first insisted on a separate track for railway traffic, and no difficulties of space engineering or expense were

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allowed to stand in the way. Still less can the idea be called unreasonable: we do not consider it fitting that the roads made for foot and horse traffic should be used by high-speed trains, even though confined to fixed rails, nor do we allow foot passengers to walk along a railway line; why then should we think it possible for one and the same road to serve both for ordinary traffic and for cars of a ton weight running thirty miles an hour without any rail to keep them from sudden and unintended deviations?

And the cost of these high-speed roads? That will be mainly the concern of the motorists. The plan is entirely in their interest; for, as things now stand, the law and the practice are turning steadily against speed, and under any other conditions than those we are advocating, must continue to do so. The statutory limit of twenty miles an hour is proving a purely illusory provision; it has not saved the public from danger, nor has it freed the motorist from responsibility. As more than one Judge has pointed out, negligence is negligence whether at twenty miles an hour or seven. The plain result is that you may only go as fast as you can go without danger to others, and in the not very distant future, when every road has many motors to the mile, all trying to steer among pigs, poultry, paralytics, and passengers of all kinds, safety-speed will be cut down to a very low figure. The only choice then will be the unsatisfactory one between legality and a snail's pace on the one hand, and motoring and manslaughter on the other.

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ON THE LINE

WE can only answer for five out of the twelve studies of Great Painters, already published in **Duckworth's Popular Library of Art** (2*s.* a volume); but four out of the five are as good as they can be, and—if the same proportion of merit be kept throughout—every lover of genius ought to possess the whole series. Each tiny volume is fully illustrated—*Rembrandt* (Auguste Bréal), for instance, with sixty-one prints; and these are so well chosen that every picture attempted is one which can be, to some extent, faithfully reproduced on a small scale. The eye is not fatigued by the effort to make out compositions that, when reduced, become a mere crowd, nor the mind wearied with catalogues of authorities which only an expert need consult. We cannot imagine a more useful investment for schools, nor one that would give greater help to jaded teachers in the form of suggestion. The French writers are the most successful of all; every literary Frenchman is born a critic, and when to this innate power of choice and appreciation there is added enthusiastic temperament and the will to study wisely and long, the result leaves nothing—except better translation—to be desired. Miss Clementine Black, who has translated *Rembrandt* and *Millet* (Romain Rolland), does well enough; but *The French Impressionists* (Camille Mauclair) have been Americanised, and—though there may be more excuse for this in the massive nature of the German original—Dr. Georg Gronau's *Leonardo* becomes a little heavy in the hands of Mr.

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F. Pledge. *Leonardo* is, notwithstanding, full of interest; and the other three deserve to be read everywhere. Manet, Monet, Degas, are to many but names—and rather disagreeable names; they will think differently of these men when they have read the true story of their work. The Impressionist movement is the most important that has occurred in Art since the days of the Pre-Raphaelites. It is high time that we should understand the principles and motives which actuated its leaders—that we should know why they called themselves the lawful descendants of Watteau, Claude, Turner, Ziem, Monticelli, and wherefore the *Salon des Refusés* of 1863 eclipsed other Salons.

For Millet, his life is so pathetic, his character so reverent and beautiful, that M. Rolland's charming monograph must appeal, not to artists alone, nor to people especially interested in Art, but to all who care about endurance and courage. His pictures of children are enchanting, and there are enough of them in this little book to delight every lover of children's looks and ways. Very sweet is Burty's account of that poor home:

> Millet, with his deep chest and grave head, presiding at the long table which had no cloth, and around which half-a-dozen children passed up their earthen plates to the smoking soup tureen. Madame Millet would be trying to put a child to sleep on her lap. There would be great pauses of silence, in which no sound was heard but the purring of the cats curled up before the stove.

Great pauses of silence—these it was that Millet loved, for love of these he dwelt among the solitudes of Fontainebleau.

> "I heard the voice of the trees," he said himself. "The surprises of their movements, their varieties of form, and even the strangeness of their attraction to the light, suddenly revealed to me the language of forests. This whole leafy world was a world of the dumb, whose signs I guessed, whose passions I discovered."

Such a man would naturally admire strength beyond everything else. "The strong men," he calls the Old Masters. Yet

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he found it hard to understand Rembrandt, one of the strongest among them.

> He did not repel me, but he blinded me.

We think of the strange words as we read Auguste Bréal's genial description of the man in whose life there was so much darkness, in whose eyes there were such marvels of light.

> "Look at his pictures," says Fromentin; "look at them as Rembrandt meant us to look at his human effigies, attentively and long, with your eyes upon their lips and gazing into theirs."

It is all very well; who can fathom the depths? Who can wonder that he "blinded" a man of such insight as Millet when, even among ordinary spectators,

> at the close of any such wordless dialogue with the image of the master, the strange impression remains with us that, as between the portrait and ourselves, it is the portrait which has learned most about the other.

There is more to be gained from the errors of a clever man than from the wise observations of a fool; but this does not lessen our regret that such a clever man as Mr. Chesterton should think fit to write a book called *Watts*, when he appears to be quite ignorant of painting; and, furthermore, to make it one of a series wherein foreigners have done brilliantly. He is determined that, whatever the other volumes may be like, his shall not be like these. Living as he does by the law of paradox, he has clearly convinced himself that, the less you know of any given subject, the better qualified you are to talk about it. He has also made up his mind—a little hastily perhaps—that the truest truth is always half a lie, and that defiance of every one else's style is bound to be a characteristic of his own. Terrible are the vices of journalism! It has much to answer for in the case of Mr. Chesterton. It has to answer for his remissness in correcting proofs, whereby it comes to pass that he irritates the ear by vapid repetition; it has to answer for the breathless attempt to be original every five minutes; it has to answer for the misquotation of texts. The grossest

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instance of this last and worst infirmity (some consideration for the great man then amongst us might surely have saved his biographer here) we forbear to quote, lest it should deter people from reading what is worth reading, after all. It is more witty than wise; but, if we cannot get wit and wisdom both together (except in French), wit, in the general dearth of that commodity, is not to be despised. We are amused, if we are not much edified, to learn that "the Crystal Palace is the temple of a forgotten creed;" that we have "salons" (we did not know it, but are glad to hear)—that through these salons a whisper runs, "Mr. Max Beerbohm waves a wand, and a whole generation of great men and great achievement suddenly looks mildewed and unmeaning." This is rather a cruel description of Mr. Max Beerbohm's airy caricatures; would he recognise it himself? We are, it appears, just like the people of the Restoration. We "can see nothing about Lord Shaftesbury but his hat," just as "they could see nothing about Oliver Cromwell but his nose." Those must be odd persons indeed who think so much about Lord Shaftesbury's hat; for ourselves we have never happened to meet them; but even if they exist, it is rather difficult to see what they have to do with Watts, or why such tiresome preoccupation with the headgear of a Reformer should interfere with our enjoyment of the helmets of Watts' Knights. Never mind! There is fine stuff in the description of the Early Victorians.

> Men were, in the main, agnostics: they said, "We do not know;" but not one of them ever ventured to say, "We do not care." In most eras of revolt and question, the sceptics reap something from their scepticism; if a man were a believer in the eighteenth century, there was Heaven; if he were an unbeliever, there was the Hell-Fire Club. But these men restrained themselves more than hermits for a hope that was more than half hopeless, and sacrificed hope itself for a liberty which they would not enjoy; they were rebels without deliverance, and saints without reward. There may have been, and there was something arid and over-pompous about them; a newer and gayer philosophy may be passing before us, and changing many things for the better; but we shall not easily see any nobler race of men, and of them all most assuredly there was none nobler than Watts. If any one wishes to see that spirit, he

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will see it in pictures painted by Watts in a form beyond expression sad and splendid.

The faith of that time "was doubtful, but its doubt was faithful," and "it fell in love with abstractions and became enamoured of great and desolate words." All this is worked out at railway speed, with a curious assurance that everything mentioned, even if it be only the opinion of the critics in "The Green Carnation," is of world-wide interest and importance. The Celtic spirit comes in for a good hit.

The essential Celtic spirit in letters and art may, I think, be defined as a sense of the unbearable beauty of things. The essential spirit of Watts may, I think, be much better expressed as a sense of the joyful austerity of things. The dominant passion of the artistic Celt of Mr. W. B. Yeats or Sir Edward Burne-Jones is in the word "escape"; escape into a land where oranges grow on plum-trees and men can sow what they like and reap what they enjoy To Watts the very word "escape" would be horrible . . . his ideal is altogether duty.

Of course, Mr. Chesterton goes on to tell us that frivolity is the most serious of all things. If we desire to know anything positive about Watts, the best part of the book is that which deals with his education and with that insight into character that glorifies his portraits.

"There," he said, stretching out his hand towards the Ilyssus in his studio, "there is my master." We hear of a friendship between him and the sculptor William Behnes, of Watts lounging about that artist's studio, playing with clay, modelling busts, and staring at the work of sculpture. His eyes seemed to have been at this time the largest and hungriest part of him. . . . He never painted in the galleries; he only dreamed in them. . . . Most men are allegorical when they are painting allegories, but Watts is allegorical when he is painting an old alderman. A change passes over that excellent being, a change of a kind to which aldermen are sufficiently inured. He begins to resolve into the primal elements, to become dust and the shadow, to become the red clay of Adam and the wind of God. His eyes become, in spite of his earnest wish, the fixed stars in the sky of the spirit; his complexion begins to show, not the unmeaning red of portraits and miniatures, but that secret and living red which is within us, and which is the river of man. . . . He scarcely ever paints a man without making him about five times as magnificent as he really looks. The real men appear, if they present themselves afterwards, like mean and unsympathetic sketches from the Watts original.

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It was not good taste to speak of the master's "almost absurd humility;" and Mr. Chesterton, alluding to "the splendid fact that he had three times refused a title," perhaps overrates the temptation. "When I desire to rest my mind, I do not seek honours but liberty," said Rembrandt.

The Life and Letters of the Great Earl of Cork. By Dorothea Townshend. (Duckworth: 18*s.* net.)—There probably was never a time in England when men and women hated each other more than in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. The ferocity of Henry VIII.'s age had not been wholly tamed. The spirit of liberty, or shall we say the spirit of grievance, arose fiercely under the government of King Pacificus, when the abuses of patronage, which were endured under Elizabeth because her deeds, good and bad, were on a great scale, stunk in the nostrils of a generation who had no respect for the alien King and his favourites. Read the trial of Raleigh or Bacon, and you will be introduced to a scene of almost incredible malice and wickedness. Go on to the Vandyke and John Inglesant days of holy Mr. Herbert, Falkland, Nicholas Ferrar, Donne, the "green retreat" of Izaak Walton, the Arcadia of Herrick; and you find violence, spite, corruption and intrigue ruling public affairs and embittering political strife under an obstinate King, a tyrannous Lord Deputy and a malicious Archbishop, and making all reform of grievances impossible; till men came to playing at bowls with each other's heads, and the "corrupt humours of the body politic" discharged themselves in civil war. In the midst of this troubled time and in the most troubled country, Ireland, fell the lot of the "great Earl of Cork," called great rather by reason of his fortunes than his qualities; a quarrelsome, high-handed, unscrupulous, warmhearted, honourable and courageous cavalier. He used all the weapons which law or Irish custom put into his hands, and grasped at everything within reach, gave and spent largely, "compassed a great estate and great honours," fostered trade, shipping and agriculture in Munster,

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set up mills, forges and salmon weirs, and cut so notable a figure in the reigns of Elizabeth and James that he was at once marked out by Strafford in his Tarquinian policy as one of the tallest lily-heads in Ireland. "A most cursed man to all Ireland and to me in particular," is the Lord Deputy's entry in his diary on the day of his entry into Dublin. His colleague as Lord Justice, the Lord Chancellor Loftus, an old enemy with whom he had a standing quarrel, and had sustained in the course of it many "affronts and storms," had no doubt given no favourable account of Cork to the great Deputy. Wentworth lost no time in having it out with him.

It was the time of fines, which could be levied more easily than subsidies and loans; the detestable mediæval tradition for which Empson and Dudley suffered, only because they were too zealous servants; the system, which still prevails in the East, of using the machinery of government for gain. Lord Cork had run under the guns of the law in the matter of Youghal College, and Strafford set the damages at £15,000. Here is the Earl's own account.

> I prayed him to consider whether in justice he could impose so great a fine upon me. Whereunto he replied, "God's wounds, sir! When the last Parliament in England broke up you lent the King £15,000, and afterwards in a very uncivil, unmannerly manner you pressed his Majesty to repay it you. Whereupon I resolved, when I came out of England, to fetch it back again from you, by one means or another. And now I have gotten what I desired, you and I will be friends hereafter."

Thus Lord Cork's request to have his loan repaid cost him £15,000; a sum worth at least seventy or eighty thousand pounds in modern value. *Nolite confidere in principibus.*

The great Earl was beloved by his family, of whose welfare and advancement in life he was always careful in the patriarchal fashion of the time. The daughters made noble marriages, and the sons became peers, all but Robert the philosopher. Of him there is a pretty account in this book as an Eton boy under the care of Sir Henry Wotton and John Harrison the Headmaster. Robert and his elder brother

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Frank were entered as "commensals," and dined in hall at the second table with the four sons of Lords Northampton and Peterborough and other knights' sons, and were sometimes invited to dine with the Provost at the *mensa socialis* or Fellows' table, by which hung the new picture of Venice which he had presented to the College. Kind Mr. Harrison, the Headmaster, gave Robert "fruit and sweetmeats, and those little dainties that age is greedy of," and "such balls and tops and other implements of idleness as he had taken away from others that had unduly used them." We wonder what the boys thought of this. Robert does not tell us. Their private tutor, Robert Cary, praises the "civil and transparent carriage" of the two boys (whom he calls "my masters"), "their neatness in apparel, combing, and washing," and Mr. Robert's diligence, "who loseth no hour without a line of his idle time," and whom "Mr. Provost doth admire for his excellent genius;" and their "landlord," one of the Fellows, protested that "never he saw sweeter nor civiller gents in the College than Mr. Boyles." When we learn that their commons cost them but 5*s.* 6*d.* a week apiece, their washing 16*s.* a quarter, and the rent of their chamber £5 a year, we wonder how their expenses for diet and tutorage and apparel came to £914 in three years. It may be interesting to Etonians to know that the motto "Floreat Etona" was in use even then.

A book is not the same as a blue-book, and Sir W. E. Lee Warner's determination to tell us all that can be known about **The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie** (Macmillan, 25*s.* net) partly defeats its object by causing the reader to skip. In a biography one looks for portraiture; to see what a man was, not what he did; and Sir William disappoints us by filling his pages with statistics and defensive controversy whilst we are wanting to know, not how many square miles and how many lakhs he added to our Indian possessions, but what his pursuits were, how he loved his wife, his children and his friends, his relations to religion, literature, politics; what kind

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of a companion he was, how his intimate friends wrote to him and he to them. Having said thus much in criticism of Sir W. Lee Warner's method, we have nothing but praise for the thoroughness of his work and the completeness of his knowledge. Sir William has served in all three provinces of India, and no one is more competent to write the history of the country.

Lord Dalhousie was one of the strongest men who have ever ruled India. He was also one of the most conscientious, we do not say the most scrupulous; for his nature was masterful, he despised criticism and feared nothing, he detested bad government, loved organisation and development of resources, and believed that the extension of British rule was the cure for all the ills of India. His self-reliance, a necessary element in greatness, was absolute, and his strength of will, combined with unsparing diligence, made government easy; for men love to serve a master, and Dalhousie, though he could command, rebuke and dismiss, never dealt with his subordinates as mere instruments; he consulted their peculiarities and respected their feelings. He believed in personal government more than in the muddling of boards, and was always ready to strengthen the hands of an officer who knew his business, though he could not endure disobedience. Some men rule by persuasion, some by example, some by domination. Dalhousie belonged to the last class. But he was not a tyrant; and in his correspondence with the home authorities we see that he could accept rebuffs with temper and dignity, and give up what he could not carry through; knowing that in the immense mass of business which he took in hand he could afford not to succeed at every point.

It may be said of Dalhousie, as he said of himself on one occasion, that he "never felt the tremor of a doubt," or "saw reason to question for a moment the necessity" of his policy. For a man of this temper to have made so few errors gives the stamp of greatness.

Dalhousie's work falls naturally under two heads; annexa-

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tion, and organisation of progress. On the first of these heads he had everything to learn. On going out to India

> he had been assured that perfect tranquillity prevailed, and he believed that his mission lay in promoting the moral and material progress of India, and in consolidating the provinces already acquired rather than in adding to their extent by fresh conquests.

A strange conviction for a Governor-General who annexed the Punjab, Oudh, Pegu, Nagpur, and half a dozen smaller principalities, adding more than a third part to the territory over which he was placed as Governor-General.

Dalhousie's doctrine with regard to the native States would appear to be this. England is paramount, her position in regard to them analogous to that of a feudal overlord. In case of lapse of heirs the succession falls to the overlord. When by reason of rebellion, intrigue with enemies, or misgovernment, the government of a native State is assumed by the Company, no sham royalty should be endured, but pretenders should be paid off, their rank acknowledged, but their titles of sovereignty abolished. The law should in all cases be construed favourably to the British claim, on the ground that British rule is better for the subject than native rule, and that the consummation in complete unity under the British crown is desirable. He had no scruples in putting down corrupt governments in the interest of the natives even when they could show precedent for continuing or were acceptable to their subjects. "Fair play for all, the fairest of fair play for John Company" might have been his motto. Like Edward I. and Frederick the Great, he used legality as the engine of his own will, and set forward conquest and annexation under the banner of conscious rectitude; in carrying out this policy he considered himself bound, in duty as well as in policy, to act with the purest integrity and in the most scrupulous good faith.

The objection to this kind of argument is that it is the argument of force, and one to which no population would submit willingly. When frequent annexations were combined

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with attacks on such ancient religious rites as suttee and human sacrifice, it was impossible but that suspicions should arise among a deeply superstitious race that the English were preparing to destroy all religions but their own. So far Lord Dalhousie was accountable, with other rulers who had preceded him, for the outbreak of the Mutiny in 1857. He knew the danger, and thought it was right to incur and meet it. He is not responsible for the weakness at a critical moment which he foresaw, and against which he warned the Home Government at the time of the Crimean War. More than this; as late as February 1856 Lord Dalhousie drew up the famous Nine Minutes by which it was proposed to diminish the native and increase the British force, "the essential element of our strength." These Minutes were received, pigeon-holed, disregarded, forgotten, and lost; and it is only lately that their rediscovery has proved how unmerited was some, at least, of the blame which fell upon Dalhousie for rashness in view of dangers aggravated by his own policy.

On the head of administration no praise can be too high for Lord Dalhousie. He remodelled the whole system of government, bringing the Governor-General into closer relations with the outlying provinces. He centralised administration in order to be able to decentralise on a sound basis when the time should come. He founded railways and telegraphs, attracting many millions of capital by a wise system of guarantee, and encouraging by his own enthusiasm the labours of engineers who had to fight against conditions of electrical disturbances altogether unknown at home. He introduced a system of State forestry, dug thousands of miles of canals, built the Grand Trunk Road, established the postal service, including a halfpenny post from end to end of India, and created national education. He spent lavishly, with the result that the revenue was raised in the proportion of four to five during his tenure of office. And when we say "he did this or that," it is literally true. He himself inquired into every detail, he settled every question. For such a man all subordinates were

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proud to work; and no ruler ever deserved the title of "le bien servi" more than Dalhousie.

So courageous and self-willed a man could but incur strong opposition. Dalhousie disagreed on important occasions with Hardinge, Gough, the Lawrences, Sir Charles Napier, and many of his subordinates. But in no case, except perhaps that of the tempestuous Napier, did difference of opinion and resolute action cause serious alienation—and the goodwill of the Lawrence brothers would outweigh a thousand lesser opinions.

Whether or not we agree with all Mr. Churton Collins conclusions in his **Studies in Shakespeare** (Constable, 7*s.* 6*d.*), no one can deny that he writes with an intimate knowledge of his subject and so wide an acquaintance with all kinds of literature as to give great weight to his authority. Mr. Collins' conclusions are principally these: that Shakespeare had probably learnt as a boy at school enough Latin and Greek to account for the echoes of classical literature which occur in his works too numerously to be set down to mere coincidence; that to find things in *Titus Andronicus* which one would wish away, is no proof that Shakespeare did not write the play; that his spiritual relation to Sophocles is extraordinarily close; that he is the father of English prose, and might have been, had he willed it, the father of English fiction; that he had an intimate acquaintance with law; that in using Holinshed and other authorities he entirely absorbed and assimilated them, so that they became his own and part of himself; he was a reader of Montaigne, though not perhaps a student. The book concludes with some very interesting technical notes on text and prosody, and a vehement and eloquent protest against the "Bacon-Shakespeare mania," a "ridiculous epidemic," worthy to be compared to the dancing mania of the Middle Ages; a protest against the "paradoxical ingenuity and sophistry on which illegitimate criticism relies," which is carried on into further subjects in the study on "Shakespearean paradoxes."

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Of these studies, that on "Shakespeare as a Classical Scholar" is the weightiest, embodying as it does a mass of knowledge accessible to few, or, at any rate, only possessed by few. The problem whether Shakespeare, "in the infinite abundance of his wit and wisdom, of his sentiments, of his illustrative imagery," drew from other than classical sources what would naturally be attributed to classical sources, or whether Shakespeare's works were written by somebody else, since the boy of Stratford was certainly not a learned scholar, is solved by Mr. Collins by the discovery that Shakespeare—though in the opinion of Ben Jonson (a professed scholar) he had "small Latin and less Greek"—was as a boy in Stratford School brought into contact with Ovid, Virgil, Terence, Plautus, Horace, and portions of Cæsar, Sallust, Cicero, Persius, Juvenal and Livy. If he did not read Greek authors in Greek (as is, however, possible), he certainly read Seneca's adaptations of Greek tragedies as a part of his ordinary school work. Mr. Collins extends the list of Greek authors to Plato, Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. But when we come to similarities of thought and expression between Shakespeare and the Greek tragedians we are inclined to put down something to chance, and much to the classical habit of thinking, the commonplaces of which were familiar to Englishmen, something to a natural affinity of mind. The *catena* of parallels gathered by Mr. Collins does not prove to us more than this, that Shakespeare included in his infinite scope much that we usually attribute to the classical spirit. All that went into the crucible of his mind came out gold; we cannot limit him; but Mr. Collins, justly reminds us of the difference between possibility and probability. It is possible that every parallel between the classical writer and Shakespeare "may be attributed to instinct and independent observation and reflection": but it is probable, considering the large number of coincidences, that Shakespeare read Greek authors in Latin translations:

that what, therefore, may have been borrowed from them was sometimes

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(perhaps often) actually borrowed from them, and that the characteristics, which differentiate his work from the work of his contemporaries, and recall in essentials the work of Greek dramatists, are actually attributable to the influence of these dramatists.

The parallel drawn by Mr. Collins between Sophocles and Shakespeare is so striking that it could not but present itself. The recognition of universal law, the observance of the mean, the respect for established religion within the limits of the knowable, the deep silence and awe of what lies beyond, whence we are and whither we are going, the use of irony (the irony of Sophocles, not of Gibbon), are points of resemblance which tempt us to theorise. There were Latin translations of Sophocles which Shakespeare may have found in one or other of the libraries which were open to him; and if that unfathomable intellect lighted upon Sophocles, it would not go away empty. But when we find that some of the most striking parallels are found in the Fragments, we become aware of the snares that are set round theories. A slight acquaintance with the Elizabethan age as it displays itself in essays, collections of proverbs and aphorisms, sermons, parliamentary speeches, and such works as Burton's "Anatomy," shows how large was the body of traditional wisdom then current in the world. There were many volumes abroad under such titles as "Polyanthea," "Moral Repertory," &c., in which the wisdom of the ancients was collected and digested for the benefit of Polonius and his like, and if Shakespeare—not Polonius—chanced on one of these, what glorious use would he not have made of it!

The argument of a common stock of ideas bears upon the Bacon-Shakespeare fallacy; for the larger the common stock, the greater the probability of its being used by more than one writer. But minds which can believe that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare are inaccessible to argument.

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GEORGE FREDERIC WATTS

BY the death of Watts England has lost not only her greatest painter, but one of the noblest figures of the age. As an artist he stands foremost among his peers. During the past century there may have been masters who surpassed him in the actual handling of paint, who knew the tricks of their trade better, and showed greater skill and dexterity in the practice of their craft. But in conception, in style, in colour, in the expression of human emotion, in all the highest qualities of art, he is quietly supreme. When the bulk of his life-work is brought together, as it was eight years ago at the New Gallery, we see for ourselves how wide and varied was the range of his creative powers, how assured was his grasp of the great principles of design, and how clear his insight into the many sides of pictorial art.

Everything about Watts was on the same grand scale. His noble presence, the force and elevation of his character, the splendour of his generosity, the largeness and simplicity of his conceptions, the imposing dimensions and monumental grandeur of his works, the vast amount of his production, the long roll of his years—all these were calculated to leave a profound impression upon the mind of his contemporaries. No man cared so little for honours and rewards, no one set so little store on social distinction or personal fame. But although he led a secluded life and was rarely seen outside the walls of his home, his influence has been widely and

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powerfully felt by the men and women of his generation. No painter of modern times has filled so large a space in the public eye, none has been so much honoured and beloved by his countrymen. His death, as might be expected, has stirred the heart of the nation to its depths, and during the last few weeks tributes to his praise have poured in from the most unexpected quarters, and universal homage has been paid to his memory.

The imposing character of Watts' genius, the power and charm of his personality, made itself felt at an early period of his life. From his boyhood it was ever the same. His father, a struggling musician, whose portrait was one of young Watts' earliest and most successful attempts in this line, and who died when his son was sixteen, always declared that the child would grow up to be a remarkable man, and proudly showed his sketches to the employers whose pianos he tuned to earn a living. When at fifteen the boy entered the Academy schools, he produced the same effect on his companions. There are artists still living who remember the vivid impression left on his fellow students by the lad during the few weeks that he had spent among them, and the stories that were still told of his genius and enthusiasm. When, in 1842, he entered the competition for decorating the Houses of Parliament with frescoes, and won a prize of £300 for his cartoon of *Caractacus*, there was a general feeling that the award was just, and that the young painter's exceptional talents deserved recognition.

Like many other artists of genius, Watts was practically self-taught. From the age of sixteen he never had a single lesson, and never owned a sixpence which he did not earn himself. The Elgin marbles, he always declared, were his real teachers, the models from which his sense of form and style was derived. They inspired him with that intense admiration for Greek art which was one of the most lasting passions of his life. From childhood the very name of Greece thrilled him as nothing else could do; and when in old age he visited Athens and saw the very Nature, steeped in celestial blue, which the old Greeks had peopled in their imagination with forms of gods and heroes, he felt that one of the most cherished

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dreams of his youth was realised. Long before this he had given expression to the same thought in his painting of the Genius of Greek Poetry, that image of a strong-limbed youth resting on the shores of a sunlit sea, gazing intently on the shadowy forms that float through the golden air. This love of Greek myths became the source of a whole series of paintings on classical themes which were marked with the painter's finest qualities and contain some of his deepest thought—the exquisite figure of Psyche abandoned by her lover, *Orpheus and Eurydice*, the most passionate and dramatic of all his works, and the luminous visions of the Goddesses Three on Ida, or Endymion and Diana, of which the latest version now hangs in the New Gallery. From the Greeks Watts acquired, on the one hand, the grandeur of his style and the broad and sweeping lines of his forms, while on the other he learnt that deep sense of the beauty and sacredness of life and that serene contemplation of death which he strove to set forth in his great allegories.

Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the continuity of motive and aspiration which marked this great master's whole life. His aims never altered; his endeavour scarcely changed; the very subjects which attracted him in his youth were those upon which he was engaged until the last day of his life. The first picture which he ever exhibited at the Royal Academy—in 1887, the year of Queen Victoria's accession—was that of *A Wounded Heron*. It was a forecast of that sympathy with suffering creatures that marked his whole career, and which prompted him in his last years to paint the picture of the angel weeping over the torn plumage of bright-hued birds sacrificed to the uses of vanity and worldliness, and to take an active part in the movement for the suppression of this cruel custom. For the rest, birds always had an especial attraction for him, and, on one of the last visits that I paid him, the aged painter grew eloquent on the close connection that exists between birds and human beings. Like ourselves, he explained, birds are travellers and architects; they are endowed with an articulate voice, with fulness of life and rapidity of movement, and

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are given wings with which they can soar heavenwards! So they become divine teachers, who set forth the true meaning and significance of life.

Watts always looked back to the visit which he paid to Italy after winning the prize for his cartoon in 1842, as the great opportunity of his life. Those four years which he spent in Lord Holland's house at Florence not only enabled him to become familiar with the masterpieces of Italian art, but introduced him to cultured society, and prepared the way for much of his future achievement. In Lady Holland's *salon* he made friends with men of the highest intellectual rank, with political celebrities and authors; he met Thiers and Guizot, Panizzi and the Orleans princes, the Princess Lieven and Lady Dorothy Nevill, Thackeray and Dickens, and painted portraits of the leading statesmen and fairest women of the day. He studied the works of Titian and Veronese, caught the secrets of Venetian colour, and formed his technique on their pattern. In Venice itself he never spent but a single week, but the picture which most impressed him there was Tintoretto's *Crucifixion*. Giorgione's paintings charmed him by their exquisite grace and melody; in this short-lived master he recognised a true Greek who came nearer to the ideals of Phidias than any other Italian painter. On the other hand, Raphael interested him deeply as the interpreter of classical antiquity to the Renaissance, the designer of frescoes on a monumental scale, although he sighed over the burden of work which brought the Urbino master's life to an untimely end, and the quantity of bad painting which was allowed to pass under his name. Once in Rome, he could look at nothing but Michelangelo, the painter of all others with whom he had the most in common, and whose works he was never tired of studying. But while the young English artist studied the great Italians attentively, he never copied their works. He was already busy with conceptions of his own, and while he stayed at Villa Careggi with Lord Holland he painted a second cartoon, *Alfred's Naval Victory over the Danes*, which

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this time won a prize of £500 from the Government. Fired with this success, Watts came back to England, full of noble dreams, and eager to proclaim the great thoughts that were burning in his soul. Already he had been painfully struck by the degenerate state of art in England, and had realised that the conditions of modern life were distinctly unfavourable to the growth of its nobler forms. Painting was looked upon as a luxury for the wealthy, a pastime for an idle hour, which had no object but to please the eye and amuse the mind. To raise the tone of art in England and make it more worthy of the nation became the aim of his life. "I paint," he often told us, "first of all because I have something to say." And since the gift of words, he always maintained, had been denied him, he sought to deliver his message to the world through the medium of painting, which he was convinced had an office and mission of its own. "My intention," he once wrote, "has not been so much to paint pictures that will charm the eye as to suggest great thoughts that will appeal to the imagination and the heart, and kindle all that is best and noblest in humanity." And in another letter of 1895 I find the following passage, which clearly sets forth the writer's belief in the high mission of art:

> My work is a protest against the modern opinion that Art should have nothing to say intellectually. I think it might say a great deal. I even think that in the future, in stronger hands than mine, as great poetry itself, it may speak with the solemn and majestic ring of the old Hebrew prophets who spoke to the Jews, demanding noble aspirations, condemning in the most trenchant manner prevalent vices, and warning, in deep tones, against lapses from morals and duties. There is something more, I believe, to be done than has yet been done in the past. Perhaps echoes of this spirit may be found in Wordsworth, Ruskin, and Carlyle, more than in any other writers.

This we feel is exactly what Watts himself tried to do in his own art, in which the great spiritual truths of teachers such as Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson and Browning are reflected and embodied. We are not now inquiring how far he succeeded in his endeavour, or whether it was possible to give utterance to his ideas without doing violence to his art. All we are

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concerned to show is the object of his endeavour and the lines on which he worked as laid down by himself. Art he felt convinced, was a divine voice, uttering through all time its message to mankind, occupied with spiritual truths and the destiny of the human soul, the handmaid of Religion and of the State, in Charles Lamb's words, "human in its instinct, imaginative in its range, and infinite in its significance."

The revival of mural painting and the decoration of blank walls as the best means of educating the public taste, was at this time the great object of his ambition. With this intention he painted his fresco of *The School of Legislators* in Lincoln's Inn Hall, and offered to decorate the railway station at Euston, with paintings on the progress of the human race, at his own expense, an offer, which, as is well known, was declined by the Directors. It is less generally known that at one time, in Dean Milman's days, Watts designed a complete scheme for the decoration of the dome of St. Paul's. The vault of heaven, with the planets, stars, and signs of the zodiac, was to be figured above, while the companies of prophets, apostles and martyrs were to appear in circles below. The conception was a grand one, but the scheme was never carried out, much to the artist's disappointment. Another of his favourite dreams was that of a temple or House of Life, adorned with a series of symbolical frescoes of the mysteries of life and death, "a Sistine Chapel," he used to say, which should contain all his great visions. But the opportunity was denied him, and a chance, such as seldom comes twice in a nation's history, was thrown away. The country was indifferent, his best friends were unsympathetic and incredulous; even Ruskin, who afterwards paid Watts a splendid tribute as the painter of mythical subjects, shook his head at the idea of allegorical designs, and advised him to stick to portraits. Nothing but the strength of a great purpose could, as he often said, have borne him through these long years of loneliness and misconception. But he was content to bide his time, and although he painted a few more

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frescoes and pictures for private patrons, and designed cartoons which remained in his own possession during many years, he never exhibited anything but portraits. His activity in this direction and the extraordinary success which attended his efforts are known to all. He was compelled to paint portraits in the first place to gain a living, but independently of circumstances he always declared that portraiture was the best discipline for an imaginative painter, since by this means he was forced to avoid mannerisms and keep close to Nature. But although his rare merits as a portrait-painter were evident to all, Watts received little encouragement from the official heads of painting in England, and he was not elected an Associate of the Royal Academy until the year 1867, when he was fifty.

Through all failures and disappointments he never swerved from his high purpose, and with all his sympathy for the work of others, never allowed his own aims and practice to be altered by their influence. He was closely connected with the leaders of the pre-Raphaelite movement, and lived on intimate terms with Rossetti and Millais, whose portraits he painted at this period; but, deeply as he admired their earnestness and sincerity, he never joined the brotherhood. His knowledge of great Renaissance art was too wide for him to accept the narrow limits of their creed, and his own individuality was strong enough to resist even the magic of Rossetti's spell. Ruskin again inspired him with profound admiration, and he always regretted that he had been unable to paint the great writer's portrait for his series of celebrated Englishmen. But of all the brilliant group who gathered round Rossetti in the fifties and sixties, Burne-Jones was the one whom he loved the best, and whose genius he admired the most. The painter of the *Days of Creation* remained his intimate friend to the last, and Watts always declared him to be the greatest of living masters, much as he lamented his friend's dislike of the modern world, and constant habit of seeking inspiration in the past. Watts, on his own part, always remained himself, and was essentially a man of his times. He did not turn away with a shudder

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from the present, or look back with wistful yearning on the Middle Ages or the early Renaissance. Whether he painted allegories or Greek myths, whether his theme was classical or Biblical, suggested by Arthurian romance or drawn from Boiardo and Dante, the sentiment embodied in his works was essentially modern in character. He was thoroughly in sympathy with the age to which he belonged, and the ideas which he expressed in his art were those of the present day. This is nowhere more evident than in the great series of allegories on Life and Death which he painted during the last thirty years of the nineteenth century, and presented to the nation when the National Gallery of British Art was opened in the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. These noble pictures, so monumental in their form, so profound in their symbolism, are instinct with the doubt and sadness, the anxious questionings and complex meanings of modern thought. He has shown us Love, strong in his immortal youth, guiding the frail, clinging form of Life up the rocky paths which lead to the celestial heights; and Faith, loosing the sword from her side and bathing her blood-stained feet in the waters of Truth as she looks up in the face of the great Father—an image of the large-hearted toleration which can see good in opposite creeds and beliefs. He has painted Hope seated blindfold on the globe, in the dim twilight of the world, seeking to draw music out of the last remaining string, and bending down over her lute to catch the faint sound of the melody for which she yearns. And in his different representations of Death he has given us the finest conception of the unknown reverse of life ever set forth in pictorial art. We see her as the fair, pale woman throned by the side of Time, the strong destroyer, consoling and reverent, yet touched by inevitable sorrow, looking down on the flowers that are gathered in her lap. We see her as the pitying Angel folding the child in an embrace tenderer than that of any mother; and as the blessed Messenger who lays his hand gently on the shoulder of the tired sufferer and bids him come. Again, in

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his most famous picture, Death appears as the solemn, white-robed form, with bowed head and veiled face, advancing with resistless might into the house of life, while Love struggles vainly to bar the way. When this picture was first exhibited at the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, it took the world by storm, and the nation at length realised that Watts was something more than a successful portrait-painter. A distinguished French writer, M. de la Sizeranne, confessed that the works of this English master had first made him believe in symbolic painting; and even the modern school of critics and artists who resent the intrusion of ideas in art recognised the high qualities of Watts's work, and owned that, in spite of his mistaken aims, he was a great painter.

But as years of neglect and isolation had failed to embitter the sweetness of his nature, so this long-delayed recognition could not change his character. In the hour of triumph, when the world was at his feet and the greatest and proudest of mankind were eager and ready to do him homage, Watts remained, what he had always been, the simplest and most humble of men. Nothing, indeed, was more remarkable about our great master than the personal humility and self-effacement which formed so striking a contrast to the loftiness of his aims and the passionate strength of his convictions.

Of course [he wrote to me in 1895] it will give me great pleasure if you will write a monograph on the *objects* of my art, because from the number of letters which I receive from people whose opinion I have a right to value highly, and from perfect strangers whom I never saw or shall see, I am encouraged to believe that it would be worth expending time upon the endeavour to make my intention evident. But I should not like praise for pictorial achievement that Time may not endorse. I wish, as I told you, to have some description of the pictures which I have painted with the view of leaving them to the nation, as all the friends who were personally acquainted with my intention and with the works already completed are dead, but I do not wish to have my insignificant self thrust forward. . . . Only two things I am anxious about—one, that no comparisons should be instituted between what I try to do, and what other artists achieve—those who care for the direction of my efforts must not lay claim to any great artistic success on my part; the other, that no

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accusation of neglect or injustice should be made against any of my fellow countrymen.

Closely akin to this natural diffidence and humility was the sympathy and interest which he felt in the works of other painters. There was no trace of egotism about him. He recognised the great qualities in the work of artists whose aims and practice were wholly unlike his own. I have heard him speak with the warmest admiration of Leighton's draughtsmanship, or Millais's power of handling paint, and praise Whistler's *Mother* and *Carlyle*, or Mr. Sargent's portraits in the highest terms. The same generous sympathy was extended to the most obscure and unknown artists whose work he thought worthy of praise. Sometimes, indeed, in the warmth of his heart the veteran master was so lavish of his commendation that one felt inclined to suspect him of a *lack* of critical faculty. But if this was really a fault in *him*, it was a blessed one; and who can doubt that his generous praise fell like the dew of heaven on many a dry and barren place?

At least the sincerity of his praise was proved by the generosity of his acts. No one ever gave more widely and liberally, with such free and royal splendour. If a scheme was set on foot for presenting a picture to the National Gallery by some painter whose merit had been hitherto scantily recognised, Watts was the first to head the list with a liberal subscription; if a promising child seemed to him deserving of better training than his parents could afford, or a struggling artist had left his widow and family in distress, Watts was sure to hold out a helping hand. His daily actions were a living illustration of his belief in the old German motto which the Queen of Roumania, Carmen Sylva, suggested to him as the text of one of his most touching pictures: "What I spent, I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have." "Our little life," he wrote once, "is poor indeed if bounded by our own personal wants and fancied requirements." Among countless instances of his generosity I will only name one, which he often recalled because of its connection with his

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picture *Love and Life*, a work which he considered his most important message to the world. A poor artist's wife, whom he had never seen before, came to his studio in sore distress one day and begged for a loan of a few pounds to enable her to join her husband, who lay dangerously ill in New York. Watts gave her all, and more than all, she asked, and she left him with tears of gratitude in her eyes, promising to come and see him on her return. Two years afterwards she appeared accompanied by her husband, who was restored to health and had found work in America, and repaid the money which Watts had lent her. When the painter asked what had led her to apply to a total stranger like himself, she replied, "The sight of your picture, *Love and Life*." She felt that the man who had painted that picture must have a heart overflowing with love and pity for sorrowing humanity, and the issue proved that she was right. And as in small things so in great, Watts gave several of his noblest paintings without a thought to provincial museums and galleries. One version of *Love and Life* went to New York; another to the Luxembourg, where it has been the object of the utmost admiration on the part of French critics; one replica of *Love and Death*, which had been valued at £8300, was presented to the city of Manchester; another important picture, *Fata Morgana*, was given to Leicester. *The Happy Warrior*, that beautiful and inspired vision which is one of Watts's most popular works, was lent to an Exhibition at Munich, and finally allowed to remain there, at the urgent entreaty of the Bavarian artists, who could only afford to give a nominal price for the picture. And it was the same when, in 1897, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's were anxious to place one of the master's pictures in their great Cathedral. He had not been inside St. Paul's for fifty years, and knew none of the members of the Chapter personally; but when their request was laid before him, he never hesitated for a moment, and sent the following letter in reply:

All my work of the most serious intention and character has, for many long years, been dedicated to the nation, as it has been only in this way that

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I could do anything for the country I love so well, and which I feel is drifting backwards in so many directions, especially in want of moral earnestness. Therefore, of course, anything I have done must be at the disposition of those who by weight of character or station have a right to dispose of the work. It would give me great satisfaction to have any of my efforts used for a good purpose and the idea of placing a picture in St. Paul's is in entire accordance with my views and objects, if all my works of this kind cannot be kept together, which no doubt is out of the question. But the objection is that an oil-painting requires as favourable a light and surrounding as can be obtained, and I do not think either condition could be found in St. Paul's. . . . The experiment, however, might be tried, with the permission of the Dean and Chapter, with the large picture you mention, *Time, Death, and Judgment*, which will be at Whitechapel next week. If it should be thought advisable, I, of course, will waive any objection I could make, too happy, as I said before, to find my work placed where it may serve some good purpose.

It had been the painter's intention, had he lived to finish his great statues of Tennyson and Physical Energy, to paint a new version of *Love Triumphant over Time and Death*, which should hang under the dome of St. Paul's, opposite to the picture of *Time, Death and Judgment*, as the natural complement to the former subject. But the needful leisure never came; and to the end, as we know, the master was at work on the two colossal works which took up his whole time and strength during the last years of his life.

If England had treated her great painter with neglect and indifference at one period of his career, Watts took his revenge nobly. He gave her of his best, not only presenting the nation with that grand series of painted poems in which he delivered his message to the men of his generation, but the magnificent collection of portraits of contemporary heroes and statesmen, poets, painters, authors and philanthropists, who have made England what she is to-day. The series is distinguished by what Mr. Swinburne once called "the splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength," and will prove a priceless treasure to future historians of the Victorian age. The same inborn sympathy with his fellow creatures, the same fine perception was the secret of his success in portrait-painting. He had a wonderful way of reading the character of

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his sitters, of finding out their habits and thoughts, and of bringing the whole man before our eyes. So it is that he is able to represent men and women of the most different types and character, and show us in turn the intellectual refinement of Mr. George Meredith's countenance, the look of quiet courage and manly resolve on the face of Lord Roberts, the restless energy that lives in Gladstone's mobile features, or the gleam of romance and mystic poetry that lights up Burne-Jones' eye.

In this way Watts was brought into close relations with the most brilliant and distinguished personages of the age, and knew every one who was worth knowing in his time. Many were the stories which the old master had to tell of his sitters. Carlyle, who complained that Watts made him look like a mad labourer; Gladstone, who talked so much and was so eager to learn the painter's opinion on the burning questions of the hour, that his portrait proved a failure; Cecil Rhodes, who died before his picture was finished, but whose grave in the wild Matoppo Hills is to be adorned with a bronze cast of the great equestrian statue which he admired so much. In his candour and guilelessness Watts never shrank from giving his sitters good advice. He has been known to remonstrate with Cabinet Ministers for ill-timed speeches or actions which he held to be unworthy of their exalted post. He told one artist that he ought to free himself from the foolish prejudices which hampered his work; and warned Rhodes solemnly to see that he was numbered among the makers, and not the marrers, of the nation. A thorough-going idealist himself, Watts expected his friends to live up to the level of their art, and was pained to see any inconsistencies in their conduct. "Come, King Arthur would not have talked in that way," he said to Tennyson one day when the poet was in a more bearish mood than usual. But when the Laureate showed him his knotted and swollen fingers, he understood, and felt satisfied that it was "all the gout."

If his own life was clouded by heavy trials and disappointments at one period, the Fates made divine amends to him in

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the blessedness of his later days, and the companionship of his devoted wife shed a radiance over the great master's declining years. Under her wise and gentle rule, Limner's Lease, Watts's beautiful country home in Surrey, became a centre of gracious and kindly activities, an ideal retreat for a painter of his aims. Those who were privileged to spend a few days in this lovely spot will not soon forget the quiet charm of this little corner of earth which seemed to have dropped out of heaven. Visitors of distinction came from all parts of England and Europe, attracted by the fame of the great artist. No one ever failed to find a welcome there or was sent empty away. Watts had always been a brilliant talker—Gladstone more than once expressed his deliberate opinion that he was the best talker whom he had ever met—and the wisdom and experience of years combined with the freshness and enthusiasm of youth which he had retained in so marvellous a manner, gave a rare charm to his conversation in these latter years. He read all the newest books and discussed their contents with vigour and animation. The poetry of William Watson and of Rudyard Kipling afforded him great delight, and the last-named poet's "Recessional" and "Seven Seas" appealed in an especial manner to his strong sense of patriotism. Tolstoy's earnestness and sincerity never failed to impress him, although he could not accept all his theories, and himself counted war among the inevitable evils of the world, and looked upon strife as "a necessary condition of human progress." Among contemporary foreign painters, Millet had long held the foremost place in his affections. The largeness and simplicity of the great French master's designs, the strong human interest of his work, had for Watts a powerful attraction; and while the tale of poor Millet's struggles and suffering moved him deeply, he always declared that he ought to be envied rather than pitied. There was much, he felt, in common between them, even the headaches from which they both suffered! Music, again, was an unfailing delight to him, especially that of Bach and Beethoven, whose "Marche Funèbre" was played at the

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memorial service at St. Paul's in the dead master's honour. Many years ago Watts painted a fine portrait of Dr. Joachim, the great violinist, and the last time that he appeared in public was at the memorable gathering in the Queen's Hall, when the Prime Minister, on behalf of a number of friends, presented Dr. Joachim with a portrait of himself painted by Mr. Sargent.

To the end of his life Watts took the keenest interest in political events, and followed every incident of the South African War with close attention. When his old friend Lord Dufferin's son was killed, he sent him a copy of *The Happy Warrior* with his letter of condolence, and rejoiced to learn how largely photographs of that picture and his *Sir Galahad* had sold during the war. Education was one of the subjects which interested him profoundly during these last years. He was dissatisfied with the present system, and had plenty of theories of his own on the problem. Instead of cramming children with facts, he maintained that we ought to give them high ideals of life, and make them realise their responsibility to others. Above all, he was strongly of opinion that education should be distinctly religious in character. The young should be taught to remember that they are children of one Father, and to look on all mankind as brothers and sisters, to whom they owe a distinct duty. "I want to teach people how to live," he sometimes said, "how to make use of all their powers, to work and hope and enjoy life, not to be mere slaves and drudges, but to care for something higher than money-making and selfish pleasure." It was this interest in the youth of England which made him give the cartoon of his *Sir Galahad* to Eton College, where it hangs on the chapel walls, to remind Eton boys of the painter whose whole life was one long endeavour to fulfil the words of his chosen motto—"The utmost for the highest."

With regard to artistic training Watts often said that he did not believe in teaching art, and that the best thing was to set good models before the student, and to inspire him with a great purpose which no disappointment or neglect could alter. His strong sense of the decay of national taste, and of the

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deplorable conditions under which the lives of large classes of people are spent, led him to take keen interest in the Home Arts and Industries Association. Both he and Mrs. Watts devoted large sums of money, as well as endless time and trouble, to this object, while Mrs. Watts raised and decorated a mortuary chapel and founded a flourishing pottery in their own village of Compton. Another object which the great painter had much at heart was the effort to record the heroism of humble obscure lives which is often allowed to pass unnoticed. With this end in view, a few years ago, he gave a thousand pounds to erect a cloister in St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, commonly known as Postman's Park, which should contain memorial tablets of noble deeds done by English men and women in our own days, such as Alice Ayres, or the brave stewardess of the *Stella*.

Gambling was, in his eyes, the blackest of all vices, the curse of our nation, and it was against this sin, which is pictured on the wall behind his figure of the prophet Jonah, that his sternest denunciations were lifted. But, although he saw much to lament in the present state of his country, he never despaired of her future. The heart of the nation, he was convinced, still beat true, and nothing rejoiced him more than to hear the strong and hopeful words in which his friend and neighbour, Mr. George Meredith, expressed his firm belief in the great work which lay before the English race. In spite of passing moods of weariness and dejection, Watts himself remained an optimist at heart, strong in the unshaken faith and trust which he has set forth in so many noble paintings, and believing, with his friend Tennyson,

> that good shall fall
> At last—far off—at last to all,
> And every winter change to spring.

During the last years of his life Watts often painted landscapes. From the time when in 1857 he accompanied Sir Charles Newton on his mission to explore the ancient Halicarnassus, and brought home sketches of the sunny regions

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on the shores of the Mediterranean, he frequently turned his attention to natural beauties. The mountains of Carrara and the jagged peaks of Mentone, the Bay of Naples and the banks of the Nile, the summit of Ararat and the hill of the Acropolis were the subject of some of his best landscapes in past days; but of late he has chiefly painted English scenery, the woods and meadows of his Surrey home, *Green Summer*, and *Autumn Sunset*, and many more of those exquisite little pieces which we saw from time to time in the New Gallery, as romantic in conception as they were fine in execution. "Every year that I live," he said to me not long ago, "I seem to realise more and more of the beauty and seriousness, the solemn grandeur of Nature."

All his life he had been frail and delicate, "a sickly lad and often a suffering man." Early in his career he realised that unless he devoted himself entirely to work, he should effect nothing. So he made a firm resolve to rise with the sun, live on the simplest fare, and avoid the distractions of society. By strictly keeping to this rule, and giving himself up to hard work from early dawn till dark, this delicate man has accomplished more than the strongest of us would dare to attempt. To the end he worked with the same unceasing ardour, planning new pictures on a grand scale, and undertaking colossal works at an age when other men feel they have a right to think only of rest. He was actually at work, putting the last touches to his great statue of *Physical Energy*, when the last call came, and a short illness closed the long and strenuous career.

Now the great life is over. The master has laid down brush and chisel and is gone to his well-earned rest. Statesmen and painters, friends and fellow workers, many of the wisest and noblest in the land, met under the dome of the great Cathedral where his picture hangs, to do honour to his memory, and the next day his ashes were laid to rest in the shadow of the fair chapel which loving hands had reared on the green Surrey hillside. On the most radiant of summer days we sang

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the "Nunc Dimittis" over his grave, and left him sleeping under the flowering lilies and tall elms of the home which he loved. In our blindness and ignorance we were loth to let him go. "We are, it must be owned, a little unreasonable," said another venerable painter, now the last survivor of all that brilliant group, on the morrow of his old friend's death. "A great man is given to us, who does many mighty works, and we are allowed to keep him for a longer term of years than usual. And when the end comes, we complain because he is taken away, leaving a few unfinished works behind him." But there is no real cause for grief. Our beloved master is gone beyond the sound of human voices, but he has left us work that will not die and a memory that can never fade. His life will be an inspiration to many in the coming days, and his paintings and statues will live among the noblest monuments of art in this or any age. "Nothing is here for tears."

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

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WAR AND THE WORLD'S LIFE

NOTHING has tended more to retard the progress of Sociology than the resolute refusal of its principal exponents to recognise the true influence that war has exerted in the evolution of national character.

Philosophers and closet students have turned with loathing from the carnage and suffering which inevitably follow in its train, and have allowed their minds to be imposed upon by a conception of cumulative human misery which has blinded them to the true proportions of its evils, and the resultant consequences for good. We admit the polarity between good and evil, between darkness and light. Let us admit that the opposition, peace and war, is only another phase in the great duel between Ormuz and Ahriman, and note the consequences which follow.

If it were only from the ranks of the avowed Materialists, who deny everything except what their more or less imperfect weighing and recording instruments can detect, that the outcry against war and all its evils arose, the circumstance would be both comprehensible and consistent with their whole train of thought, but when it is principally the humanitarians and the clergy who are normally the most eloquent against its horrors and iniquities, one feels inclined to remind them of the text that "not a sparrow falls to the ground," etc., and to ask whether the part the Almighty plays as Omniscient Ruler of the Universe has not escaped their attention.

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We all of us alike, Materialists and Christians, admit that pestilence, disease, and so forth, can best be fought by obedience to the laws of Nature, and we all know that the actual suffering these scourges entail, whether viewed individually or collectively, far exceeds the slaughter[1] and agony inflicted on any battlefield. Is it pushing analogy too far to suggest that a study of war and its evolution might lead us to a similar conclusion, and show us the road by which its evils can at least be minimised ?

So little interest, however, do we take in the subject that at present there is not, to my knowledge, one single work in the English language, and not more than three in either French or German, which even begin to put us on the track of the systematic inquiry we so distinctly need.

Is it too much to suggest that if the same proportionate amount of attention had been directed to research into the true moral causes which underlie the open manifestations of national antipathy, which we call "war," as has been devoted to the study of diseases—such as cholera, malarial fever, plague, and, in fact, all those whose existence is known to be due to the presence of a parasitic "bacillus" as *causa causans*—we might not have found the moral bacillus whose presence equally determines an outbreak of hostilities; and possibly some practicable method of combating it ?

I do not think it is. Thirty years study of military literature, and the ample opportunities for reflection which I owe to causes unnecessary to specify here, have convinced me that war is to the body politic what fever is to the individual, and owes its existence to the presence of moral impurity —*i.e.*, "corruption" in its widest meaning—in the nation affected. Let us trace from the beginning the action of this impurity and this cleansing fever.

If we study the course of human evolution we find every-

[1] As a curious illustration of the above statement is the fact that the deaths attributed to influenza in Germany in 1891 exactly equalled the total number of those killed or who died of their wounds in the German Army in 1870.

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where indications of the fact, that "war" has throughout been the master force which has welded together clans, tribes and communities. At first the need of combined action against the attacks of wild animals drove individuals into groups, and led to a differentiation of duties amongst their constituent units; some to watch and scout, others to fight, and again others to till the ground.

When, after centuries of this struggle for existence between man and nature, districts had been cleared and cultivated, and prosperity first began to result in accumulations in the plains and lowlands, the attraction of the potential plunder these settlements presented brought down upon them the predatory raids of their less favoured human brethren. These were the dwellers in the hills, whose faculties of watchfulness had not been sharpened, nor their confidence in one another welded to the same degree as the inhabitants of the plains, owing to the relative absence of dangerous animal enemies amongst the mountains.[1]

Existence in the agricultural settlements, on the other hand, was only possible on the condition that one portion of the population stood on guard whilst the others worked in the fields. There was always the chance, also, that the attack might fall on a given point in the perimeter of defence and overwhelm it by force of numbers. To prevent this the guards would have to fight to the last extremity in order to allow their comrades sufficient time to come to their support. It was in this manner that the idea of self-sacrifice for the good of the community first had its origin as the bed-rock foundation of the soldier's calling.

In course of time, as the plainsmen acquired a fuller sense

[1] The huger enemies of cultivation—the elephant, the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and the pack-hunting animals, wolves, wild dogs, etc., never frequented the mountains, where the soft-skinned animals—which hunted individually and consequently required less watchfulness or power of combination on the part of the human inhabitants against them—such as the bear, hill lions, tigers, leopards, infested the hills; against these men could fight almost single-handed.

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of the superiority over their assailants that this mutual confidence between man and man had given them, it became obvious that it was a more economical employment of the human energy available to follow the marauding hillmen into their native fastnesses, and destroy them root and branch. After many generations of struggle this mutual confidence told against the individually finer physique of the mountaineers, with their lack of the habit of watchfulness, and they were more or less exterminated in consequence.

Whilst this period of punitive warfare continued the settled inhabitants of the lowlands, fully realising the all-importance of maintaining the efficiency of their defenders, willingly contributed towards finding them both arms and subsistence as payment for service rendered. For the time being they were the national heroes, and the best of everything, including the women, was freely at their disposal. But when the danger of attack from outside drifted further away as a consequence of their victories their value became less obvious to the civilian members of the tribe, and the rights of the individual began to be asserted against the good of the community. The "Stay-at-homes" had by this time accumulated private wealth, thanks to the security afforded them by the exertions of the fighting men, and they now began to grudge the soldier his share of the enhanced standard of comfort his valour had rendered possible. The women went to the richest, not to the bravest; and the bad leaven of individualism began to work and to produce its usual crop of evil.

The soldiers, however, still had arms in their possession, and were thus able to revolt against this injustice and short-sightedness. While internal strife, then, was weakening the strength of the tribe, and external watchfulness was neglected, the hillmen, shrewdly seizing their advantage and opportunity, swooped down from their mountains, and the civilised community was either "eaten up"—to use the expressive Zulu phrase—or was once more welded into unity under pressure of external warfare.

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Riding along the Punjab frontier, and over the plains of the North West Provinces, through the ruins of ancient Delhi, and on to Agra and Gwalior, one can trace this action and reaction over and over again in small and great communities. The whole culminates in the final downfall of all native empire under pressure of the British invasion. The sequence has been similar all over the globe; modified slightly, but unessentially, by local conditions, and showing everywhere this same phenomenon of "polarity," individualism degenerating into licence and corruption when not held in check by the stern lesson of war. This lesson teaches the noblest of all virtues to the whole nation, the duty of individual self-sacrifice for the good of the community, which is "collectivism" in its highest form.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," and we know by the example of Christ in what a wide sense he understood the word "friend."

When "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness" shall have ceased among nations and individuals, then, and then only, "shall wars cease in all the world"; and this was the thought present in von Moltke's mind when he wrote: "The idea of universal peace is but a dream, and not even a beautiful dream"; for he understood how hopeless was the expectation that human nature could be perfected without war into archangelic content and altruism, and how little men can resist the selfish, corroding influences of prolonged peace.

War must be accepted as a phenomenon in the life of a nation strictly analogous to disease in that of an individual, an incident in the struggle for national existence. It must be endured as nobly as may be when it comes, but it must be guarded against by every rational exercise of our intellectual powers, and the development of all possible means of defence. It must be remembered that, just as a sharp attack of illness successfully passed through often renders a man stronger than before, by reason of the elimination of certain evil humours from the body, which were sapping his constitution, so war

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clears away the foulness of the body national and politic, and its renewed life is thereafter stronger in proportion as the ordeal has been drastic.

In the geological record of evolution we can trace the gradual elimination of purely defensive adaptations of the body, such as the carapace of the turtle family, the scaly skins of the saurians, etc., and the survival of those species in which mobility, and the power of combined action in packs, have proved successful in displacing the gigantic, slow-moving quadrupeds of the past. In a similar way will rapidity of action and intelligence tell in the struggle for survival between the races. In the animal world the types which survive are those in which the happiest balance has been struck between activity, intelligence, and endurance, and in which teeth, claws, limbs, and muscles are equally well adapted for attack, defence, or sustenance. The whole animal, or pack, is most *likely to* survive when all these faculties are at their best, as a consequence of sound food and healthy exercise of all its, or their, functions. In like manner that nation will best encounter the risks and dangers of war in which the means of attack, defence, and the procuration of sustenance stand in proper proportion one to the other, and are more or less interchangeable, not specialised, in their functions.

The history of the continent of Europe during the past eight centuries illustrates this tendency in a very marked degree. Until the downfall of the great feudal chiefs, the houses or clans which could both cultivate their lands and plunder their neighbours "ate up" those who could fight but not cultivate, or cultivate but not fight. The former were driven into the mountains, and the latter placed themselves under the protection of the most powerful of the barons. By this process of accretion the great dynasties of the Continent, and of England, arose.

Then came the period of Dynastic Wars, and that State was most successful (other things being equal) in which the fighting elements of the community, for the time being, highly

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specialised, bore due relation to the amount of food produced by the country. The nation which endeavoured to keep on foot a force disproportionate to its source of supply ultimately succumbed to the consequences of a disorganised treasury. Problems of food-supply, not of tactics or strategy, have been the final conditioning factors in the fate of nations.

The attempts at specialisation of the fighting functions had virtually broken down all over the Continent of Europe on the eve of the French Revolution. No state could maintain armies numerically adequate for the defence of its frontiers, within the limits conditioned by the nature and extent of its food-growing resources. Prussia, which for a time had maintained proportionately the largest standing army, had frankly abandoned the attempt; two-thirds of her effectives being furloughed indefinitely, to be called up for a month's training only every year. In France this experiment was impossible, owing to the seething ferment of disaffection, due to over taxation throughout the kingdom. In Germany proper the Reich's Armée existed only on paper; and in Austria and Italy affairs were much the same. But still in all cases the army remained a specialised caste, absolutely divorced from the civil population, with which it had no sympathy whatever.

The current civilian sentiment throughout Europe towards the close of the eighteenth century was that the soldier was a useless, unproductive drone, equally offensive whatever the colour of the uniform he wore. The cost of his maintenance was regarded as a heavy burden on the honest citizen, which, since it could not be cured, must be endured more or less sullenly. This sentiment had arisen, curiously, out of the very measures which monarchs had taken everywhere in order to render the burden of armies as bearable as possible to their people.

The experience of the Thirty Years War had proved, if proof were necessary, that in the existing conditions of communications, warlike operations, offensive or defensive, could not be undertaken in a desolate country. Hence, throughout the century, every effort had been made, even whilst war was

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in progress, to encourage the cultivators to stay on their land and provide for the commissariat requirements of the army, since the further a force penetrated from its own frontiers the more difficult became the problem of feeding it. The invaders often, indeed generally, treated the inhabitants better than their own soldiers, for on these latter usually fell the disagreeable task of driving off the cattle and destroying all available supplies. The soldiers thus came to be looked on as the oppressors of the citizens, not as their defenders, and it is to this perverted sense of the whole nature of war that the astounding alacrity of civilians of the lower classes throughout Western Europe to welcome the French invaders (not by any means the least important cause of Gallic successes) was primarily due. We, in England, are not even yet entirely free from this cant.

The French Revolution, however, effected an entire transformation. France, threatened by all the standing armies of Europe, saw that the days of specialisation were past, and she gave us the first modern illustration of a "nation in arms." Numbers and brute force now confronted the specialised organs of defence, and these failed because the condition of environment having changed, they had largely atrophied from disuse, and could no longer adapt themselves to the altered conditions. A very short period of French exactions and cruelty sufficed to teach the civilians their forgotten duties as integral units of the body politic. Within less than twenty years' time France found herself confronted by, not one, but many "nations in arms," for all Europe, except England, had had to accept the principle of compulsory service.

In the period of the Seven Years War armies lived by their magazines, and every possible effort was made to spare the civilian element as much as was practicable. The fate of nations was decided in encounters between picked champions of the contending countries, whose numbers were small in proportion to the whole population. The whole tendency of the tactics of the time was to economise to the utmost extent which the conditions of armament permitted, the sacrifice of

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life which armed collision invariably involves. Battles were like duels between two skilled fencers, ultimately decided by a single thrust.

In the last years of the Napoleonic epoch the fighting was mere bludgeon work—a gradual attrition of the two armies, one against the other, and the balance in hand next morning generally determined the final result. Weight of numbers, accumulated by forced marches, in which more men fell than on the battlefields, bore down the opposition of the trained specialists. The numbers could only be supplied under conditions that rendered their conversion into drilled soldiers (as the term had been previously understood) an absolute impossibility, since the proportion of the population required could only be spared for a very short time from productive employment.

Sociologically considered, the interest of the Consulate and Empire centres in the evolution of the sentiment of patriotism and nationality. Previously, the patriotism of the great masses of European populations had been bounded strictly by the limits of every man's visible horizon, from the summit of his own village steeple. He would defend his own hearthstone, and combine for this purpose with his neighbours sometimes, but not always; but the need of wider combination, the fact that the best defence was to concentrate all efforts on the destruction of the foe beyond the frontier line was altogether too much for his powers of comprehension. Indeed, in the absence of a properly organised police for the protection of life and property, and of that practical Christianity which cares for the sick and necessitous, he could not afford to take a wider view. In his absence who would care for his wife and family? He dared not leave them to the mercy of the tax-gatherer, or of his feudal lords. All over the Continent of Europe these latter had forgotten that, if property has its rights, it has also its solemn duties and responsibilities.

Whatever its faults may have been, the Revolution at least removed this restraint, and developed the instinct of co-opera-

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tion between man and man, family and family, as perhaps no other less drastic method could have done. In the terrible and widespread suffering it evoked people turned to one another in their mutual distress, and frankly accepted the obligations of a common humanity. Danton, Marat, and Robespierre have much to answer for certainly, but they gave practical Christianity all over Europe a chance. Who, that has familiarised himself with the social conditions of the peasantry and the lower classes of the townspeople during the twenty years preceding the Revolution, will maintain that opportunity was not needed for such a demonstration?

Though the gates towards great reforms were thus at last thrown open to the world, the nations came in grudgingly. Only Prussia, which had suffered most severely, saw the fulness of the promise and seized it with a unanimity of national effort that has never been surpassed. The State swept feudalism aside, educated the people, and, in return, exacted from every able-bodied man three years of his life in military service, absolutely without regard to caste distinctions. Though all the other nations, except Russia, did something to weaken the burdens of feudalism, they omitted universal education. By a system of paid substitutes for military service they perpetuated the divorce between the civilian and the soldier throughout their countries.

The essential point in the Prussian reform lay in this, that henceforth no man in that kingdom could afford to remain idle. Other countries also drove the bulk of their aristocracy into the commissioned ranks, but once they had them there they could not make them work. In Prussia, because intelligent men of all classes served in the ranks side by side, the officer dare not neglect his work, on pain of being judged by his equals in society, and of being made to suffer for his ignorance, or want of tact, or temper. If the young Graf von Z., serving as a private, found that his lieutenant was an ignorant, bad-tempered bully, the fact was pretty sure to get about. If, again, the officer tried to curry favour with his social equals or

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superiors at the expense of his comrades, equally the knowledge spread abroad, and in both cases his future was certain to suffer materially. I do not suggest that life in the Prussian army has at any time been ideal, but I do assert from personal knowledge, that relatively to their respective stages of civilisation, the treatment of the Prussian soldier, since 1815, has at all times been fairer and more humane than in any other army. The fact is proved by the very high standard of discipline maintained, together with the extraordinary absence of military crime which has so long distinguished it.

The Austrians, the minor German States, and France, all missed the essential point of this Prussian reform. They all omitted to educate their people; they retained their men seven years with the colours as against three years of the Prussian army, thus making them lose touch with civil life too completely. Also, by encouraging the system of paid substitutes, they removed from their officers the best incentive to excel in their work (as instructors of men they were one day to lead in battle) that the wit of man has as yet succeeded in devising. The world is sufficiently familiarised with the consequences of this fatal mistake by the disasters of Sadowa, of Gravelotte, and of Sedan. It was not to superior armament that the Prussians owed their victories in the two last-named fights. The advantage in this respect lay with the French entirely. It was the Prussian soldier's devotion to duty for duty's sake which won the day, and found its highest expression in their battle cry, of "Mit Gott für König und Vaterland." In practice, this devotion sent the troops into the field well found in all essentials, each man knowing his duty to his comrades, and striving loyally to fulfil it to the utmost, at all risks to himself.

The war of 1870 was scarcely over before Germany, her unity and her frontiers secured, broke out on a path of phenomenal commercial expansion, which has increased enormously the standard of comfort throughout her dominions. The end of this is not yet, but the germ of it is to be found in Scharn-

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horst's original draft of her military reform in 1808. This was confessedly an expedient to meet a special emergency, the incidence of which on modern industrial evolution it was at the time impossible to forecast.

After Waterloo, the need of the moment in Germany had been to re-establish commercial credit, and rescue the population from impending starvation. How imminent this danger really was we, in England, have very little conception.

The army met the emergency precisely on the lines of our Indian famine relief funds. The ranks absorbed a certain portion of the male population; their needs, in the shape of uniforms, boots, equipment, etc., gave employment to thousands. Food for the men, and forage for some 80,000 horses, kept acres under profitable cultivation, and the Government contracts, which all this involved, steadied the markets, and prevented reckless speculation.

It is true that heavy taxation was the consequence, but the money gained was circulated through the country, and found profitable employment for hundreds of thousands who otherwise must have starved. The wealth of the country at all times centred in her agriculture, but it is no good digging the fields if no one has either money or credit to buy their produce from the farmers. It is only necessary to strike off the acres kept specially to feed the cavalry horses to realise how the landowners would have been hit, and how terribly the process of accumulation would have been hampered. But accumulation there must be before modern industry becomes possible.

Money taken for taxation must come out of some one's pocket ultimately, and be met by increment from somewhere. In this case there was only a certain very moderate amount of bullion in circulation, and the increment came from the rise in value of the agricultural property, consequent on the certain market its products found. The same coins went round and round in the mill, but with increase in national and individual credit they did a larger share of work. In 1816 it would have

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been difficult to raise money on land at 10 per cent. Fifty years later any amount could be had at 5 per cent.[1]

According to the eighteenth-century canons of political economy, the three years of a man's life spent with the colours would be classed as a waste of human labour. But this view took no account of the changed conditions of barrack life the new army system was about to introduce. It is only, indeed, within the last ten years that it has begun to dawn upon us, here in England, that military training under hygienic conditions, always above the average of those under which the recruit has hitherto existed, adds more years of usefulness to a man's life at the other end than it takes off from the beginning. Neither was it, nor could it be foreseen, when Adam Smith and his followers first arose, that the sense of duty, the essence of a man's whole teaching in the ranks, would presently become the very corner-stone of modern industrial efficiency.

That this is the case an example from our everyday railway work will suffice to show. As the traveller is whirled towards London in a flying express his life is dependent at least twenty times in every second on the sense of duty existing in every one of the countless railway servants who are responsible for every bolt and key along the permanent way, for every signal by the roadside, and for every lever and rivet of the locomotive. The men are grouped in gangs; over every gang is a foreman; over the foreman, locomotive, permanent way, and station superintendents, etc., up to the responsible general manager of the whole system. Theoretically the chain is perfect, but in practice those who know most of the matter are only too well aware of its many weaknesses, due always to the fallibility of the human machine; for, however carefully each man's duty may be laid down on paper, emergencies will arise which can only be met by intelligence on the spot. This intelligence cannot be relied upon to work at all unless each man is animated by a living sense of the duty he owes to his

[1] For a detailed investigation of this aspect of the question see "Voluntary v. Compulsory Services," by the Author. Published by Mr. Stanford. 1897.

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fellow men, a readiness to sacrifice himself in its discharge if necessary.

The same holds good of all industrial undertakings, and in proportion to their magnitude the strain on the sense of duty for duty's sake on each individual waxes ever greater. In small businesses the personality of the head of the firm, the promptitude with which grievances can be heard and redressed, and misunderstandings avoided by direct interference, all help to induce the workman to put out his best efforts. But when the numbers employed swell to the magnitude of considerable armies the sources of friction are multiplied in a corresponding degree, almost in geometric progression, and the workmen, in the interests of their whole class, need the habit of patient self-control and ready obedience to authority that army service so excellently teaches.

It must be noted, too, as very essential to the argument, that neither in modern industry nor in modern armies does blind obedience alone suffice. The day of the "military automata" passed away for ever out of European armies as the sun went down on the field of Jena. The new system of tactics, which everywhere resulted from the seed sown by the French Revolution, exacted from the soldier identically the same qualities of intelligent adaptability which form the keystone of commercial success.

This is another instance of the polarity inherent in all problems of warfare, and one which has never attracted the attention from civilians that it deserves, chiefly, no doubt, because the Army itself has been riven into two parties on the study of the problem which, from its exceeding difficulty, defies exact solution. But it must be clear to even the superficial reader that, just as emergencies may arise in industrial operations—railway work, for example—which no written instructions could foresee, and in which a man must unhesitatingly act on his own initiative, so, in every battle, situations must occur in which the soldier, too, must adapt himself to formidable contingencies, and act on his own

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responsibility. For the last century, more or less according to whichever party in the Army was in the ascendant, this education of the intelligence of the individual soldier in the ranks has been the aim and object of the "School of the Light Infantry Soldier."

Thus it happened that, when the victories of 1866 and 1870 finally removed all reasonable fear of invasion, Germany presented an almost unequalled field for industrial investors, good security, and an abundance of willing, intelligent, and disciplined labour; all this being the consequence of her well-designed military machinery. Her progress since then has been phenomenal, and to-day she stands the example of the most firmly knit nation, certainly of the continent, perhaps in all the world; but that the future alone can decide.

We in the British Isles, thanks to our acquired position as Mistress of the Seas, arrived at a similar stage of national solidarity at an earlier date, and by less drastic suffering, for we have been spared so far the horrors of invasion. The net result of the past hundred and fifty years of warfare throughout Europe has been to break down everywhere the barriers of purely local and provincial sentiment, and to substitute for this narrow creed certain well-defined national groups, held together, each within its own frontier, by the conception of a common nationality and a common patriotism. Science has contributed enormously to forge the links which make this improved sentiment possible; but eventually it is war and conquest which alone caused this evolution of industrial science.

By war we won our over-sea markets, and consequently a demand for our manufactures; war brought the gold into the country needed to develop them; and our security from invasion enabled us to pursue the paths of invention in peace. France may reasonably lay claim to scientific pre-eminence during the latter half of the nineteenth century, but of what avail was her fame in this respect during the social upheaval of the Great Revolution?

It is the custom at the present moment to represent Science

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as the handmaiden of Peace, and to speak of its beneficent influence. The simile is unfortunate, to say the least of it. "Handmaidens" have been the origin of strife from the earliest times, and in the present case seem likely to continue the process.

It is science, and science alone, that supplies the power now daily driving us towards a cycle of wars. Without its application the sentiment of nationality could not manifest itself, and but for its inventions, which have created artificial wants, the trade-hunger of the nations, now impelling us towards armed collision, would never have been awakened. We are all familiar with the conception of the State as a living organism with its nerves, nerve-centres, veins, and arteries. The telegraphs and cables are the nerves; the congested great cities the ganglia; the railways and steamship lines the arteries; and what the blood is to the animal frame, trade is to the social organism; and gold may represent its corpuscles. Conformably to this analogy, we see the great nations everywhere busily thrusting out their suckers; now to Manchuria; again to Persia; Cochin China; Africa; South America; and wherever these suckers conflict, the phagocytes rush, or are held in readiness to repel the invasion.

A century ago, Continental over-sea colonists travelled at their own risks. Their number was so insignificant, and their operations so restricted that individual successes or failures passed unnoticed in the mother countries, all of which were in those days self-supporting. Now, with the growth of their population, and the rise in the standard of material comfort, together with the general reduction in distance as measured by time, there is not a single nation in Europe that does not believe itself more or less interested in ocean-borne commerce, and which is not endeavouring to compete with the existing holders of the market.

Formerly their citizens were satisfied if the Government maintained order and law sufficiently to allow them to pursue their business in peace. Now they clamour for protection in

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every quarter of the globe, and demand the interference of diplomacy to collect ordinary civil debts. (As in the last "crusade" of France against the Sultan, for instance.) So keenly alive are they becoming to the advantages of their foreign trade that, almost without exception, they consent to taxation, in order to benefit their firms of ocean-carriers, and the tendency everywhere points towards the nationalisation of external trade.

How this evolution may endanger the maintenance of peace has been demonstrated only recently by the incident of the *Bundesrath*, in which, in the exercise of our acknowledged rights as belligerents, we were compelled to stop and search a German merchant steamer. A small matter, indeed, compared with the seizure of British ships in French ports by the Germans in 1870, but amply sufficient to have precipitated a war between the two nations had the Germans only possessed a fleet strong enough to cope with the British Navy. Had such been the case, I fancy, Count von Bulow would have found himself face to face with one of those outbursts of popular indignation with which, as he told the Reichstag, in 1898, modern statesmen are quite unable to contend. He would probably have yielded without resistance to its pressure, with what results the event alone could decide.

Of similar incidents between ourselves, France, Russia, the United States, in Siam, West Africa, Madagascar, Egypt, China, and Venezuela, there have been quite enough and to spare during the past ten years, and the tendency is for these causes of friction to multiply rather than to diminish. Sooner or later this friction will clog the diplomatic machinery, and war will follow with the usual result, that the stronger will eat up the weaker. A slumber of exhaustion will ensue; then the same forces will bring about renewed disturbance of equilibrium, and the cycle will be repeated until, perhaps, one race alone dominates the world. Shall we then be any nearer to the ideal of peace we are all professedly striving after? I confess I doubt it. All history shows us that once the external

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pressure of threatening danger is removed, individualism having again full play, the struggle for existence within the race itself will have fuller scope; and the internal condition of the United States, with the growing misery of the weaker, and the automatic increase of wealth amongst the stronger, gives us an indication of what we have to expect.

Remove the barriers to internal friction, which prevail everywhere in Europe in the shape of armies, and the same result would reappear. The "fittest" would survive, the weaker go to the wall. But the "fittest" at the present moment are not the men who give up their lives and renounce all luxury for the privilege of finding a soldier's death on the battlefield, or who do their work in the hospitals, in the churches, and everywhere where human misery is to be alleviated or removed. No! In the present day the "fittest" to adapt themselves to the conditions of our present environment are a very different class; and unless, as I believe, war is the divinely appointed means by which the environment may be readjusted until ethically "fittest" and "best" become synonymous, the outlook for the human race is too pitiable for words.

"Peace on earth—goodwill amongst men." That is our ideal. May it not be that peace is promised us as a condition of goodwill, and is only attainable when, through community of suffering nobly borne, goodwill amongst men shall universally prevail?

It is a curious fact to note, that though the main object of all great commanders, and of all disciplined armies, has been to preserve as far as possible the enemy's women and children from suffering—until at length their care and preservation has actually hampered the operations in the field—the inexorable pressure of evolution has rendered it certain that in the future they will suffer the most.

Whilst improvement in weapons has everywhere led to an enormous reduction in the actual slaughter in the field, and must continue to do so in the future, for reasons well known to every military thinker, it is the women who, deprived of

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their breadwinners, really suffer most severely from the prolongation of the decision, to which the nature of modern armaments, and the prevalence of mistaken notions of humanity, give rise. In the case of a great war between Great Britain and a continental Power, which must of necessity send up the price of bread—at least fourfold—it will not be the able-bodied manhood of the country who will feel the pinch. Food, clothing, and a roof over their heads will be available for all who will enrol themselves on the side of law and order. But what of the women and children when there are no "Absent-minded Beggar" funds to draw upon, and no rich ratepayers to contribute to them even should they exist?

I am no cynic; still less a misogynist; but there is no closing eyes to the fact that the social ambition, which is the driving power compelling men to work—as we see it in the United States especially—long after their own desires are satisfied, is essentially a woman's weakness which the wheels of God are now in motion to crush, and which we, with all our efforts, are proving powerless to check.

F. N. Maude.
(*Lieut.-Colonel, late R. E.*)

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WHAT I SAW IN THIBET

IT is not difficult to account for the interest which the vast region of Thibet has always excited among geographers, ethnologists, and the student of mankind in general. Territorially, a preponderating integral part of the oldest of the continents, and replete with almost every feature appealing to human interest, for many years it has been the *spolia opima* of the traveller and explorer. While many travellers during the last quarter of a century have penetrated for considerable distances into this jealously guarded land from its northern, southern, and western borders, previous to my exploratory journey the immense region extending along the Chino-Thibetan border among the headwaters of the Yangtse-kiang and Hoang-ho had been visited by few. The remoteness of these regions, the enormous hardships to be met with in crossing the immense mountain ranges surrounding them (among the highest in Asia),the hostility of the barbarous tribes, and, most potent of all, the jealous antipathy of the lama sacerdotal class, have hitherto proved barriers which the advance guard of civilisation has found difficulty in passing.

It was for the purpose of making a thorough exploration of these little-known regions that I entered upon my journey through Eastern Thibet. From the important town of Batang, on the Chino-Thibetan border, accompanied by an expeditionary force of forty Kiangsi natives, and seconded by the invaluable assistance of my lieutenant, Burton, I succeeded,

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after months of the most arduous river-travel, in penetrating up the Kinsha-kiang and Dji-chu headwaters of the Yangtse-kiang to the small native trading village of Gharlkau, in north-eastern Thibet. My halt here was made for two reasons: in the first place, it was absolutely necessary that my men should be given a rest before pushing onward through the bleak and sterile fastnesses of the country lying among the headwaters of the Yangtse-kiang; and, secondly, I wished to spend several weeks in bartering with the Gharlkau Thibetans in order to procure a supply of boots, pack-saddles, blankets, rouge, and other articles to be disposed of among the wild nomad tribes in the country to the north. It was a welcome surprise, after the open hostility which we had encountered among the natives down stream, to find that the head man and lamas of Gharlkau placed no objection in our path, as I had expected a point-blank refusal, when I announced my intention of proceeding to the north, to my request that he should sell me the provisions and other articles of which I stood in need. Instead, he readily formed with me a pact of good-will, and, in addition to selling me the provisions at astonishingly low rates, ordered several of his best guides to accompany me, and in other ways manifested his sincerity.

After a fortnight's respite from travel, our halt at Gharlkau came to an end; the lateness of the season and the necessity of passing up the steam of the Dji-chu before the terrible spell of an Arctic winter had settled in over these high altitudes, left us no choice in the matter. It was with a feeling of regret that we saw the low-lying huts and palisaded walls of the straggling village fade from our sight, as the canoes began their weary battle against the toneless, murky current of the Dji-chu, the course of whose stream it was my intention to follow for several hundred miles further to the north before abandoning river-travel for the difficult and hazardous land journey across the upper Yangtse-kiang watershed to Gajum, on the Charing-Nor. Never did voyagers start off under more gloomy circumstances. The sky was overcast with moisture-

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laden clouds, which hung around us like a cold, dank shroud; the dark water of the stream was obscured by a penetrating fog blown low from over the mountains; and the land, sympathising with the gloom above and around, appeared silent and lonely, as if to accord with the full depth of our forebodings. The appearance of Nature in this great unknown region of north-eastern Thibet, to the north of Gharlkau, was as that of a spot accursed. We seemed to be on the shores of the Dead Sea, where the towns of the plain had sunk under a fiery wave, and where desolation for ever reigns to mark an awful judgment; or as if the glowing hills of Pandemonium had been raised from their dreadful depths to sully the face of the earth with their most forbidding aspect. Great masses of crags rose in huge disarray, split into long ravines, and hurled into unutterable confusion, beyond which immense desert areas, covered with saline incrustations, stretched to the dim verge of the distant horizon, presenting the composite picture of a Saharan desert and an Arctic ice-plain.

It was confronted by such a dispiriting outlook that I entered upon my journey through this unhospitable, forbidden land. Each day brought us to a higher elevation and a colder climate, and, to add to our annoyances, we soon discovered that the information given to us by the head man of Gharlkau concerning the vindictive and predatory character of the inhabitants of this wild region had not been exaggerated. The strength of my expeditionary force sufficed to spare me from downright hostility among the smaller river villages and nomad camps, but the little insight we gained into the real character of this district at the outset served to show us that the price of safety must be eternal vigilance.

The first real overt act of hostility was shown to us at Sok-Buchen, which we reached only after days of arduous paddling, the stream of the Dji-chu flowing at such an abrupt angle and with so swift a current after leaving Gharlkau that progress seemed almost out of the question; as it was, the effort required to penetrate up the stream of the swiftly-rushing

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river had used up my Kiangsi crewmen so completely that no alternative offered itself but another enforced rest at Sok-Buchen. As we landed at this village a queer specimen of humanity came running toward us dressed in long, greasy robes of yak-skin, and wearing a most hideous mask, which towered several feet above his head, the *tout ensemble* being unique and diabolical. After considerable difficulty I learned that he was the chief lama of the village, and had been delegated by the natives to approach us to learn what tribute we would pay for the privilege of travelling through their district. I well knew that I was not called upon to make this unnecessary outlay, but, anxious to avoid ill-feeling, I told him to return to the head men with the information that I would give each of them a piece of red duba cloth, and minor gifts to each of the lesser luminaries of the place. With a vindictive grin he ambled off to the village, and shortly after he returned, this time accompanied by a score or more of the head men, armed with matchlocks and spears, as if duly to impress us with their warlike prowess, who, after many truculent gestures, demanded that the offer I had made to them should be quadrupled, or on no consideration would they allow us to advance farther on our journey. Realising that hesitation would only serve to increase their hostility, and angered at their insolent attitude, in tones matching theirs in vigour and bombast I endeavoured to impress them fully with the fact that I intended to effect a landing at all hazards, and would have no scruples in punishing them severely in case of treachery. As our canoes slowly proceeded toward the bank, they hurled at us a yell of defiance; almost immediately thereafter we saw forty or fifty men issuing from the narrow opening in the stockade, fully armed, and wearing war-masks, slowly advancing to the stirring strains of a droning war-chant.

Calling upon my Kiangsis to paddle with all their might we shot the canoes far up on to the bank, and, ranging them in line so as to form a sheltering bulwark, we awaited the onslaught of our enemy. Their valour, however, seeing that

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their warlike demonstrations had no appreciable effect, rapidly vanished, and in a few moments the horde, who but recently had been so demonstrative in their stern opposition to our landing, broke in wild confusion and retired to their village, from which they opened a desultory fire with their matchlocks. Shortly after, however, three of the leading men approached and announced their willingness to abstain from further hostility on condition that we should make payment of the original tribute. In this manner the *entente cordiale* was restored, and the bloodless battle of Sok-Buchen happily terminated. As we discovered eventually, this determined attitude on our part was not without its reward, for the native traders travelling through the district took care to magnify our feats prodigiously among the inhabitants of the smaller villages and camps, so that for several weeks afterwards we were spared further annoyance from open hostility.

From Sok-Buchen, after pushing forward for another week against the stiff current of the Dji-chu, through a constant succession of cliff-embuttressed gorges, we reached a well-populated and hospitable river-village, which, on questioning some of the natives who shot out from shore in their hide coracles as we approached, we learned was called Dju-Kharmau. Our welcome here was of the most cordial kind, and we soon discovered that the native population was more friendly than our preconceptions of them had allowed. The head man evidently had never been treated to the curious spectacle of gazing on white men before, for, after making furtive inquiries as to whether we were real men or merely ghosts of men, and being at last satisfied in his own mind that we were of more solid substance than spirits, he invited us to share the pleasures of his own abode—a long, rambling gallery apartment cut for thirty feet in a loess bed piled against a considerable mountain peak.

We had no cause to complain of his hospitality, for at a grand feast which he organised in our honour he invited his brother chiefs from the surrounding districts to come and envy

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him his good fortune, and in other ways gave evidence that his protestations of friendship and good-will were sincere. M'dewe, the head man, had certainly outdone himself; evidently this sumptuous banquet was something extraordinary and *récherché*, and, to "indulge custom with custom in order that custom should not die," we dallied with various dishes of sinister import, of whose previous identity we were serenely unconscious, scrambled up to our elbows in the common pot for huge lumps of meat which we bolted with fervour, and in every way mingled with our host and his satellites with a ribald *camaraderie* which tickled the old man to the core. Beneath the mingled effects of pride and frequent recourse to a huge jug of arreki which he secreted in the folds of his sheepskin coat, his face, covered with grease and perspiration, shone like the full moon, while the flambeaux, dimly lighting up the interior of the dwelling, disclosed a cordon of swart, wildly-scrambling guests, who gave every evidence that, whatever might be the illustriousness of the occasion, they were not minded to ignore the good things of existence.

Their gluttonous appetites seemingly knew no limit; for each consumed vast quantities of food, washed down with such huge draughts of arreki and tea that one could not but wonder where these vast quantities of edible and potable matter found lodgment. But to solve the mysteries and capabilities of a Thibetan stomach is a task which would puzzle the most erudite mathematician. In fact, the chief avocation of the Thibetan, when fortune permits, is the enjoyable business of eating. During many months spent among nomad and settled Thibetans—to say nothing of their manners, excluding women from all companionship at their meals, dipping their hands up to the elbow in one dish, eating sheep's insides, and sleeping in miserable tents or stone dwellings crawling with vermin engendered by their filthy habits—I never in a single instance noticed temperance or frugality, except from necessity, for in their nature they are gluttons, and will eat at any and all times till they are gorged of whatever they can get, and then lie

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down and sleep like brutes. I have sometimes amused myself by testing their appetites, and I never knew them to refuse anything that could be eaten. Their stomach is literally their god, and the only chance of doing anything with them is by first making to this tutelar deity a grateful offering. Instead of scorning tainted and unfit food, they will devour it with avidity, even with the full knowledge that they must pay dearly for this incontinence.

But to recur to our entertainment at Dju-Kharmau. At the conclusion of the feasting we were treated to a dance, in which, contrary to the custom in southern Thibet, both males and females joined. A dozen lamas—their heads encased in the most hideous masks representing various birds and beasts —assembled in the open space in the centre of the apartment, with fifes and flutes constructed of bone and argali horns, and, after several preliminary flourishes, started off on a wild and dismal chant which ever increased in vigour until the noise was deafening. The rest of the men, and ten or a dozen women and girls, stood by or squatted on the floor, and kept time to the music by humming through their closed fingers, meanwhile swaying their bodies with a curious sinuous motion. At last, the music having attained its highest pitch, they discarded all clothing, and, absolutely naked, began to dance with renewed vigour, ever increasing their efforts as the music stirred them, rushing about madly and frenziedly, shouting at the top of their lungs, until, incapable of maintaining their feet longer, they sank on the ground through exhaustion.

It would be an utter impossibility to imagine a people more unenlightened and barbarous than the native population of north-eastern Thibet, beings but a grade removed from the lower order of animals. In contrast with the districts of southern Thibet, the natives of this region are more nomadic in character, consequently few settled towns are seen and these of the most miserable kind. The dwellings in these large villages are usually constructed of small pieces of shaly rock roughly laid on top of each other, the surface covered with a

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plaster of mud, which soon dries in the sun, when it is covered with a coat of whitewash, presenting an appearance similar to the adobe dwellings of Spanish-American countries. This structure, usually two stories in height, often three, is arranged in a rectangular form around a central courtyard, the lower story serving as a storehouse for cattle, agricultural and hunting implements, and dried yak-dung to be laid up against the cold winter nights, powdered manure being generally utilised for fuel owing to the scarcity of tree growth. The upper apartments are used as the place for human habitation, the roof of the first floor serving as a gallery to the second story. A notched pole or a yak-hair rope-ladder is placed at various corners of the courtyard in lieu of more substantial stairs; these can be drawn up at night, and secure to the sleeping occupants all the splendid isolation from unscrupulous and pillaging neighbours enjoyed by a feudal baron in his moated castle.

The smaller houses are usually divided into two rooms, one for the general use of the occupants during the day, the other serving as a sleeping apartment. Holes are cut in the base of this dwelling in order that smoke and noxious odours may escape; they are simply openings about two feet square in the walls, without any means of keeping out the wind and cold. Therefore, one has the choice of darkness and stifling, or light and freezing.

The common luxury of all these dwellings is the large *k'ang*, or fireplace, sunk in a sort of hollow trough in the middle of the room, in which dried manure is burned, or another form of *k'ang* raised like a sacrificial altar three or four feet from the floor, constructed of stones and mud, and taking up more than half the room. On top of its flat, smooth surface are spread numerous reed mats and skins. In addition to its culinary purpose it likewise serves as the general resting-place of the occupants of the abode, be they man, fowl, or beast; in short, a sort of primitive furnace. In front of it three immense coppers, set in glazed earth, serve for preparing

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the food. The apertures by which these monster boilers are heated communicate with the interior of the *k'ang*, and its temperature is constantly maintained at a high elevation, even in the terrible cold of winter.

The simplicity of the nomad is found in the interior fittings of even the most sumptuous of these dwellings; there is absolutely no furniture, unless one should class the small mats and bundles of skins scattered before the fireplace in that category. The interstices of the rafters which compose the roof of the dwelling are filled with hoes, guns, and articles of husbandry, blackened by smoke. A number of spits for the roasting of meat hang against the wall, above these a row of assorted jars, some cheeses filling various nooks, and a heterogeneous collection of tea-strainers, *tsamba*-bags, butter-boxes, tea-churns, and straw sieves, tufted with bits of red and yellow cloth, the latter used for sifting the meal ground by the donkey in the corner, and likewise utilised as extremely popular and useful wedding presents.

Most of these northern Thibetan natives possess the same flat and expressionless facial traits as the Mongol, although somewhat darker in colour. They are not as small as they have been generally represented to be. They are taller than either the Chinese or the Mongols, their height—five feet four to five feet ten, and in rare cases six feet—being quite up to the average of the Caucasian standard. Their dress, however, gives them a somewhat dwarfish appearance. This effect is further heightened by a general tendency to a stooping position in standing and while walking, particularly noticeable among the females. Both men and women are muscular and active, and both have, when not governed by passion, a pleasing, good-humoured cast of countenance, apt to break into a "grin" on very small provocation. The effect of the numerous hardships to which they are exposed, however, soon leaves its traces. One is astonished at the lack of middle-aged people among them, a woman, after she has passed her thirtieth year, having degenerated into a wrinkled, toothless and feeble old hag, while

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it is uncommon to find a man ten years older fit for active service of any kind.

The dress of both sexes is much the same; tribes that live in districts near to settled villages often indulge in the luxury of purchasing coarse cloth for their habiliment, or, what is more often the case, plunder the trading bands. The general dress, however, is usually of skins of the yak, antelope, sheep or wolf. The long padded coat of the men has a hood, which in cold weather covers the head, leaving the face only exposed. The women, although having a similar adjunct, use it for a more utilitarian purpose, namely, as a cradle for their infant children. Underneath this voluminous outside garment both wear a small jacket of coarse cloth and yak-skin trousers, fastened into boots of the same material, very ingeniously and neatly made, although, not being perfectly tanned, they are unable to resist moisture like those manufactured by the Chinese. A pair of real leather boots, therefore, is highly prized, and will readily be bought or exchanged for articles many times their value. In fact, I soon discovered that by possessing a good supply of boots, brought from Gharlkau, we formed a sort of travelling Bank of England on a small scale, and that their purchasing value was much higher than either gold or silver. All the clothing is made by the women, who perform excellent work with the crude implements at their command. The only objection that can be raised by the fastidious concerning this form of dress is its extreme durability. An outfit of this sort will last a man for many years, and soon becomes frightfully filthy, never being changed and never coming in contact with water, unless accidentally.

Among the Thibetans, whether nomad or settled, there still is maintained a passion, almost amounting to a mania, for lurid colour display. I remember seeing a woman at Areki-t'ang bargaining with a Chinese trader for a neck-scarf which outvied the most bewildering crazy-quilt ever constructed, and complaining because it was not bright enough.

"But, by all the glories of your father's father," replied the

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exasperated dealer, who construed this hesitancy to purchase as a reflection upon his wares, "what could you want? There are no colours known in earth and sky but are found in that scarf." And being assured of this all-important fact, the bargain was quickly closed.

Tea is one of the principal staples of trade throughout Thibet and Mongolia. The natives are miserable without it, and when it cannot be obtained are willing to cheat themselves by various expedients, such as boiling dried onion heads, herbs, or even an infusion of chips of wood in water, in order that they may not be at least without a "suggestion" of their favourite beverage. The tea imported from China is pressed into small oblong-shaped bricks, having the appearance of cakes of chocolate, made up into cases of nine bricks, secured by raw hide thongs. This is not only used as a beverage, but, being conveniently portable and easily passed from hand to hand, passes current as money.

The native method of preparing this delicacy is not of a kind that would commend itself to civilised epicures. The tea is first ground to a fine powder by vigorously pounding it in a mortar until no splints of wood or other impurities are visible; it is then put into the copper kettle before the *k'ang*, when the water is hot, to boil for five or ten minutes. By way of giving increased flavour salt or soda is added, and this part of the operation being completed, the all important business of drinking it commences. The host and his assembled guests being gathered around the fire of yak-dung in order that "atmosphere," as the artists would say, should not be lacking, each one draws from the folds of his garment a little wooden bowl, and, with a satisfaction which must be seen to be appreciated, fills his private dish with the liquid.

All this, however, is but by way of preliminary. From a sheepskin full of rancid butter, placed within convenient range, each takes a piece of the oleaginous compound and lets it melt into his bowl of steaming tea. Then, with furtive grasp he draws the "nectar" to his lips and "heaven is opened unto

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him." The bowl is again filled, into the steaming liquid he throws a handful of *tsamba*, and drawing forth the sodden lump works it into a ball of brown dough with a deft movement of his left hand, and successively bites off pieces of this delicacy and drinks his buttered tea until the visible supply has vanished, when, in order that his table etiquette may not be impugned, he licks his bowl clean and puts it back into the folds of his coat.

II

It was another long and tedious river journey from Dju-Kharmau to Jomguk. And now leaving Jomguk we practically passed out of the country of the settled Thibetans; the entire region to the north as far as Lake Charing, being inhabited by small tribes and encampments of nomads (Djun-Ba), permanent settled villages were rarely met with; and, these of the most wretched sort, compared with which those we had previously visited, were the acme of perfection. The deserted appearance of the country is due to a very large extent to the abandonment of the cultivated lands by the more peaceably disposed Thibetans, who, being unaggressive and being incapable of offering successful resistance, are no match for the brigandish and truculent nomad tribes. In consequence of their constant raids, those valleys and sheltered plains which are capable of sustaining vegetation, have been almost abandoned by their inhabitants, and the region given over to the lawless and barbarous Djun-Ba.

These Djun-Ba Thibetan nomads, who inhabit this little known corner of north-eastern Thibet, in spite of their low order of civilisation, were the finest people in physique that we saw in Asia. They were tall, robust, manly in bearing, and although possessing the flat and ugly features of the Mongol type, had the free, independent carriage of a race of mountaineers acknowledging no authority that would interfere with their freest liberty. Notwithstanding the almost Arctic

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coldness of the weather of the high altitudes they inhabit, they were dressed in the thinnest of clothing, the children running about in a state of absolute nudity, without any deleterious effects manifesting themselves from this apparently suicidal exposure. Both males and females were possessed of an inordinate love of display, wearing enormous ornaments of brass, brass-wire collars, gold beads sprinkled over the hair, and numerous contrivances of gold and silver hanging from the neck. The general practice prevailed of shaving the head until it was entirely bald, the effect of these shining pates when gathered in groups being ludicrous in the extreme.

The social institutions of this strange people are founded on the simple plane characteristic of savages of a low order of intelligence. There is no generally recognised government, but hundreds of small tribes, which in turn are divided into septs and clans, each deriving its name from some feature of the landscape, or from some mythical legend or ancestor. These tribes in all matters of internal economy are independent of each other, but confederate for their joint security against alien aggression. The head men and chiefs comprise the aristocracy of the country, but they are little more than leaders in war; for the right of personal revenge, which is fully admitted, limits their authority in matters of merely judicial import.

As regards their mental and moral character—so far as a race can be characterised in a few words—it may be said that the Thibetans are, if not in the first rank of savage races, not in the last. Their intelligence is considerable, as their implements and folk-lore abundantly prove, and that they possess certain traits of bravery may be inferred from their ability to exist for generations between aggressive and powerful enemies on all sides of them, and to repel successfully all attempts at alien aggression. They display a taste for music, and are passionately addicted to gambling, having the keenest interest in speculations of all sorts. On numberless occasions I have seen two men sit down for hours and shake small dice for the

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most trivial objects, their every movement watched by an excited group of spectators, eager partisans who took such an interest in the game that the inevitable ending was a sanguinary brawl of no mean dimensions. Horse-racing is another favourite pastime of the Thibetans, but their animals are sorry beasts, and the excellence of the performance is judged more by the skill of the horseman than by the speed qualities of his mount.

The moral standard of the Thibetan is not high; licentiousness and indecency, far from being uncommon, are rather the rule than the exception. The women are especially erring; their extreme laxity of morals and their utter want of shame are not more remarkable than the entire absence of jealousy or self-respect on the part of their husbands and relatives. This is due perhaps to the degraded position of women in the community, excepting among those tribes where polyandry is practised, where their lot is in a measure improved. There are but few elaborate ceremonial functions in the direct business of marriage. Cupid must here exist on short commons, since Mammon enjoys a clear field and need ask no favours. A man wishing to secure a wife either steals one from a neighbouring tribe, or else purchases one in his own encampment. Polygamy and polyandry are co-existent, the number of wives a man may own depending altogether on the state of his fortunes and his ability to purchase a supply of these necessary adjuncts to a well-ordered community. The head men, who are not limited by poverty, purchase as many wives as their fortunes will permit. A singular feature of this arrangement is that while a parent may sell a woman to one man, there is nothing to prevent his reselling an interest in her to suitors who may come after, who are looked upon as legitimate husbands as much as the first one, and who are obliged to assist in her support, their relative degrees of ownership being determined by their standing in the community. As will readily be seen, this eminently satisfactory arrangement offers innumerable advantages of connubial bliss and domestic tranquillity

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to poor young bachelors who would not be able to afford the luxury of maintaining a wife financially unassisted.

One of the strangest customs of these Djun-Ba Thibetans is that attending death and burial. When a man dies the nude body is attached to stakes driven into the ground, and exposed to the attacks of ravenous beasts and birds. Nothing could be more ghastly, as assuredly nothing could be more repulsive, than to happen while travelling through the country upon one of these gruesome landmarks, from which flocks of carrion vultures rise slowly into the air with hoarse croakings as if resenting this intrusion on their feast. The bones and other remains left after the attacks of the birds and beasts are cremated, the ashes placed in sacred bowls, mixed with magic charms, and hung up in some prominent part of the tent or dwelling, or else buried beneath an obo of stones, where they serve as objects for numerous pilgrimages. A little of the dust is placed in small bags, and these are worn round the necks of the family of the deceased as preventives of disease and as a safeguard against evil of all kinds. Where there is a large body of water near at hand a different ceremony is often practised. This consists in placing the corpse in a small coracle (a canoe in circular shape of yak-skin spread over a light wood framework), surrounded by all its earthly possessions, and sinking it in the stream with heavy stones. No ceremony is gone through with, whatever its nature, without an abundance of dancing and feasting, so that a man who conveniently marries or dies at the right season, when food is abundant, is a real public benefactor.

III

In this exploratory journey it had been my original intention to ascend the headwaters of the Yangtse-kiang to its source in the Koko Nor, but difficulties in the obstruction of the stream and the impossibility of penetrating farther up its current com-

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pelled me to abandon this project on reaching Gunza, a small Thibetan trading village at the junction of the By-chu with the Dji-chu, and to make a forced march across the immense Baian-Kara-Ula watershed before the daily increasing climatic rigours made such a proceeding out of the question. The By-chu valley, which we ascended for our first five marches on leaving Gunza, is one of the finest regions, from a scenic point of view, in Thibet. It is, however, seen to best advantage on paper, for, majestic though the varying landscapes may be, they do not appeal to one who is obliged to toil over their uneven surface—a desert of bare crags and bouldery plains, with vast arid table-lands of high elevation, a land where there are no forests or pastures, where one can march for hours without even seeing so much as a blade of grass; a cloudless region, always burning or freezing under the clear blue sky, for so thin and devoid of moisture is the atmosphere that the variations of temperature are extreme, and rocks which, exposed to the sun's rays, may be almost too hot to lay the hands upon in the daytime, are freezing in the shade.

Five long and uneventful marches through a sparsely settled region brought us to Lakmo. Our entrance into this hospitable bailiwick fully recompensed us for the tedious journey from Gunza; notice of our approach through the district had been circulated by nomad horsemen whom we had met in the course of our journey, and there could be no mistaking the intense popular interest provoked by our arrival. As we neared the village strange music greeted us, and almost immediately we discovered a long procession of the head men of the place advancing in our direction, led by three or four musicians playing with lusty might on a wonderfully fearful, and as wonderfully assorted collection of instruments, who had been sent to do us honour with their wild and barbaric, if not impressive, strains.

The head man of Lakmo lived in two large yurtas erected on top of a cellar-like structure similar to the native dwellings. He was a jolly old Thibetan, with a round, greasy face, which

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beamed forth from beneath his huge fur cap like a full moon, and with a Falstaffian girth which gave evidence that to him, at least, this sordid earthly existence was not without its compensations. As soon as the tents were pitched he sent a messenger to invite us to his own abode, in order that he might see with his own eyes the "wonderful white strangers" of whose presence in the district he had been already informed. This messenger was none other than his principal wife, and she certainly was a most curious specimen of an aboriginal envoy. In stature she was a veritable giantess, and stalked about with a determined mien that threatened ill to any rash man who should strive to cross her path or thwart her purpose. In order that the mission on which she was now embarked should not be deficient in due pomp and ceremony, she was mounted on a long-backed, restless little pony, with a scraggy tail, crop-eared, and a mane looking as if rats had eaten part of it, coupled with an appalling thinness of frame; in short, such an animal as the worthy Don Quixote would have gone into ecstacies over. She rode a-straddle, and wore a conical iron pot for a hat, and an imposing array of garments, chief among which a long scarlet duba cape fluttered from her shivering shoulders with the flaunting ostentation of a Roman emperor's toga.

Among the most surprising things that we noticed here at Lakmo were the hordes of red-clothed lamas, or native priests, carrying prayer-wheels and prayer-flags, and gorgeously arrayed in flamboyant finery, who in number were out of all proportion to the lay population of the village. Like most savage races, the Thibetans are possessed of a deeply religious spirit, and the religious sentiment is so openly expressed, and the exposition of it forms such an important part of their everyday routine, that the thought which first strikes one travelling in their midst is that the best part of this earthly existence is given up to active preparation for entrance into the next world. In all the settled villages, among the nomad camps and on the highway, one meets the natives incessantly twisting their little

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prayer-wheels or waving their prayer-flags while walking, chatting or trading together in the market-place, in fact on all occasions, save what little time is consumed in sleeping; for to concentrate the attention on the revolution or even to be conscious of it is quite unnecessary, since one can attain the "perfect peace" by automatic muscular motion. The prayer-wheel is the most curious of the paraphernalia attached to the cult of lama-Buddhism as practised generally throughout Thibet. It consists of a small, cylindrical-shaped box with an axle, the protruding part of which is attached to a handle. Long strips of paper, covered with magic symbols and invocations to the deities, manufactured by the lamas and sold at a good profit to the credulous native, are placed in this box, and the operation of working it consists in a rapid spinning motion from left to right, the native belief being that a faithful adherence to this practice during life will ensure the joys of the future state. The ordinary prayer-wheel is turned by hand, while the person engaged in so doing mumbles numerous prayers of inordinate length, sometimes taking a day off from his other labours to pour forth these musical ululations with the most tiresome monotony.

The praying water-wheel, on the other hand, keeping in advance with the growth of civilisation, is a much more practicable piece of machinery, and by logical reasoning should ensure the religious devotee much easier access into the desired realms. This consists of a number of metal cylinders arranged on a frame, and fixed across a stream upon an axle. Into these cylinders are placed rolls of prayer-paper; thus the busy man, whose time is more limited than that of his neighbour, enjoys equal advantages in the devotional scale.

The religious ideas of the Thibetans vary as widely as their other characteristics. Lama Buddhism is not a real and settled form of religion as we understand it, governed by definite canons and fundamental principles, but serves merely as a framework upon which to hang various cults fully as debased as, and differing very little from, the lowest forms of African

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fetich-worship. The Thibetan is a man gifted with the ready perception of physical phenomena which pass before his eyes. He is vividly observant of the general meteoric changes of the atmosphere, which he reads as the manifestations of a number of deities existing around him. To see what is palpable and present, or speak of what is past, is, however, the habit of his mind. He is not given to trains of anticipation, he is not progressive, he is not even moderately inductive, but sinking down on the Oriental principle of fatalism, he is by no means disposed to call in question the dispensations of these deities, or the actions of his forefathers. Naturally fearful, doubtful and suspicious, he is emphatically the victim of fear, doubt and superstition, bound down under a system of necromancy linking him to the dark doctrines of demonology, sorcery and magic.

The whole world is, according to his belief, governed by supernatural powers, or owners, good or otherwise, each of whom holds his sway within natural limits. Any object, as well as individual, may have its spirit, though generally speaking the idea is limited to certain localities or passions, such as a mountain or a lake, or strength or eating. The mediums between these deities and mankind are the powerful sacerdotal class, or lamas, who form nearly a quarter of the entire population of Thibet, rulers in temporal as well as spiritual matters, and who, although the most rascally charlatans and deceivers, hold absolute control over the crude native mind. The lamas, in addition to their religious offices, act as soothsayers, magicians and divinators, and, on payment, may be consulted on any question whatever, whether it be of a material or supernatural character. To Western eyes nothing could be more repugnant than the blind infatuation with which the Thibetan natives look upon these dirty rascals, who, being naturally more shrewd than the confiding populace, keep the latter in a state of absolute beggary and servitude by their superstitious practices.

One of the most common forms of divination used by the lamas in their everyday practices is the working of incantations

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and the prophesying of future events by means of scapulomancy. On one occasion we were greatly pestered by a chief of a small nomad village, who, notwithstanding our assertions to the contrary, placed abundant faith in our supposed magical and supernatural powers. As the weather was stormy and prevented several of his traders from leaving the village, he was very anxious that we should give him professional advice as to the future state of the weather. As we were unwilling to take the chance of making prophecies without there being a certainty of their fulfilment, we reiterated with vehemence our serious handicap of earlier education in this respect, at the same time expressing our surprise that such a great chief, who had given up his whole life to the subtle mysteries of the "black art," should not by this time have arrived at perfection. This tickled his vanity immensely, and with a sly wink he informed us that he could change the weather whenever he saw fit; but he had heard that we were very wonderful magicians, and he was frightened lest we should steal some of his most potent secrets. Being reassured on this score, he proceeded after his own fashion to divine what the future might hold in store.

Drawing from beneath the folds of his coat a sheep's shoulder-blade, for the space of a quarter of an hour he recited various prayers and magic incantations over it, and then placed it in the embers of the fire that had been lighted at the beginning of the ceremony. Here it was allowed to remain until thoroughly charred, when it was carefully laid on the ground and the more serious process of divination commenced. By examining closely the cracks made in the bone by the fire, nothing was left undiscovered that the most curious mind could wish to know. A reputation for skill and magic in divination is greatly coveted by the Thibetans; a successful forecaster enjoys an enviable reputation among his own people, and sometimes becomes famous throughout a large district. The methods pursued by each vary widely, but the practice of divination by means of a sheep's shoulder-blade is the most

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universal and likewise the most popular, since it brings the possibility of indulging in this pleasant business of a peep into the future to the door of even the poorest man. In fact, this recourse to the mysteries of magic and divination occupies a large part of the Thibetan's daily life: no one would dare to undertake a journey, however short, without consulting these potent oracles. In the settled villages, the lamas, who take upon themselves the performance of nearly all this kind of work for the laymen, sometimes have recourse to the common method just described; but more often their divinations are secured by the throwing of dice or small stone figures, and the consultation of a book of prophecies at a place which the position of the dice denotes. As the searcher for this occult information is obliged to pay liberally for the services of these priestly gentlemen, it is only in extraordinary cases that he finds it advisable to desert the traditional and "personally conducted" shoulder-blade.

IV

On leaving Lakmo the difficulties of travel constantly increased as we were gradually ascending the higher elevation of the Baian-Kara-Ula range, the heavily laden yaks making but slow progress over the uncertain mountain trails, floundering in the steep gullies, and requiring almost incessant halts to rescue them to firmer ground. The high elevation (at the highest of these passes we were over 14,000 ft. above the level of the sea) had also an appreciable effect upon our general health. Both Burton and myself, and nearly all the Kiangsis, suffered with asthma, snow blindness, mountain fever, and other affections, so that progress of any kind was necessarily at a funereal pace. During this whole week's travel spent in crossing the Baian-Kara-Ula we were constantly subjected to inconveniences of this character; but, fortunately, the weather conditions remained favourable, and, on reaching Kengathka in the Djangin-tang, we were able to congratulate ourselves that we

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had made the tedious journey with a minimum waste of time and energy.

One who has never visited this region among the higher mountain ranges of north-eastern Thibet cannot gain an adequate idea of the appalling and sublime grandeur of the inspiring panoramic changes constantly unfolded to view when travelling through these constant successions of as constantly changing landscapes—leagues on leagues of barren and pebble-covered moor, *couloirs* of stones and rocky pinnacles, range behind range of sky-towering peaks, with glaciers glittering in the hollow of them, the dazzlingly white snow lying wherever the crags are not too steep—a weird and desolate scene, such as one imagines may exist on the Antarctic continent. In whatever direction the eye wanders it rests upon the small glaciers nestled against the mountain sides, glittering brilliantly beneath the sun like polished glass and reflecting the most vivid hues, as if some gorgeous rainbow had been seized while hovering over their cloud-bathed pinnacles and congealed into a gigantic opal. I have seen few prospects more majestic and more inspiring than this great Baian-Kara-Ula mountain region south of the Oring Nor, bleak and sterile looking enough in its rudely jumbled disarray and unutterable confusion, but possessing a certain forbidding majesty of contour, enlivened by magnificent panoramas constantly unfolding to view, bringing into sharper relief the stern outlines of the black and jagged summits, which, far from detracting from the scene, seem to stamp it with the grandeur of aged magnificence. As the sun descends the colours deepen, peaks rising like a regnant concourse of glittering, gold-tinted crowns in the great azure bowl of the sky, a host of shadows creeping into the ragged gaps, routing out stray sunbeams and driving them before the teeth of the wind to swell the golden distances of the valleys below. For weeks, day in and day out, our eyes rested on long lines of dark and solemn spurs, their summits bathed in leaden mists, peak after peak struggling from behind the gloomy pall, until at last the snowy ranges, immense and beautiful, an indescribable picture

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of wild and majestic desolateness, drew all eyes and riveted attention, while even the stolid faces of our Kiangsis seemed awed when thus brought into the presence of Nature in her most sublime mood.

As may be inferred from the sterility of this region, it is very thinly populated. The more sheltered *nullahs* and valleys are peopled by small bands of the most filthy and degraded nomad tribes, with habits and possessed of an intelligence little better than beasts. One who has never met a Thibetan nomad on his native heath can have no conception of his terrible appearance. His swarthy complexion, his long black hair, his piercing, coal-black eyes, half-naked figure, an enormous spear slung on his back and a rusty matchlock in his hand, make him the best figure for a painter I ever saw; but, happily, he is not as bad as he looks to be, his fierce and uncouth exterior covering a most craven spirit. When opportunity presents itself to attack and plunder a small trading caravan without chance of resistance he is a perfect embodiment of the most vainglorious bravery; but at the first show of aggression, or even the most feeble of real dangers, he is the veriest chicken-heart, coward and poltroon. But though we knew from our long experience of these Thibetans that they were too cowardly to offer us serious molestation, it was with feelings akin to joy that at the end of the sixth march from Kengathka, we saw from across the snow-covered moor the dingy stockade and squalid huts of the little Mongol village of Gajum, on the shores of the Charing Nor, meet our gaze.

On reaching Gajum, after the long and weary march across the Djangin-tang, my journey came to an end; but the goggles and snow-shoes, the whip and pack-harness, were not suffered to be long laid aside, for after a brief halt in order to give my yaks and escort a much-needed rest, I started on the equally wearisome and hazardous journey through the little-known regions among the headwaters of the Hoang-Ho.

W. C. Jameson Reid.

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THE NEW JAPAN[1]

IT is fifty years since Japan was awakened from the dream of two centuries and a half, and her door turned slowly on its hinges, which creaked with the rust of these long weary years. How it chanced that a country which received its ancient art, literature, religion, and civilisation from China through Korea, a country which until thirty-seven years ago had a mediæval form of feudalism for its social basis, a country which until then was only known for its harakiri and its two-sworded Samurai, should within such a short space of time become a seat of liberty and civilisation in the Orient, the object of admiration and envy not only of the Asiatic countries, but also of some of the Western countries, is one of the most perplexing problems in the history of the world. But the fact is very clear. From time immemorial, though we strove hard to preserve the national characteristics of our own race, we were always disposed to mingle with other races. The "Yamato Minyoku," as we proudly call our race, is an agglomeration of several tribes, or races, which came from the West and the South and the North. Moreover, our national character had always within itself the germs of

[1] In 1881, some years after the restoration of the Mikado to power, the Ministers of two of the four leading clans—those of Tosa and Hizen—resigned their offices on the Korean question. From these dissatisfied elements sprang two great political parties, the Liberal, founded by Count Itagaki of Tosa, and the Progressive, led by Count Okuma of the clan of Hizen, writer of this article.

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liberalism, and therefore was never governed by a set of narrow national ideals, condemning the customs, laws, religion, and literature of other nations, which, if they were good, we soon adopted and assimilated with our own.

It may be asked, how was it, then, that we turned out the Portuguese missionaries and persecuted and massacred all the native Christians, and closed our door to Western intercourse for over two centuries? The answer to this question is very simple. Although the object of the pioneer of the mission, St. Francis Xavier, was to preach the Gospel of Christ, that of those who followed him was by no means to spread the doctrine of Christianity, but to absorb our country by a series of most treacherous intrigues. However well disposed we were towards them at first, however willing we were to listen to things consonant to nature and reason, we could not tolerate that foreign intriguers should appropriate even an inch of our territory, and hence the wholesale massacre and expulsion.

Nations who are not disposed to come into contact with other forms of civilisation, like the Chinese and Koreans, can never become great and prosper. Our people, as I have mentioned before, being composed of several races and tribes, have no prejudice or antipathy against a civilisation foreign to their own, but are always willing to import all those outside influences which are new and beneficial to them. When centuries ago the Koreans, whose guardians and protectors we now are, brought to us the religion, customs, laws, literature and arts of China we eagerly adopted them, and soon shaped them as would suit our national characteristics and aptitudes, both Buddhism and Confucianism especially being speedily assimilated with Shintoism. Thus, during the many centuries which have elapsed since the introduction of Buddhism and Confucianism there has never been a conflict between them and Shintoism. All of them have been interpreted and taught in such a way as would not be prejudicial to our past traditions and future prosperity. Had the Portuguese missionaries confined their energy to religious enterprises only

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Japan would easily have been transformed into a Christian country, with a sect of her own; for a few years' exertion by Xavier and his followers succeeded in making more than a million converts, including several of the feudal lords and their retainers—a most wonderful achievement when we take into consideration the population of the country in those days. When we remember that in Europe, in mediæval ages, religious conflicts were of frequent occurrence, and often were the causes of great and destructive wars and dynastic struggles, the absolute freedom with which foreign religions were allowed to establish themselves in this country becomes more evident. When St. Francis Xavier came to the "Land of Sunrise," Buddhism was the prevailing religion, and had a very strong hold upon the people. But the pioneers of the Portuguese mission had not only absolute immunity from persecution or interference, but their religion was eagerly taken up by every class of the population. The best evidence of this is given by no less an authority than Xavier himself, in the following letter which he wrote to the Christian Society at Goa in the year 1550. "The nation," writes he, "with which we have to deal here surpasses in goodness any of the nations ever discovered. They are of a kindly disposition, wonderfully desirous of honour, which is placed above everything else. They listen with great avidity to discourse about God and divine things. In the native place of Paul (a Japanese convert named Anjiro) they received us very kindly, the governor, the chief citizens, and, indeed, the whole populace. Give thanks to God, therefore, that a very wide and promising field is opened to you for your well-roused piety to spend its energies in."

And this letter was written at a time when a great religious schism was taking place in Europe, and Christian England was persecuting in a most pitiless way a sect of her own religion.

A nation which had been entirely given over to the influences of Buddhism welcoming a Christian mission in such a hearty manner looks at first sight as wonderful and

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perplexing as our progress during the last thirty years. But it must be remembered that from the earliest time, living in an island country, we had been free from that sort of foreign yoke and oppression which every nation has more or less to endure in turn. No foreign invaders had ever conquered or enslaved our land. True, centuries ago, our shores were occasionally menaced, and the island of Kiushiu, being exposed to piratical attacks, was made the object of pillage, and the frequent attacks of foreign adventurers finally led the Emperor Jingo (excuse the word, O reader, for the word simply means "Divine success") to make an expedition to Korea and conquer the peninsula. Later the famous Chinese conqueror Khablai Khan, with a magnificent fleet of galleys came to our shores, only to meet with the same fate as the Spanish Armada. Then again in 1592, the great warrior Hideyoshi tried to subdue Korea; but owing to his untimely death the great scheme had to be abandoned, and his conquering army was recalled. A nation which possesses a written history of 2500 years, and which has never had to endure any humiliation at the hands of foreign invaders, would naturally have no prejudice against other nations, and consequently our nationalism has no narrow selfish meaning.

Although the plots of the Portuguese missionaries had a sad effect upon the people for two centuries, when Commander Perry came to Uraga fifty years ago, and by his friendly action showed us that every nation was not like the Portuguese intriguers, and when we came to realise that in a state of isolation no civilised existence is possible, we at once opened our door to the outside world and were admitted into the comity of nations.

The second opening of our land to foreign intercourse, instead of rousing a feeling of hostility towards other nations as in China, served to enhance the feeling of friendship. But at the same time, having lived in peace for over twenty-five centuries, it is natural we should wish that no aggressive nation should disturb the peace of the Far East, and threaten the

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existence of our country. The China-Japan war was the outcome of the feeling that Korea under the suzerainty of China was a constant menace to the future prosperity of our Empire. The same feeling is the cause of the present war, for Korea in the possession of Russia means the loss of our national independence. How patient we were during the protracted and tedious negotiations with Russia all the world knows. The war is not the result of any racial hatred, or of the spirit of revenge, or of aggressive designs. Having been forced upon us, not sought by us, it is purely defensive. When the war is concluded the whole world will be surprised to see, as after the war with China, that not a trace of enmity or any ill-feeling exists towards our temporary enemy. Not even towards the Russians shall we cease to possess the feeling of amity, which comes from confidence in our own strength, and from the fact that through 2500 years of our history we have never known a defeat; and as in the past, so in the future, it will be our sole guide in our efforts to attain a high stage of Western civilisation.

OKUMA.

(*Translated by* COUNT SOYESHIMA.)

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THE CASE FOR THE CONGO OFFICIALS

CHARGES of grave maladministration have been brought against the Congo Free State. The State, in reply, has declared the charges to be greatly exaggerated, and of such details of them as cannot be denied has laid the entire blame on its servants. That some of its servants have been guilty of crimes it is scarcely possible to doubt, but before we finally condemn them it would be well to consider the peculiar situation in which they are placed, the temptations to which they are exposed, and the weakness in the Congolese constitution which has made such misgovernment possible.

The chief charges are:

(1) That the taxes levied by the Congo Free State on the natives are excessive and out of all proportion to the benefits which it confers on them in return.

(2) That innocent men, women, and children are often detained as hostages for the payment of arrears of taxes.

(3) That acts of cruelty, oppression, and murder have been connived at by the officials, and that in some cases the officials have themselves actually been guilty of atrocious cruelty and even murder.

These charges are brought by missionaries from widely separated parts of the Congo territory; they are strengthened by statistics which show the revenue returns of native produce and the rapid decrease of the population, and by photographs

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taken by missionaries of the victims of the alleged cruelties, and, moreover, they are substantiated by the independent evidence of Mr. Casement, the British Consul at Boma.

On the other hand, we have the bare denial of the Congo Free State Administration, coupled with a hint that the matter does not concern us, and the negative evidence of such travellers of repute as the late Sir H. M. Stanley and Sir H. Johnstone, who report that the alleged offences have not come under their notice.

It is certain that when we are in possession of all the evidence much popular indignation will be aroused. It is highly probable that many, having little knowledge of the habits of savage people and failing to appreciate the difficulties under which the Congolese officials labour, will allow righteous indignation to bias their judgment, and will pass a condemnation more severe than those officials deserve. In view of this probability, this article will endeavour to represent, as favourably as possible, the case for the Congo officials.

With regard to the first charge, the right of the Congo Free State Government to levy taxes on its subjects cannot be denied. A more difficult question to decide is to what extent and in what manner that right may with justice be exercised. It is impossible to collect a reasonable amount of revenue in customs or money taxes from a people whose natural commerce is so insignificant as is that of Central African natives; it follows, therefore, that the State must be paid in natural produce or in forced labour. This system is adopted by all European Powers that claim sovereign rights over Central African territories. The most usual course is to levy on each inhabited hut a tax equivalent to the payment that a native would receive for a month's labour. In British Central Africa, for instance, the owner of a hut must pay 8s. per annum, or work for the Government for a period not exceeding one month in the year. Having paid his tax, or served his term of labour, the native receives a receipt which relieves him of all further obligation for the rest of that year.

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In the Congo Free State a man is required to bring to some Government station four kilos of rubber (about 9 lbs.) every fortnight. If he does this punctually the Government agent on receipt of the rubber presents him with cloth, beads, or brass rods (the local currency) to the value of about sixpence. As the rubber is worth 3*s.* a lb. in Europe the State's margin of profit is considerable. The amount of labour entailed by the collection of this rubber varies, of course, in different districts. The State computes it at forty hours per month. In theory this tax may be considered reasonable, but it would appear that in practice it is unjust and oppressive, for the missionaries assert that, owing to the increased scarcity of the rubber-producing vine, many natives are compelled to spend their whole time collecting rubber in order to pay their fortnightly tax.

It does not appear that the Commissioners have any authority to use their discretion in the remission of taxes that become oppressive. In a circular letter addressed to commissioners of districts by the Governor-General it is complained that the rubber lately consigned to headquarters is not up to the usual standard of quality. This letter is quoted in the report of Mr. Casement, and contains the following significant paragraphs:

> This cause of loss can and must be removed. The commissioners of districts and chiefs of zones, who all have experience, know the fraudulent means which the natives often try to employ. . . .
>
> I may add that the value of rubber, even when free from all mixture, has gone down in every market for some time past; territorial chiefs must, therefore, not only remove the two causes of loss which they can eliminate, but they must also try to neutralise the third by making unceasing efforts to increase production to the extent laid down in the instructions.
>
> The orders which I have here given will have my constant attention.
>
> THE GOVERNOR GENERAL, Wahis.

What is the Commissioner to do in a case like this? In his own interest he must bear at headquarters a reputation for zeal. He has absolute authority to coerce the natives by

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flogging and imprisoning them; whereas leniency may lead to his dismissal. Cruelty, on the other hand (if ever it is reported to headquarters), will probably be passed over with a formal reprimand. Without in the least condoning his action if he uses his tyrannical powers, it is possible to appreciate and sympathise with the temptation to do so to which he is subjected.

Concerning the second charge, *i.e.*, that of imprisoning innocent people, it must be understood that commissioners have power to detain hostages in the persons of relatives and friends of those who are behind-hand with their rubber, or who have in any way brought themselves under the displeasure of the law.

To us, who have the benefit of a well-organised system of supervision, this seems a gross violation of the rights of the subject. It is only fair to say that, as a desperate expedient, the same high-handed measures are not unknown under British rule. Shortly after the rebellion in Mashonaland, when a desperate rebel and murderer was at large, a native commissioner arrested every woman and child in his district, and commandeered all the live stock and grain. As a result, the men in the district, having no one to cook their food or till their gardens, bestirred themselves to such effect that the murderer was captured and brought in within forty-eight hours. The exact justice of this expedient may perhaps be open to question, but its adoption when the safety of the community is at stake is more pardonable than when it is used merely as a means of enforcing the payment of an exorbitant tax.

The detention of hostages usually has the desired effect. The defaulter frequently comes in of his own accord, and if he does not do so his neighbours, whose wives are "on the chain," make strenuous effort to effect his arrest. In all probability he then receives a flogging with a "chicote" or whip of hippopotamus hide. This form of punishment, though open to terrible abuse, has more to recommend it than appears

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on first consideration. Imprisonment, unless accompanied with ill treatment, has no especial horrors for the African savage, for it does not lower his self-respect or lessen the esteem of his fellows. In a British Central African Court a native witness convicted of gross perjury will be laid on the floor and receive half a dozen strokes with a whip before resuming his evidence, a proceeding which greatly facilitates the proper administration of justice. In the Congo territory, however, men are flogged merely for inability or unwillingness to pay the fortnightly tax. The State regulations lay down that a maximum of twenty-five lashes may be administered, but, if the missionaries are to be believed, a delinquent frequently receives as many as a hundred lashes. The temptation to punish defaulters in this way is the greater, too, because flogging need not interfere, as imprisonment obviously would do, with the regular collection of rubber.

With regard to the third charge, by far the most numerous cases of cruelty are charged against the native soldiers that the Congo Free State employs. The Government regulations, which (on paper) are to a certain extent framed with a benevolent care for the natives, provide that native soldiers must not patrol without a European in command. It is impossible to carry out this regulation. The unfortunate Commissioner, who has no resident European subordinates, is required to administer his territory, supervise public works, and above all guard the commercial interests of the State. It is, therefore, impossible for him always to accompany his native troops when on patrol or convoying rubber.

It must be remembered that the experience of all African travellers is that to arm a native and place him in authority is to encourage and develop his natural savage instincts. Most especially is this the case on the Congo, where the police are recruited from tribes that within recent years were cannibals. With overwhelming temptation to extortion, backed by the authority of organised and resistless force, intoxicated with the sense of power, with practically no restraint placed on his brutal lust, it is no wonder that the Congolese native

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policeman behaves like a fiend. Safe in the knowledge that his victims dare not impeach him, or that if they do so his testimony will bear more weight than theirs, he rapes, maims, and murders with impunity. The Commissioner has no control over these men after sending them beyond his immediate supervision. Supposing that a village rebels. Reprisals must be made. He despatches a patrol of native police to punish it. But the villagers may resist, so the police must go armed. By supplying them with cartridges the State incurs a great danger, for cartridges may be hoarded for years and then used for the purposes of a bloody mutiny. Accordingly an account must be given of each shot fired. In proof that each cartridge not returned to store has been effectively used, the native policeman on his return produces a human hand for every cartridge that is missing. Surely the grisliest form of receipt ever invented! Of the owners of these severed hands it is impossible to say how many actually offered resistance, how many suffered on account of some private grudge cherished against them by the police, how many were killed merely to satisfy their murderers' brutal lust for blood.

But the gravest charge of all has yet to be considered. It is not only the native soldiers who are accused of atrocious cruelties. In some cases it has been proved that European officials have actually murdered defenceless natives with their own hands. To quote one instance, on page 68 of Mr. Casement's report (in which for the present he wisely substitutes initials for the names of individuals), occurs the following account:

> I saw the official at the post of E. E. He is the successor of the infamous wretch D. E., of whom you heard so much from the refugees at N. This D. E. was in this district in and , and he it was that depopulated the country. His successor, M. N., is very vehement in his denunciation of him, and declares that he will leave undone nothing that he can do to bring him to justice. . . . In a very difficult position he has done wonderfully. The people are beginning to show themselves and gathering about the many posts under his charge. He told me of many things he had heard of from the soldiers: of D. E. shooting with his own hand man after man who had come in

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with an insufficient quantity of rubber; of his putting several one behind another and shooting them all with one cartridge.

Happily there are only a few cases of this sort. The Congo authorities state that all the perpetrators of such deeds have been punished. For the credit of humanity, let us hope that those cases that have been proved are the only ones that have occurred. The Congo Administration, however, is greatly to blame in that there was possibility for the occurrence of such horrors. There is just one charitable explanation that can be argued on behalf of these murderers; that they were not in their right minds when they committed the crimes of which they have been accused. A pamphlet[1] has been published defending the Congo Administration, which seeks to show that the judgment of those who have denounced the Congo Administration has been weakened by the debilitating effect of the climate. The pamphlet quotes an article by the late Sir H. M. Stanley, published in the *Petit Bleu* on November 13, 1903.

> The Congo has not the most enviable climate in the world. The maladies contracted there are often debilitating, and things are seen and things are described through the malady which distort the moral and change the optic.

If the climate adversely affects the judgment, how much more may it affect a man's moral nature? I myself remember that while lying helpless from malarial fever I had a strong desire to throttle my native servant, who, poor fellow, was doing his best to make me comfortable. Consider that the authors of these atrocities may have had their nerves strained beyond endurance by illness, loneliness, and lack of proper nourishment, and that they were so exasperated as to lose control of their passions by the well-known "cussedness" and duplicity of the natives. Under these circumstances it is possible that they temporarily lost their reason; this is the only charitable view that it is possible to take of their abominable crimes.

[1] "English and American Opinions on the Congo State." (J. Libeque & Co., Brussels.)

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In order to do justice to the Congolese officials as a body it is important to know from what class they are drawn, how they are paid, and by what services they can best obtain promotion in the service of a Government that cares for little else but the collection of revenue.

If they are inadequately paid it is highly improbable that they are men of sufficient culture to find a pleasure in learning the native language and seeking to understand and sympathise with the feelings of the natives. One cannot expect a man to feel the same patriotism in the service of an avaricious, commercially-minded independent State as he might feel were he serving his own country. If zeal in the collection of rubber counts for promotion more than effective administration (and Mr. Casement says that it is so) it is not to be wondered at that abuses are possible.

Before passing judgment on the subordinate Congolese official one must consider that he is influenced by considerations of which the ordinary individual can know little. He comes into contact with an inferior people, whom it is impossible to treat in the same way as one of his own race would be treated. Corporal punishment, if used in moderation, is as defensible in the case of a savage as it is in that of a naughty school-boy. But few men are gifted with sufficient judgment and self-control to use, without abusing, the power to inflict such punishment.

The power of the Congolese Commissioner is practically absolute; more so than that of an autocratic monarch, for popular opinion in the remote loneliness of his bush station affects him but little. Such power has a tendency to intoxicate the average man. Speaking as one who has had charge of gangs of African coolies, I say without hesitation that few men who have held similar positions can honestly say that they have never in moments of anger committed excesses of which they were afterwards ashamed.

The Commissioner holds, too, a very awkward position. He is told to have every care for the moral and mental welfare

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of those in his district, and urged to use every effort to swell the revenue of the State. He knows which of these contradictory commands to obey if he wishes for promotion. He is cut off from the softening influence of civilisation. His nerves are injured by the climate. The absolute power that he possesses tends to sap his moral nature. What wonder is it that in some cases commissioners have sunk as low as, or lower than, the savage troops which they command?

But there is a brighter side to the picture. If we believe those who tell us that some officials have been false to all good traditions of humanity, we must no less believe the reports of Mr. Grey, Major Gibbons, Sir H. Johnstone and Mr. Casement, who tell us also of noble-minded men, working for God and humanity, who are doing their utmost to maintain the highest ideals of modern civilisation.

It is the greed of the Administration that is chiefly responsible for the crimes that have been committed. It is the blind lust for profit, blind because it is destroying the very source from which that profit is derived, that has bred this curse. In a letter to the *Times* of June 10 Major Gibbons admirably summarises the case.

> "To cut a long story short, my later impressions were almost as various as were the different districts I visited, and I was driven to the conclusion that the general system of government is bad, and that, consequently, where the local officer was not all that could be desired his district suffered much more than would be possible under a government based on higher ideals."

In its own interests, if for no higher motive, the Congo Free State should put an end to the present state of affairs. There should be two classes of officials. Commissioners, whose sole care should be the welfare of the natives in their districts, and tax-collectors, entirely subordinate to the Commissioners, whose duty should be to ensure the collection of a fair and reasonable amount of rubber.

It is doubtful whether the Congo Free State will effect a sufficiently drastic reform without strong pressure from outside.

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The difficulties in the way of bringing such pressure to bear are great, but not insuperable. Public opinion had a harder task in suppressing the slave trade. It is our duty as men and Christians to spare no pains and accept no compromise till State-condoned murder and mutilation are as extinct on the Congo as are the thumbscrew and the rack in England to-day.

RALPH A. DURAND.

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THE CANCER PROBLEM TO-DAY

FIFTY years ago, when surgeons were in the habit of regarding certain aspects of wounds and bruises as part of the natural curative process, and discharges which we should now certainly ascribe to putrefying sores as nothing more than the manifestation of a healthy pus, the view that the mysterious disease of tetanus owes its origin to the growth and multiplication of hosts of little plants which can flourish in the tissues of mankind, would have seemed nothing better than a madman's dream. It has come to pass, however, that the malady of lockjaw, like those involving many forms of baldness, is solely ascribed to the ravages of crowds of microscopic vegetables. Moreover, far less than fifty years ago, the idea that the singular disease of myxœdema owes its origin to the suppressed or disturbed activity of a normal gland would have been wholly scouted. Yet both these views, which a study of the facts relating to the maladies in question forced gradually into prominence, have stood the test of careful scrutiny, and are now accepted as established facts.

The causes of myxœdema and of tetanus are widely different, for in the one case the malady results from the parasitic invasion of the human body, and in the other through a non-parasitic lesion of a normal gland; and the diversity of origin which is thus apparent in these two particular diseases is at present interesting from another point of view.

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When it began to be ascertained that many diseases like diphtheria and plague were each due to the action of some specific germ in the living body, the idea gradually gained ground that all the diseases to which men are liable would eventually turn out to be of a similar parasitic origin. Indeed, it is not uncommon to hear views which are equivalent to this enunciated at the present time. There is, in fact, no doubt that the conception of the universally zymotic origin of all diseases has exercised a profound influence upon all the inquiries which have been undertaken within modern years. Germs have been sought, and in many instances germs have been found; but, notwithstanding the vigour of the search, and the undoubted ability of those who have prosecuted it, there still remain several maladies of prime importance to the human race in relation to which no parasite has hitherto been discovered. Among these, and by far the most terrible and important, there stand out the various forms of cancerous or malignant growth; and the problem presented by the unknown nature of this malady constitutes one of the greatest medical mysteries of the age.

In approaching this subject it may be useful to point out (for it is not generally known) that cancer is in no sense a disease peculiar to man. It exists, indeed, apparently throughout the whole vertebrate class, having been definitely encountered among the mammals, the reptiles and the fishes also. In each of these great groups tumours have been discovered which present precisely the same peculiar appearances, the same arrangement and growth among the individual cells of which they are built up, as those encountered in the different forms of cancerous development in the human species.

In essence a cancer is an abnormal and rapid multiplication of the cells of one or more of the tissues of which the body is composed, for the part affected grows through the multiplication of its component cellular elements, until it may finally lose all semblance to the original strand of normal tissue out

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of which it sprang. Moreover, portions of this new growth, individual cells in fact, appear to be detached and carried away by the blood, and through the lymphatic vessels into other regions of the body, and form there secondary or metastatic growths. Thus, in many cases of sarcoma, a growth which affects the tissues related to the blood-vessels, fragments of the original development are carried away in the blood, and finally lodged in the capillaries of the lungs, so that in this form of the malady new developments, similar in character to the primary tumour, are almost always encountered in the lungs during the later stages of the disease. But although in this manner it appears that it is readily possible for the disease to be transplanted from one part of the human body to another, it has been found that it is not possible to transplant a fragment of a cancerous growth from one species of animal to another. Thus we cannot graft a cancer growing in a horse into a cat, or from a human being into a dog. On the other hand, it has been found possible to transplant these tumours into other individuals of the same species or variety. A small fragment of such a tumour growing in a white mouse may be grafted under the skin of another white mouse; and in a large percentage of cases will there grow, the original grafted cells alone multiplying, and their direct descendants only forming the cancerous tissues in the new host.

These facts have a very important bearing upon our conception of the nature of the disease; for if, as was generally supposed a few years ago, cancer owed its origin to some specific parasite, then since the disease appears to be unquestionably the same in whatever animal group it may make its appearance, the fact that it cannot even be grafted into the different species within these groups would seem to show that there must be as many different kinds of parasites as there are animals in which the disease is found, a result which certainly appears to be sufficiently improbable. Moreover, look as closely as we may among the most admirably preserved material, yet there is no sufficient microscopic evidence of any parasite which it is

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definitely possible to regard as the cause of the disease. Multitudes of organisms may and have been found associated with the destructive concomitants of cancer, but they vary in almost every case, and none of them have been shown to be in any way capable of originating the disease afresh. Nor can we indeed fall back upon the idea that cancerous development is due to the action of some parasite which exists as an antecedent to the formation of a malignant growth, since in a mouse graft, for example, the whole development of the cellular enlargement may be watched with the greatest exactitude, yet there is no evidence of any parasite at any time.

Cancer, as we now know it, can only be regarded as an unusual cell-development, a more or less rapid multiplication of the cells in one or more of the tissues of which the body is built up; yet during this development the cells from which this growth originates become somehow changed, for they no longer obey the laws which govern the growth and multiplication of the cells of the normal tissues of the body. It is important also to remember in relation to these facts, that the onset of cancer presents no symptoms, and the cells which constitute the growth, so far from looking as if they were or had been subjected to the destructive influences of some parasite invasion, appear extremely healthy and robust, abnormally vigorous in fact, and they grow at the expense and destruction of the normal somatic tissues by which they are surrounded.

Although in this way it is a fact, that, so far as there is evidence to take us, cancer appears to be nothing more than an unusual development of one or other of the tissues of which the body is composed, it would be incorrect to assume that the growth and multiplication of cancerous cells proceeds in the same manner as the growth and replacement of the body tissues under ordinary circumstances. As a matter of fact it has long been recognised that there are certain structural appearances which characterise the cells composing malignant growth in many cases. These peculiar appearances have already been largely used as a means by which we may deter-

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mine whether any particular growth is really of a malignant type or not. Merely in the appreciation of this fact, we have moreover in reality arrived at a further stage in our knowledge of the malady; for a cancerous growth is not only a rapidly growing mass of tissue, but the cells of which it is composed during their multiplication present certain structural peculiarities which the cells of the ordinary somatic or body tissues do not. In other words, a cancer is an increasing mass of the cells in one or more of the tissues of the body, but the manner in which these cells increase is apparently characteristic of the disease.

The cancer problem, as it now presents itself, appears thus to be not only a special cell problem, but it is also obvious that it may have to be regarded from a more general biological aspect also, since what will immediately throw more light upon the subject is some further information upon the biological nature of the cellular characteristics which are the peculiar property of the disease; in other words, are the peculiarities of growth and structure observable among the cells of a malignant growth, abnormally introduced manifestations of some normal development; or are they merely special characteristics of the disease itself?

Considering the matter in this wider aspect, it will be useful to observe that the bodies of animals, like those of plants, are wholly composed of the protoplasmic units that have been termed cells, and that each cell consists essentially of a little speck of protoplasm, in which there lies embedded a denser portion called the nucleus. It is by the orderly multiplication of these discrete organic units that the whole cycle of growth and propagation of animals and plants is brought about, and their multiplication is effected by the repeated division into two of each individual element or cell. Moreover it has been found that during the process of division each of these cells in any particular animal contains a definite number of little rod-like bodies which stain with aniline dyes, and have been called chromosomes. Moreover, among the most remarkable results

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of biological investigations in recent years, it has been demonstrated that the number of these chromosomes in any animal or plant remains constant for the species and is always a multiple of two. The significance of this fact becomes apparent, however, only if we consider the life-cycle of any animal or vegetable. In the case of a fern, for instance, the plant forms spores on the under side of its fronds, and each of these bodies after they have been shed upon the ground grows up into the little heart-shaped plant which has been termed by botanists a prothalus. From the upper surface of the prothalus certain cells are eventually shed, which are the equivalent of the ova and pollen of other plants, and the corresponding elements in all the higher animal forms. Eventually, such cells fuse in pairs, and it is from the fused product that new plants spring up, presenting the outward and visible aspect of the fern plant from which the spores were originally produced. Thus the life-history of a fern, like that of any other animal or plant, is cyclical—it proceeds from ferns to spores, from spores to prothali, and from prothali to individual cast-off cells, which after their fusion in pairs grow up into ferns once more. The elucidation of such a cyclical process in the life-history of a fern is not, however, by any means all we know of the processes involved. It has been found, as we have seen, that the number of the chromosomes in the cells of any animal or plant is constant; and another surprising result of recent cytological investigation has been the ascertainment of the fact that the number of chromosomes in the prothalus is exactly half that encountered in the cells which constitute the ferns. Thus when two cells cast off from the prothalus fuse, we have a reversion to the condition of things obtaining in an ordinary fern plant, and the joint product grows up into a fern once more. The reduction of the number of the chromosomes to one half is brought about before the spores are actually formed, and the exact *modus operandi* during this process has only quite recently been elucidated.

When the cells of an animal or plant multiply, as they do,

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for example, during the replacement of tissue, after a small abrasion of our own skins, the individual cells divide, and the chromosomes within divide also, each little rod splitting down its whole length, and the resulting halves being distributed equally between the daughter elements. This is the usual process; but when, as in the case of our fern, spores are about to be produced, the method changes, and the net result of this alteration in the process of division is that chromosomes adhere to one another in pairs without splitting, the compound elements produced simply dissociating during the division, so that each daughter cell contains half the number of ordinary chromosomes. In any individual life-cycle this change is only intercalated once, and all the cellular generations which may be produced afterwards retain the reduced number of chromosomes acquired by this so-called heterotype division. All the cells in a prothalus are thus in a condition whereby, were any two of them to fuse, we should have a reversion to the type of cells characteristic of the fern plant. In its physiological aspect the reduction of the chromosomes by one half is in the nature of a provision for future fertilisation, for fertilisation throughout both the animal and vegetable worlds is brought about by the fusion of pairs of similarly reduced cells.

In the above we have considered the life-cycle of a fern, but an essentially similar result would have been obtained if we had considered from a like point of view the life-cycle of any other animal or plant. We have been merely using the fern's life-history as an illustration of the processes involved. We have now to consider in what way, if any, the above facts can be utilised in order to throw further light on the nature of cancerous disease.

A cancer, as we have seen, is a rapidly multiplying mass of cells, and, like other cells, those composing a malignant growth multiply by repeated division; but the division is not, as we have seen, all of one kind. On looking more closely into the matter it was found indeed by my colleagues and myself that there were several different types of cells always to be found in

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the malignant growths which we examined. Some of the cells during division possessed the number of chromosomes found normally in the tissues of man, and these split longitudinally, as in the instances above described, so that in each daughter element there were the same number of daughter chromosomes. Others, however, grew disproportionately large, and the chromosomes, instead of appearing during division as thirty-two split rods, emerged in the form of some fifteen loops, or rings, just as in the case of the normal heterotype divisions we have previously considered. Thus in a cancerous growth as in a fern frond, or in normal situations in the reproductive glands of animals, we encountered cells in which the number of the chromosomes had been reduced, and this at the outset led to the conclusion that in such a growth there is at least an analogy between malignant tissue and the cells of normal reproductive glands. In reality, however, the comparison goes a great deal further than this; in ferns, and indeed among all animals and plants which produce sexual elements, the particular divisions by means of which the number of chromosomes is reduced, are not only characteristic but always identical; and it was the appreciation of this fact, although its significance was not then understood, which led Flemming long ago to describe such divisions as heterotype when contrasted with the normal processes of cell bi-partition. In this way it is seen that the heterotype division is easily recognised, and it was quickly ascertained that the peculiarities which characterise the cells that are normally about to undergo this special type of fission were again presented in certain elements apparently invariably present in malignant growths. Apart from the fact that in the heterotype divisions of normal sexual cells, the associated chromosomes appear in the form of rings and loops and crosses, as distinct from the split rods of ordinary division, it has long been known that during the onset of the heterotype the staining substance within the cells is grouped in a totally different manner from that which is encountered during the corresponding stages of the divisions of ordinary

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growth. Consequently it is a fact of curious interest and significance to find that among the cells of a malignant tumour we not only encounter the peculiar and reduced chromosomes, but the characteristic pro-phases of the heterotype division also.

When the normal sexual cells of animals and plants have passed through the heterotype division, their descendants retain the reduced number of chromosomes, with which through the intercalation of this division they have become endowed, and in any succeeding generations that there may be the cells retain this number until it is once more brought back again by some subsequent fusion of the cells. In any post-heterotype division the cells divide as they did before the heterotype division was introduced. That is to say, the chromosomes split down the middle, and their halves pass in equal numbers to the daughter elements, the only difference which characterises post-heterotype divisions being that in all these we encounter only half the number of chromosomes present in the cells of the body of which any animal or plant may be composed. Now it has been found that in cancerous growth not only are there cells which present the peculiar characteristics of the heterotype division, but that there are also numbers of elements which divide like ordinary body cells, yet which possess only half the number of chromatic rods. So that, to put the results of all this comparative survey in a few words, it comes to this: That it appears to be a fact, that the peculiarities which are known to characterise the cells during the development of cancer are similar to those encountered in the normal development of sexual elements; that like these latter, the cells which form a malignant tumour first grow and divide in the same manner as the cells in the rest of the body; but that after a certain number of such divisions the malignant cells, like those in the sexual reproductive glands, go through the heterotype division, and the succeeding generations in cancer correspond to the reduced post-heterotype divisions encountered in the sexual glands of animals and plants.

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Thus it would appear that a cancer is produced by the cells of one or more tissues, taking on the mode of development which is usually characteristic of the cells which are to form the sexual elements, and that they pass in a great part through the same cycle; or, in other words, the results of our investigations into this matter, so far as they have gone, would seem to indicate that cancer is nothing more or less than a perfectly normal cell-cycle, which has, through some cause or causes, been abnormally introduced.

Subsequently to the publication of the above results an attempt has been made to carry the comparison even further than this, and to interpret the peculiar figures which have been encountered in the tumours of mice, as actual examples of union, or fertilisation, among the reduced cancerous cells. From a purely theoretical point of view, such an hypothesis, could it be substantiated, must of course be highly tempting; but from our own observations, it would appear that the figures which have been supposed to illustrate this cancerous fertilisation are really more susceptible of quite a different interpretation, and that in reality they afford little, if any, evidence for the existence of such fusions among the cells.

What definitely emerges from the present inquiry seems then to be that a cancerous growth is to be regarded as a mass of cells, derived from some tissue of the body, that have assumed a power of developing in a manner strikingly similar to that which normally goes forward in the sexually reproductive glands. The cancerous tissue, whether it be derived from cartilage, or skin, or the lining of the intestinal canal, gives up its normal functions, and takes up or reverts back to the mode of cyclical cellular development which is characteristic of the reproductive elements of animals and plants. Such a view of the processes involved in cancerous development puts at once an entirely new complexion upon our ideas respecting the etiology of the disease; and it immediately raises the question whether it will not be possible to find among animals or plants some further analogies consisting of portions of the

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normal cell-cycle that in one way or another have become abnormally introduced. In this connection it is extremely interesting to recall the fact that among certain varieties of ferns prothalial outgrowths may be produced under certain specific conditions without the antecedent production of spores at all. Thus, if the fronds of such a plant be pegged down upon damp earth, instead of spores being evolved, certain cells become reduced, and then under these new conditions sprout into prothalial outgrowths, and these spread round the edges of the frond in a manner not at all unlike the growth of malignant tissues upon the unreduced mass of an animal's body. In these cases, moreover, the new development originates, as it were, in response to the definite stimulus of pinning the frond down, while in other cases the same result can be produced by growing the ferns in suitably coloured light. These facts show that in the case of certain plants the cell-cycle can be abnormally interfered with by placing the plant under particular conditions. In appreciating the significance of these things one is immediately led to inquire whether the numerous influences, such as continued local irritation, the effects of certain sorts of burns, the influences of certain localities, and the like, which are generally regarded as predisposing to cancer in man, do not act in a similar fashion, whether in fact such stimuli do not give just the necessary kick-off required to turn the normal growth of a particular tissue into the reproductive cycle, which under ordinary conditions is only followed by the strictly localised reproductive cells. For the general reader it may, however, throw light upon these matters if it is pointed out that some animals, like some plants, consist only of a single cell, that such cells divide and divide again until from the original unit a whole swarm of many hundreds of individuals is produced. In such a colony or swarm, however, the nuclei of these cells eventually go through a process which seems to be analogous to the reduction processes witnessed in the higher animals and plants. Eventually all the members of the colony are thus able to fuse

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with other members in the same condition, whereupon the whole cycle is repeated over again. Now, there is a great deal of evidence for regarding these swarms of one-celled animals and plants as the forerunners of those which, like ourselves, are built up of a vast number of co-ordinated elements, for in these more highly complex organisms there appears to have resulted simply a division of labour whereby certain portions of the cellular colony perform different functions; yet, even amongst the complex machinery of a highly organised animal or plant, some cells remain in their original condition, and are destined, unlike the cells of the rest of the body, to pass through the cycle common to all the members of a protozoan swarm; and it should not be forgotten that man, like the green algæ of our ponds and streams, starts out in life not as a man at all, not even "mewling and pewking" as the tiniest infant as ordinarily understood, but as a single cell; and it is not until this cell has given rise by division to many thousands of descendants that any differentiation is discernible amongst the hosts produced, or any rudimentary resemblance in the diffuse cell mosaic work to the adult form.

If these facts are considered, it will not be difficult to understand that there exists no *à priori* reason against any of the cells which have been produced during the building up of a complex animal or plant assuming or reverting to the condition of sexually reproductive elements, for in so doing they are simply assuming once more the characters and capacities of their ancient protozoan ancestors.

If now we turn from the consideration of the foregoing inquiries to the perhaps more human question as to whether the observations which are accumulating are in any way likely to be of immediate value in our attempts at cure or prevention of cancerous disease, it must be confessed at once that at the present moment they are of little or no value at all; still, since if we wish to be able to cure any malady, the first thing to be done is to find out what sort of disease it is with which we have to deal, there can be little doubt that in the future these

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and other results of inquiries into the nature of cancer will be utilised in the attempts to ascertain the conditions under which the changes we have considered can be either inhibited or induced. We have seen that we can produce or retard at will the abnormal growth of prothalial tissue among plants, and it is surely not outside the bounds of likelihood that experiments will eventually enable us to ascertain the probably complex conditions that control the similar manifestations occurring in the higher animals and ourselves.

J. E. S. Moore.

Note.—The discovery of the facts summarised in the above article is the joint work of the author, Mr. J. E. S. Moore, Acting Professor of Zoology; Dr. J. B. Farmer, Professor of Botany; and Mr. C. E. Walker, Acting Demonstrator of Zoology, all of the Royal College of Science, and was communicated by them to the Royal Society on December 10 last. It is interesting to note that since that date the representatives of the Committee of the Cancer Research Fund have been able to confirm Messrs. Farmer, Moore and Walker's results. The confirmation was, we understand, very complete, as it showed that precisely the same reduction-division occurs in the cells forming the malignant growths found in other vertebrates than man.—Editor.

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UNDER WHICH KING?

A parson's study in the country. Low bookshelves, classics and modern literature, a reading desk with an open folio. A few old engravings upon the walls, the photograph of a college, the portrait of a bishop. A well-worn writing table, piled with books and papers. The window is open, and roses peep in. Between the branches of chestnuts in flower is seen a village church, bedded like an old ivory crucifix upon the cloth of gold of a May meadow. It strikes the eye with a sense of exquisite beauty unmarred by a single jarring detail.

The parson stands by the table holding a bundle of yellowish papers. He is a man of forty-five, black hair grizzling, kindly, grey-blue eyes, solid rough-hewn face with close set lips suggestive of much humorous reticence. A manly man. He wears an old ragged grey jacket over clerical waistcoat and trousers, shiny and all but threadbare with long and careful use. But the impression left by his personality is that of exquisite cleanliness. He unties the packet and lets some dozens of folded papers drop upon the table. One seems to attract his attention. He takes it up. It is a sermon, docketed with text and date.

PARSON. Well, I must have been an intolerable curate! And the vanity of the creature! If this one has not got "bravo" faintly pencilled in the corner in imitation of poor Yorick! What is it? Ah, yes. "Choose ye this day whom ye will

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serve." That might do. But altering and bringing up to date is more trouble than re-writing. Still it is a wholesome exercise, if it is a little humiliating. [*He glances at the contents.*] He was a fiery fellow that! I have changed a good deal in twenty years. Advanced? Well, so we must hope—but I wrote a nice hand in those days. Neat, scholarly. The habit of writing Greek, I suppose. I wish I had kept it up. [*Takes up a pen and writes.*] ἀγραπτα κἀσφαλῆ θεῶν. Not so bad. What put that in my head, I wonder. Poor Antigone! Her back against the unwritten, unyielding law of Right. Yes, a case of conscience in old days brought out the man. He stood up at the stake or he cowered like a cur. [*He draws himself up with his chest out, then slowly stoops again over the papers.*] No, thank God that things are easier now, that I have not to choose whom I will serve in the face of fire and faggot. I don't know. Moral pressure one may possibly defy, but actual bodily torture—. Well, perhaps allmartyrs felt like me till the pinch came. Shall I use Antigone as an illustration? A little above their heads, I fear. [*He moves slowly to the window and touches a rose caressingly, his eyes fixed on the church.*] How pretty it all looks! I think what little actual restoration we did was done reverently. The less you do the more it costs, it seems! But I would have no work but the best. I would rather have shored up the east wall with balks of timber from the outside, as old Jackson suggested, than scamp a particle. They have all been good about it, very good. Eight hundred pounds from a place like this! It has cost me some little self-repression to keep on such admirable terms with them all. But it is worth it. The village may be proud of its lovely church. And it *is!* That missing bell! We must wait for that. I have a great mind—on my own account—. No! no debt. *Vade retro, Sathanas.* I felt a little ashamed to confess that my estimate had been exceeded. That carving to match the old screen was not *strictly* necessary. They took it very well. It is very near perfection. All *good*, at any rate. I should like to have had

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the full peal for Whitsun. That bell at Carson's was an opportunity—lost. It can't be helped. I am not going to ask them for another £50. And I have exactly seven and sixpence to live on for the next week! The zeal of the House of the Lord has very nearly eaten me up! [*He laughs with amused appreciation of the absurdity of the position.*] Come in.

A maid enters with a note.

MAID. Mr. Puddock's compliments, sir. The man didn't wait. [*Maid goes out.*]

The PARSON *opens it and reads.*

"My dear Mullion," (Well, ah, u-m-m, perhaps—. But a parson has no business with pride.)

"My dear Mullion,—We mustn't keep the village waiting for its bell. I enclose a cheque for £50.

"Sincerely yours,

"The Grange." "J. PUDDOCK.

PARSON. Fifty pounds! That is generous indeed. I will not lose to-day's post. Very kind! Just when I thought the liberality of the committee had been squeezed to the last drop —and I'm afraid Puddock has not had a very good season either, so far. Only three wins out of the Grange stables, and those small events. However [*cheerfully*] we outsiders only see the *dessus des cartes*. Perhaps—[*he smiles.*] At any rate I hope this act of generosity will bring him a blessing—[*he hesitates a moment and mechanically substitutes another word*] will bring him luck. I must write and thank him. [*He still stands at the window, his lips curved in a slow smile of exquisite enjoyment.*]

It was not like that when I came here. A very few years more and things would have been too far gone. It is lucky I came. It is lucky I found the leading members of my flock not only ready to appreciate my wish for peace and unity among ourselves, but ready also to give harmonious assistance in a long neglected work of religion. And poor old Crossgrain

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found them all so utterly impracticable! Well, the church is what it should be. It is what its builders and those who first worshipped within its walls would have joyed to see it. It is "beautiful exceedingly."

[*He very slightly advances his hand, palm uppermost, and whispers with deep reverence*] "Take it, O Lord, and let it be, As something I have done for Thee."

Well! [*with a rapid change of manner to cheery activity*] Now for my letter to Carsons and a line to that brick, Puddock, and then for my sermon.

[*He sits down and writes rapidly. Just as he has folded and closed his letters there is a tap at the door.*]

MAID. Please, sir, it's Tom Pargiter to see you, sir. He've got a place away from here, sir.

PARSON. I'll come in a moment. Stay, Jane. Bring him in here, and, Jane, ask old Enoch Judd to step over with this to the Grange. He can put the other in the post as he goes by. [*Maid goes out.*] So Tom's got a place! Well, I'm uncommonly glad of it. Village life doesn't offer much to an intelligent lad. And unless he stays from very high motives, it isn't likely to do him any good. It isn't morally healthy. No. And as things are now, I can hardly see how it is to be made so. Tom is a good lad, a very good lad. I shall miss him, but—come in, man! So you're going to leave us, Tom! a good place, I hope.

[TOM *comes in with a bow and a scrape of the foot, and stands carefully before the door, his black bowler hat held in both hands. He is in his Sunday best, a long-limbed, clear-faced lad of twenty or twenty-one, with good brow and honest intelligent eyes. His attitude tells of the plough.*]

TOM. Well, sir, I think it's a chance, as you may say. And it ain't far, neither. And the money's pretty good to begin wi'.

PARSON. That's well. You're getting eleven shillings

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now, aren't you? Mr. Jackson won't like losing his best under-carter. And I don't much like saying good-bye to my best Bible-class boy, Tom. Boy! Why, you're a man, and an able-bodied one, too. But you were a boy when I came, and I used to have you up before Confirmation. And how many collects do you know now, Tom?

TOM. Nigh about the lot on 'em, sir, I think. You start me anywhere in 'em, sir, you telling me whereabouts 'tis it comes in the Prayer-book, Easter or Christmas, or where, and I don't think as you'll find me much out, sir.

PARSON. That's right, Tom. They're like the stones in an old wall, each filling its place. A good stone anywhere, but best in its own place. You have a rare memory, Tom. And how many texts do you know by heart?

TOM. Well, sir, I've pretty nigh lost count. Going on for a couple o' hunderd or summat thereabout.

PARSON. I needn't ask about your catechism, Tom. And now comes the time for putting all this into practice in a new place and among new people. Well, this is the last time, I suppose. You shall say your "Duty to your Neighbour" to me. And then, before you go, we'll kneel down together and ask God's blessing on your start in life.

[TOM *repeats his "Duty to his Neighbour," less parrot-wise than most village lads, the* PARSON *conducting and marking pause and emphasis with hand and eye.*]

PARSON. That's well remembered and well repeated. All we want is to act up to what we've just said and all *must* go well. And now, Tom, sit down and tell me all about it. Where are you going, to begin with?

TOM. No furder than Mallows, sir, fust. It's Mr. Scupper, as lives in that little white house as you do come out on the Hanfield road.

PARSON. I know the house. A pretty bit of garden and neat outbuildings. They won't suffer under your care, I'm

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sure. Well, that's not five miles. We shall see you sometimes at church with us, I hope, Tom. By the way, to tell you a bit of a secret, I *think* we shall have the peal complete for Whitsun.

TOM. That's a good hearing, sir.

PARSON. And what is Mr. Scupper, Tom? I don't know the name.

TOM. He ain't been long there, sir. It's pretty central-like for his business, and post-office and telegraph handy.

PARSON. And what is his business, Tom? What does he do?

TOM. He's a prophet, sir.

PARSON. A prophet?

TOM. Tipster, sir, some calls 'em. But Mr. Scupper he's above that. "Turf-prophet," that's what it is, proper.

PARSON. [*A little at a loss.*] Oh, I see. Well, Tom, there's no harm in my saying that I think your business is a better one than your master's. [*He pauses.*] However, gardens and horses and traps have got to be looked after, whether they belong to prophets or not. Take care and keep to your own work. That's honest work, whoever it's for. And it will give you a capital notion of managing a place. You have the makings of a first-class gardener.

TOM. Thank'ee, sir. I were main proud o' doing a bit for you, sir, before I were had off to Outfields. But 'tain't his garden, sir, nor yet his horse and trap. Mr. Scupper's a going to take me into his business.[1]

PARSON. Business? Prophesying? I'm afraid it's a poor business at the best, Tom, not to say more. How could you possibly help him in his business?

TOM. Well, sir, that's what I was a saying to myself. But Mr. Scupper says he's willing to give me a trial. "You've got an uncommon sharp sight," says he to me, "and you take

[1] Mr. R. Knight's evidence before Select Committee of House of Lords, *Daily Mail*, March 19, 1902. "The greatest ambition of youths of the working class was to become a bookmaker's clerk."

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notice, and you remember what you hear, and with that, *and* sobriety, *and* early rising, *and* honesty to your employer, I'll be bound as I'll make summat of you," says he. Well, sir, you can speak yourself to some on it. I've a notion as I *do* remember better nor some on 'em. It was a getting off the collex and texes as helped me wi' that, sir.

PARSON. I hope it will help you to better things than being a racing prophet's assistant, Tom. But how is your sight to help you?

TOM. It's watching gallops, sir, and sometimes they gets a chance o' seeing a trial, when one o' the stable-boys splits. Tain't often as they does. But it's that way as Mr. Scupper began hisself, sir. He ain't been at it for years, now, not his own self. But it's that way as he began. And now, look at him!

PARSON. Touting! [*With a look of disgust.*] I hope you will give up the idea of having anything to do with such a business, Tom. In the first place, it's against the law.

TOM. Mr. Scupper says as it ain't, sir. Them as goes too far gets hauled up. But there ain't no need, he says, not for them as has their wits about 'em. He ain't asking me to do nothing agin the law, sir. 'Twouldn't be no good wi' I. I wouldn't so much as hear on it.

PARSON. It is not a plan I can approve, Tom. You get yourself inevitably mixed up with most disreputable people. Gambling is not against the law, in a way. That is, there are forms of gambling the law cannot touch, and as long as a man keeps within them he is safe from the law. But he can never have a good conscience. All your success depends upon your getting your neighbour to do what your neighbour had far better leave undone. We've had an example of that from our own village. Young Simcox, who went from here with a good character into Mr. Smith's shop at Hanbury, you know. What made him rob his master? He got to betting.

TOM. Yes, sir, that's what I was a saying to myself. But 'tain't many of 'em goes so far as that. And there's

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Jem Spalding in the choir, sir. He bets reg'lar and he don't do so bad wi' it neither. But he ain't the one to *rob* no un. It was along o' my sitting wi' he in the choir as I come to get the offer, sir, cos Jem, he does a bit wi' Mr. Scupper.

PARSON. We must make a distinction, Tom. We mustn't judge other people's conduct as far as regards them. Jem Spalding is the son of a publican. He is constantly brought in contact with men about the racing stables. I considered the matter when I took him into the choir. I won't *condemn* a man for doing what the law lets him do. But I'll steer clear of it myself and advise everybody to do the same.

TOM. 'Twould a made a deal o' bad blood in the parish, sir, if you'd a kept Jem out o' the choir.

PARSON. It would. And that had weight with me. You must understand, Tom. I have no right to turn my back upon a man, to say "stand off, I am holier than thou," as long as he does nothing that the law can punish. His own conscience must be his judge. But I have every right as a man, and especially as a parson, to advise a neighbour against doing a thing, lawful though it may be, which will certainly bring him into grievous temptation and make it difficult, or even impossible for him to lead a God-fearing life. Besides, Tom, [*in a lighter tone*] Mr. Puddock is a friend of yours, isn't he? I remember your telling me how kind he was in sending over things when your father and mother were down with the influenza. Spying on what a man does isn't a manly action, whether he does it within four walls or on the Downs.

TOM. That's just what I was saying to myself, sir. But, Mr. Scupper, he says it's like this. Mr. Puddock don't like his horses watched at their gallops. 'Tain't only nat'ral as he shouldn't. But he'd be main sorry if there warn't no watching, and no prophesying and no betting-agents. Cos all they little men be like runnels o' water as feed the big streams. Mr. Scupper does a bit wi' the big bookies, and it's wi' them as Mr. Puddock gets the money on about his horses. And if he couldn't get it on, where'd he be? 'Tain't the stakes as

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make him the man he is, nor yet the pay for the keep o' the nags. But I'd a deal rather, sir, a been a stable lad wi' Mr. Puddock. But I'm a sight too heavy for that.

PARSON. I was glad you were, Tom. It is not an occupation I desire for any of my friends, but it's a deal better than being a tout!

TOM. It don't bring in so much money, sir. And I'm thinking a bit about father and mother. That influenzer guv 'em a main shake, and they be getting on in years. And that cottage, sir, where they do live, it's all rotten wi' wet, and not fit for to put a pig in. And 'tain't no manner o' good a speaking to Mr. Jackson, cos we've a done it a score o' times already. And I do know as *you* can't speak to him, sir, along o' not setting him agin the church. And wi' me getting better money wi' Mr. Scupper, I thought as they might a took that place o' Barnett's, as ud be nigher father's work, and nigher for mother to get to church. And roof and door and windows summat like what they should.

PARSON. You're quite right to think of the old people, Tom. But, not to speak of higher considerations for the moment, have you thought of the risk? Betting agents are not solid people. I know nothing of Mr. Scupper, but suppose he has bad luck and breaks up after a year or so. Where would you be? In a gardener's place you'd be improving yourself in the business, and you'd be worth better wages if you got cast adrift. But a couple of years of touting would spoil you for honest work without giving you anything in exchange. Come, think for yourself. If a parson, for instance, wanted a man, would he be likely to take one who had been a tout? It is anything but a good recommendation. He would think that the man would be always in and out of the publics, that he would probably drink, and that he would certainly be familiar with oaths and foul talk. *I* shouldn't like to take such a man, if my means permitted me to employ one. Now, think beforehand. What would you do if Scupper should be sold up in a couple of years?

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TOM. Well, sir, I was a thinking o' that. But you've allus bin so kind as to say, sir, as I was a quick un to learn, and in a couple o' years I'd know summat o' things; and I'd a put by a pound or two for a start, and I'd get to be knowed about wi' Mr. Scupper, all round at the publics and such like. So I was a thinking that I'd begin in a small way wi' tipstering. I do know all Mr. Puddock's lads already, and that'd help me a bit, and I do know how to make 'em talk. There's many chaps in cottages as would lay a shilling reg'lar if they knowed how. And there's more as would do it if 'twas brought to their doors,[1] as you may say, by a young man as was well knowed and respected and had a good character like what I've allus had from them I've worked for. So that'd be the beginning of a little business o' my own. There's a deal to be done in a small way in the village publics. There's them wi' stables o' their own now, as has begun like that. And if ever I come to be like Mr. Puddock, sir, I'd do like he does. Boys at church reg'lar and name fust on subscription list for church and school and all the rest on it. And don't you be afeared o' me in the matter o' drink, sir. There's some as drink is the master on. But 'tain't so wi' me.

PARSON. But you would be leading your neighbour into temptation, Tom.

TOM. Well, sir, I've bin a thinking o' that. There's Mr. Spalding, and Jellico at the "Black Boy," and John Hart at the "Plough," an' they all comes to church reg'lar. It's a wonderful parish for church going since you come, sir, and so every un do say. And they all on 'em has to live by what they do sell. Mr. Spalding, he should a said to one as telled I, as he'd got to make fifty pound for Mr. Blake's rent afore ever he put one penny into 's own pocket, and there be nine of 'em to feed; and the two other uns be the same wi' Blugg's brewery at Woolmer. They've all got to make men drink, else how be

[1] Mr. R. Knight's evidence before Select Committee of House of Lords. *Daily Mail*, March 19, 1902. "Bookmakers go round and visit the people where they live."

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they to live? Seems like as if God meant it to be that way just for nought else but to give men temptations for to resist. For they all come to church, and Mr. Blake, if he don't live here, he do give liberal to what you've bin a doing to the church, sir. And beautiful it do look! And when Mr. Blake do come here, I've seed un, sir, a sitting and a listening to you in the pulpit, and every word a going to 's heart, to look at un, sir; that's what a man would say. And I wouldn't do no worse. And I'd be sure o' having their good word, along of bringing men in.

PARSON. Tom, believe me that I am speaking to you in most solemn earnest, I am speaking as your priest. You pray God every day not to lead you into temptation, and you are putting yourself deliberately into it. You have just repeated your "Duty to your Neighbour"; are you acting up to it in what you are doing? You are going to help Satan to make men drunkards and gamblers, to make families miserable and boys dishonest. You *cannot* do it with a conscience clear in the sight of God.

TOM. Well, sir, I've bin a thinking o' that. And about the temptation, sir, I've a deal o' hope i' them collex and texes, as I've learned wi' you, sir. They'll be your ammunition in the war wi' Satan, says you. And I'll be ready wi' 'em. And I ain't doing no worse nor Mr. Puddock, and Mr. Blake, and Mr. Spalding, and Jem, nor yet so bad, 'cos I be at the bottom like. And you don't say nothing agin *them*, sir. There's Mr. Harris, as took the bit o' common down by the cross roads into 's own fields. It warn't his; and every man, woman and child in the parish knows as it warn't his. But the law couldn't touch 'im, not unless summun stirred it up. And it warn't like as *we* should go agin un. And 'twas known as *you* wouldn't, sir, along o' keeping peace in the parish. And it's beautiful to see how smooth it do all go on now, sir. Not a word from no un. Poor *and* rich. And it's wonderful how they do give to the church.

PARSON. I won't argue more with you, Tom. Take my

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advice as a sincere friend. Have nothing to do with it. You are a respectable lad, and you are going to mix yourself up with all that is evil.

TOM. I'll keep myself respectable, sir, I promise you faithful I will. There shan't be a word agin my respectability, no more than there isn't agin Mr. Puddock and Mr. Blake. And Mr. Harris and Mr. Jackson, sir, I'm sure as *they* be respectable, cos they're your churchwardens.

PARSON. Tom, I have said all I can. I give you solemn warning that you are doing wrong.

TOM. Thank 'ee, sir, for telling me so friendly and open what you do think. I know as you can speak to the likes of I as you can't to them as is rich. And I don't bear 'ee no malice.

[*The parson stands up, motioning silently with his hand for the young man to go. He hesitates.*]

TOM. I was a thinking, sir, if you'd kneel down along of I, like as you said, just for to ask God's blessing.

PARSON. No, no! I—I am upset. Good-bye, Tom.

[*He turns decidedly away.*]

TOM. Good-bye, sir, and thank 'ee.

[*The door closes. The parson goes slowly to the open window and holds the sill with both hands as he looks out.*]

PARSON. What *could* I say? "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient." Are these things lawful —lawful according to the law of God? What ought I to have said? Why [*desperately*] that it would be better for any one of these men to have a millstone tied round his neck and to be cast into the depths of the sea rather than offend God's little ones. Little ones, indeed! Look at these poor labourers, all intelligence and resistance crushed out of them by the system which I help to keep up, God forgive me! A prey to the fowler. Hands and feet tied. There is one thing, then, that they *do* understand, and that is, that I am living a lie. It is true. It is all true. Jackson's cottages are a disgrace to

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humanity. Harris *did* pilfer a parish right. Blake's gifts to the church are raked up from the vomit of intoxication. Puddock! where do the losings come from that he thrives on? From the money that ought to make homes happy, from children's schooling and wives' innocent pleasures, from old servants' pensions and the miserable alms that Christians spare to poverty! And where do they go to? [*He makes a pause; then, with intense self-scorn*] I was forgetting. Some part comes to my *church.* [*He stands with his eyes fixed upon it, staring blankly at the exquisite east window. Then he gives a sudden start.*] Well! I must see to my sermon. [*He turns slowly to the table and picks up the old yellowed paper. The docket catches his eye.*] "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." God help me! I have made my choice.

D. C. Pedder.

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SEED-CORN FOR STORIES

IN the characteristic little book of little essays which Mr. Aldrich has chosen to call "Ponkapog Papers" there are half a hundred pages of "Asides"—fragmentary and unrelated paragraphs, compounded of cleverness and shrewdness and wit. In reading these pages we feel almost as though the author had permitted us to peep into his note-book; and we find ourselves wondering whether our manners ought not to bid us close the volume. These "Asides" seem to be far less laboured and less self-conscious than the "Marginalia," most of which Poe chipped out of the longer essays and reviews that he did not care to reprint in full.

Mr. Aldrich tells us that in the blotted memorandum-book from which he has chosen these chance paragraphs, there are a score or two of suggestions for essays and for sketches and for poems which he has not written and which he never will write. "The instant I jot down an idea," he informs us, "the desire to utilise it leaves me, and I turn away to do something unpremeditated. The shabby volume has become a sort of Potter's Field, where I bury my intentions, good and bad, without any belief in their final resurrection." As if in proof of this confession, Mr. Aldrich has included among these "Asides" two or three suggestions, which he does not intend to utilise himself, and which he generously presents to the public. They are seed-corn for stories which he has not cared to plant and tend and harvest himself.

Here is one of these undeveloped imaginings :—

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In his memoirs, Krapotkin states the singular fact that the natives of the Malayan Archipelago have an idea that something is extracted from them when their likenesses are taken by photography. Here is the motive for a fantastic short story, in which the hero—an author in vogue or a popular actor—might be depicted as having all his good qualities gradually photographed out of him. This could well be the result of a too prolonged indulgence in the effort to "look natural." First, the man loses his charming simplicity; then he begins to pose in intellectual attitudes, with finger on brow; then he becomes morbidly self-conscious, and finally ends in an asylum for incurable egotists.

And here is a second as appallingly imaginative as the first was humorously fanciful:—

Imagine all human beings swept off the face of the earth, excepting one man. Imagine this man in some vast city—New York or London. Imagine him on the third or fourth day of his solitude sitting in a house and hearing a ring at the door bell!

As we read this we cannot but wonder whether the bare idea thus boldly thrown out is not more powerful than any more amply wrought tale could be even if it was to be told with all Mr. Aldrich's own delicate ingenuity. And then we wonder whether the author refrained from writing this story himself for the reason he has given us,—that he tired of his own suggestions so soon as he got them down in black-and-white—or whether, in this case, his generosity to the public is not due to the intuitive feeling of an accomplished craftsman that the naked notion, stark and unadorned, is more striking and more powerful in its simplicity than it would be if it was elaborated according to all the precepts of the art of fiction.

In Poe's "Marginalia" there is one passage in some measure akin to Mr. Aldrich's second suggestion.

I have sometimes amused myself (the poet declared) by endeavouring to fancy what would be the fate of an individual gifted, or rather accursed, with an intellect *very* far superior to that of his race. Of course, he would be conscious of his superiority; nor could he (if otherwise constituted as man is) help manifesting his consciousness. Thus he would make enemies at all points. And—since his opinions and speculations would widely differ from those of all mankind—that he would be considered as a

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madman is evident. How horribly painful such a condition! Hell could invent no greater torture than that of being charged with abnormal weakness on account of being abnormally strong.

Here, again, the suggestion itself in its bare simplicity is more effective than any completed story. But there is another of Poe's notions which seems not so difficult of treatment, and which he might very readily have carried out. He called it, "A Suggestion for a Magazine Article":—

Here is a good idea for a magazine paper; let somebody "work it up." A flippant pretender to universal acquirement—a would-be Crichton—engrosses, for an hour or two, perhaps, the attention of a large company, most of whom are profoundly impressed by his knowledge. He is very witty in especial at the expense of a modest young gentleman, who ventures to make no reply, and who finally leaves the room as if overwhelmed with confusion; the Crichton greeting his exit with a laugh. Presently he returns, followed by a footman carrying an armful of books. These are deposited on the table. The young gentleman, now, referring to some pencilled notes which he had been secretly taking during the Crichton's display of erudition, pins the latter to his statements each by each, and refutes them all in turn by reference to the very authorities cited by the egotist himself, whose ignorance at all points is thus made apparent.

With characteristic affectation Poe insisted that his "Marginalia" had been written in his books on the margins themselves when these happened to be ample enough, and on a slip of paper deposited between the leaves when what he had to note was "too much to be included within the narrow limits of a margin." He admitted this to be whim, and declared that it might "be not only a very hackneyed, but a very idle practice," but he asserted that he persisted in it because it afforded him pleasure. He maintained that "the purely marginal jottings, done with no eye to the Memorandum Book, have a distinct complexion, and not only not a distinct purpose, but none at all; this it is which imparts to them a value." Unfortunately for Poe's claim that in these fragmentary notes he was talking "freshly, boldly, originally," his editors have been able to trace the most of his paragraphs to articles of his which he did not care to reprint in full. As Mr.

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Stedman explains, "they afforded the magazinist an easy way of making copy," since "they were largely made up of passages lifted from earlier essays and reviews." And Mr. Stedman also points out how Poe's pretence that his "Marginalia" are what their prelude and title imply, "is made transparent by their formal, premeditated style, so different from that of Hawthorne's 'Note-Books,' or that of Thoreau's posthumous apophthegms and reflections."

It is the charm of Hawthorne's "Note-Books" that they really were written for himself alone and with no thought of publication. Although he went to them for material for the book about his English sojourn, "Our Old Home," and although he picked out of them many an idea which he worked up in a tale or in a romance, he kept them for his own eye only. As his widow asserted, when she made a selection from these journals for publication several years after his death, he was "entertaining, and not asserting, opinions and ideas." She insisted that her husband was questioning, doubting and reflecting with his pen, and, as it were, instructing himself. So that his note-books should be read "not as definitive conclusions of his mind, but merely as passing impressions often."

The later journals kept in Great Britain, in France and in Italy are entertaining, because they give us the impressions of Hawthorne himself, recorded at the moment of reception often; but they are far less interesting and less valuable than the note-books he kept in his youth before he had ever left his native land. Here we get very close to him; we see his mind at work; we trace the first hint of a story as he jots it down; and we can see it growing as it takes root in his mind. For example, the idea of the "Virtuoso's Collection" came to him again and again in slightly different forms: and as we turn the pages of his note-books we can discover when it was that he happened upon one and another of the marvellous curiosities which enriched this strange gathering. In like manner the first suggestion of that characteristic tale, the "Birthmark," is

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set down in three lines, which tell the whole story: "A person to be in possession of something as perfect as mortal man has a right to demand; he tries to make it better, and ruins it entirely."

Sometimes the suggestion is merely fanciful, and too diaphanous to withstand elaboration: "A person to catch fireflies, and try to kindle his household fire with them. It would be symbolical of something." Sometimes the suggestion is bold enough and alluring, but not to be accomplished without a complicated machinery, which would detract from its directness: "The situation of a man in the midst of a crowd, yet as completely in the power of another, life and all, as if they two were in the deepest solitude." Sometimes the suggestion is so characteristic, so individual, so Hawthornesque, that we find ourselves wondering how it was that it did not tempt Hawthorne himself to its ampler unfolding: "A person to be writing a tale, and to find that it shapes itself against his intentions; that the characters act otherwise than he thought; that unforeseen events occur; and a catastrophe comes which he strives in vain to avert. It might shadow forth his own fate,—he having made himself one of the personages." Or this: "Follow out the fantasy of a man taking his life by instalments, instead of at one payment,—say ten years of life alternately with ten years of suspended animation." Of course this last idea has a certain kinship with "Rip van Winkle" and with the "Man with the Broken Ear"; but it differs in that Hawthorne supposes his hero to act voluntarily and more than once, whereas there was but a single and involuntary suspension of animation in Irving's tale and in About's.

Another of Hawthorne's suggestions he might have treated himself, no doubt, with the delicate aroma of pure romance; but the theme would also lend itself to a wholly different treatment by a novelist enamoured of real things and of the externals of life:—

A story, the hero of which is to be represented as naturally capable of deep and strong passion, and looking forward to the time when he shall feel pas-

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simatelove, which is to be the great event of his existence. But it so chances that he never falls in love, and although he gives up the expectation of so doing, and marries calmly, yet it is somewhat sadly, with sentiments merely of esteem for his bride. The lady might be one who had loved him early in life, but whom then, in his expectation of passionate love, he had scorned.

No doubt more than one of these suggestions fructified in the minds of one or another reader of Hawthorne's "Note-Books" who happened also to be writers of fiction. If the present writer may offer himself as a witness, or if he may be allowed to enter the confessional, he admits that a short story of his composition, "Esther Feverel," was only an attempt to carry out a hint of Hawthorne's: "An old looking-glass; somebody finds out the secret of making all the images that have been reflected in it pass back again across its surface." And everybody knows that it was a story told to Hawthorne by a friend, and duly entered in the "Note-Books," which he abandoned to his class-mate, Longfellow, to treat in verse as "Evangeline."

In the volume of essays and sketches of travel which Mr. Howells has called "Literature and Life" and to which he gave an accurate sub-title when he characterised them as "Studies," there is one article containing the plot for a story. The paper is called "Worries of a Winter Walk"; and it narrates how Mr. Howells, in his pilgrimages about New York, went over toward the East River and came "upon a bit of our motley life, a fact of our piebald civilisation," which perplexed him and which suggested a little love-story. He tells us how the first notion of the tale occurred to him, evoked by an unexpected fact he had observed; and then with lambent humour he traces the successive steps by which the story grew in his mind, as it slowly took shape and began to have an independent existence. It was an idyll of the East side, a kodak-picture snapped in the midst of our cosmopolitan conglomeration of foreign peoples here in this crowded island. Mr. Howells sets forth one after another the variations of the little tale in his own mind, those which he decided to reject

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as well as those which he accepted. And finally he presents us with three possible terminations of the story, as though in doubt himself which was in fact the best. The narrative is shot through with the gentle irony and with the honest self-detachment so characteristic of the creator of "Silas Lapham."

In the end we find that he has not actually written out his story; he has merely told us how he might have written it. But the tale is complete; and we can see for ourselves—if only we bring our share of sympathetic imagination—how it would read if he had chosen to tell it simply as he has told his other stories. To the reader to whom a story is only a story,—to the reader who is entertained only by what has happened and who is interested only in discovering how it turns out at last,—perhaps the irony and the self-detachment are a little disconcerting. But to the scantier band who are alive to the subtle relations of literature and life, the tale thus presented is far more attractive than if it had been presented in the author's usual fashion. And this the author himself knew, with that understanding of the difficulties of his craft which is part of his equipment as a man of letters. The story itself remains unwritten, but not unwritable; and any other teller of tales who is in search of a ready-made plot can have it for the taking. But if any teller of tales does borrow it from Mr. Howells' book, and if he sets it forth in full as though it had happened, he may rest assured that his elaborative art is likely to fail of achieving the successful result attained by Mr. Howells' skilful and tactful commingling of ingenious suggestion and playful irony.

If the present writer may again call himself as a witness, it will be to confess that in a certain little tale of his own, "Love at First Sight," containing only the conversation at dinner of a pretty girl with a young author, he scattered broadcast three several suggestions for stories,—and that his reason for this reckless liberality was solely because these suggestions seemed to him more effective as mere suggestions than they would have been had he done his best to work them out con-

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scientiously. One was only an alluring title, to which, however, he had never been able to fit an appropriate plot:—"The Parrot that Talked in his Sleep." The second was the bare hint for a Hawthornesque sketch to be called "At the End of his Tether," and to describe how a collector of morbid taste brought together bits of the ropes with which notorious criminals had been hanged, only at the last to splice these together that he might hang himself. And the third, "The Queen of the Living Chessmen," was more fully developed, and the young writer of fiction was able to outline it to the pretty girl at dinner and to profit by her clever criticism. This third tale thus sketched out seemed to have dramatic possibilities of its own,—possibilities which so strongly impressed the editor of the magazine to which the manuscript was first submitted, that he rejected "Love at First Sight" with the remark that he would be glad to accept the "Queen of the Living Chessmen" if the author would write that out as a story by itself.

Yet this is just what the author was too wary to attempt. He is quite willing that it should be undertaken by another pen; but he had his own reasons for believing that the notion had made its full effect when it was presented merely as a notion. And it is his belief that the apparent generosity of Mr. Howells and of Mr. Aldrich, and also that of Poe, when they gave away the themes for tales that they had invented and that they might have written themselves had they so chosen, was the result of a delicate perception of the fact that the bare theme itself is often as valuable as the fully clothed tale would be. The underlying principle which has governed them is well stated by the younger Dumas in his account of the circumstances which led him to rewrite a play brought to him by Emile de Girardin, the "Supplice d'une Femme."

Dumas declares that all he found in Girardin's play was a single and striking situation. "But a situation is not an idea" he explains. "An idea has a beginning, a middle, and an end, an exposition, a development, and a conclusion. Anybody

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can happen on a dramatic situation; but this must be prepared for, made acceptable, made possible, and above all, untied logically." And then Dumas generously throws out the suggestion of a new and striking dramatic situation.

> A young man asks the hand of a young woman. It is accorded to him. He marries her civilly and religiously; and at the very moment when he is about to take her away with him, he learns, categorically, that he has married his sister. That is a situation, isn't it? and most interesting! But find a way out of it. I give you a thousand guesses; and I give you the situation, if you want it. He who shall make a good play with this as his starting-point will be the veritable author of the piece; and I shall not urge my claim.

It is proof of Dumas' perfect understanding of all the conditions of the dramaturgic art, that when two young French authors took him at his word and actually made a play out of this suggestion of his, the piece, although acted by the admirable company of the Odéon, was promptly dismissed as impossible.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

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THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL IN FRANCE

"A FIERY, glowing, noisy literature, a literature enamoured of scarlet and of passion!" In these vivid words the finest living critic of *belles lettres*, George Brandes, depicts the work of the Romantic School in France.[1] It was indeed a period unrivalled, except in the days of Elizabeth, for sound and colour. Brandes himself catches the infection; he is young with his heroes. He hardly knows that he did not see the "Janissaries," who walked home with the god of their idolatry after every performance of his masterpiece, lest he should be assassinated, and passed their nights writing *Vive Hugo* all over the arcade of the Rue de Rivoli. When he visited Paris, the last glimmer of that flag of the Romanticists, the red waistcoat which "Théo" ordered for *Hernani*, had hardly died away—there were people who maintained that he still wore it. The echo of the trumpets rang yet in the ears of those whom they had roused. He learnt the famous story of Dorval's improvised ending of *Anthony* from Philarète Chasles, who heard her say the words himself.[2] "Ah!" he cries, with a rare burst of enthusiasm, "that bouquet of 1830!

[1] "Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature." By George Brandes. Vol. v. (Heinemann. 12*s*. net.)

[2] It is to be said that the story, as told by the eye-witness, is much less amusing—and much less probable—than it is in Dumas' "Memoirs," vol. viii. pp. 115, 116.

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There is no other in the century that can be compared with it!"

Many causes unite to render this movement one of the best examples of its kind that is known to us. No doubt Euripides, who was a movement in himself, threw Greece into a fever; but no gifted lady has left on record the emotions of women when, for the first time, they saw themselves in the clear mirror of his drama. Memoirs and diaries did not appeal to Elizabethans. The first night of *Hamlet* "is silence." Who was the first Romeo? We cannot tell. The earliest Juliet was —horrid thought!—a boy. Around the production of such tragedies as *Othello*, *The Duchess of Malfi*, *The Broken Heart*, storms must have raged; it was not thought worth while to chronicle events that would have interested us more than Leicester's tiresome, unmeaning government of the Netherlands. There the plays lie upon the printed page, calm as if they had never been trembling flesh and blood. The victory was won; the fame of each great leader rests secure; but the details of the battle have been lost. In Germany, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, tower so proudly above the rest of their comrades that there is little sense of *camaraderie*—none at all of men bound by a common aim and fighting for one cause. "Faust" stands by himself. "Wallenstein" and "Don Carlos" have no brothers. The early glory of the Lake Poets faded away and was lost in mist. They did not hold together, they were ineffective playwrights, neither drama nor art was in the air. The pre-Raphaelite movement and the Impressionist movement possess a twofold interest, because they affected letters and pictures at the same time; the poets would not have been what they were without the painters, nor the painters without the poets. Political excitement, within bounds, appears to be favourable to a movement. Religious disturbance is—like war in good earnest—fatal. Certain results may be achieved—a classic translation of the Bibles—such a work as the "Confessions" of St. Augustine or the "Pensées" of Pascal—an epic it may be or some rough ballad with epic life in it; but there is a want

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of the lyrical element, men have no time to sing; and the dramatic element is, at such times, over strong; they are too busy acting themselves to act plays. A jealous age of criticism, on the other hand, will not be favourable to any branch of literature except itself, and satire, that weed that does not flourish in the true garden. Ruskin served the pre-Raphaelites admirably, and Sainte Beuve the Romanticists.[1] Ardent friendship is the one essential condition of any movement whatever. The spirit of brotherhood—the dramatic state of politics—keen, sympathetic excitement among musicians and painters; Byron, Shakespeare, Scott—these were the influences that moulded the men of 1880.

The French Romanticists were friends beside whom the lovers of other nations wax pale. They were devoured by passions for each other. Théophile Gautier (aged nineteen) nearly fainted when he was introduced to Hugo. (He is careful to tell us that geniuses are not at all displeased when people faint at the first introduction.)

A hundred evenings in succession was *Hernani* hissed, and a hundred evenings in succession was it received with storms of applause by young enthusiasts who, for their master's sake, did not weary of listening to the same speeches evening after evening, and defending them line by line against the hate, rage, envy, and superior power of his opponents. The fact may seem unimportant, yet it is worthy of observation, that France is the only country in which such *esprit de corps*, without the existence of any tangible *corps*, such unselfish devotion to the cause and honour of another, has ever been witnessed. . . . When, after the lapse of many years, we dryly say or write the words "they formed a school," we seldom take the trouble to conjure up any adequately vivid impression of what the formation of a school of literature and art signifies. There is a mysterious magic about the process. Some one remarkable man, after a long unconscious or half-conscious struggle, finally with full consciousness frees himself from prejudices and attains to clearness of vision; then, everything being ready, the lightning of genius illuminates what he beholds. Such a man gives utterance (as did Hugo in a prose preface of some score of pages) to some thoughts which have never been thought or expressed in the same manner before. They may be only half-true, they may be vague, but they have this remarkable quality that, in spite of more or less indefiniteness,

[1] But they were critics in the higher sense, critics of life as well as letters.

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"hey affront all traditional prejudices and wound the vanity of the day where it is most vulnerable, whilst they ring in the ears of the young generation like a call, like a new, audacious watchword. . . . But the most beautiful feature in this crystallisation of artistic spirits into a school is the reverence, the awe, which, in spite of the unanimity of their opinions, and in spite of their good comradeship, each feels for the other. Outsiders are apt to confuse this with what is satirically called "mutual admiration." But nothing is in reality more unlike the interested homage paid in periods of decadence than the naive admiration of each other's talents exhibited by the men who are unconsciously forming a school. Their hearts are too young, too pure, not to admire in real earnest. One young productive mind regards the other as something marvellous, which holds surprises in store. To the one the workshop of the other's mind is like a sealed book; he cannot guess what will next appear from it, has no idea what pleasures his comrade has in store for him. They honour in one another something which they value higher than the personality, than the usually as yet undeveloped character, namely, the talent by virtue of which they are all related to the deity they worship—Art.

It is rather odd that none of them should have joined the romantic Duchesse de Berry except the ancient classic, Chateaubriand, and he only with extreme caution; but every one of them despised the man who caught her, and they wrote with enthusiasm about la Vendée. They had romantic women of their own, George Sand, Mme. de Girardin, all Balzac's Duchesses, both of Mérimée's *inconnues*. They fought for Liberty and a Republic, but they settled down under the Citizen King, who was "the best Republic possible," and the dull government of the *Juste-milieu* made them more romantic than ever. The painter, Delacroix, was of them; the musicians, Berlioz and Chopin, were for them; great actors and actresses on every side stood ready. In the Twenties, a company of English actors at the Porte St. Martin were received "with a shower of apples and eggs and cries of: 'Speak French! Down with Shakespeare! He was one of Wellington's adjutants.'" Now Shakespeare's name became the rallying cry of the school. Scott they only esteemed as the author of "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," "Kenilworth," and "The Fair Maid of Perth"; but Alfred de Musset was nicknamed "Mademoiselle Byron." Spain and the East were powerful

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attractions. "Local colour," an expression invented then, became the rage; the adjective was in its glory. When de Musset read aloud for the first time at Hugo's house, only two passages of his were applauded, one concerning "a yellow and blue dragoon," and another about the black feet of falcons on the green sleeves of huntsmen. Hideousness sprang into favour, as it sometimes will, in times of intellectual topsy-turveydom; ugly and middle-aged women enjoyed a *vogue*, and the *ingénue* almost ceased to exist. Eccentricity ran riot sometimes, people said and did very absurd things; but after all, "they no longer wrote to please the public, they wrote to please each other," and therein lay the secret of their success.

> Dis-nous mil huit cent trente,
> Epoque fulgurante,
> Ses luttes, ses ardeurs . . .

This is what George Brandes has done in the delightful volume that lies before us.

MARY E. COLERIDGE.

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PICTORIAL RELICS OF THIRD CENTURY CHRISTIANITY

(IN S. MARIA MAGGIORE, ROME)

II—XYSTUS EPISCOPUS PLEBI DEI[1]

THE religious state of Rome in the time of the Antonines has been aptly compared to a glacial moraine, a mass of inorganic and melting *débris*, lying about the feet of an inert colossus.

It was a cosmopolitan age; national barriers had been broken down by the *pax romanorum*, and the universal acceptance of Hellenistic culture. The Persian and the Greek, the Roman and the Egyptian, not only traded and feasted, philosophised and worshipped together, but their very gods lost their national characteristics, and, like the minds of their worshippers, became hybrid; the Persian Mithras was worshipped in Rome under a Greek form, in association with the Phrygian Cybele, the Magna Mater; and the mystic rites of the Hellenised Egyptian Isis tempted worshippers away from the shrine of the more naïve Aphrodite.

This indulgent and apparently easy-going tolerance was a symptom not only of indifference and curiosity, but of an uneasiness which was rapidly growing into a desperate need.

The ancient gods of Italy and Greece, whose images men had crowned with coronals of flowers as little children, whose stories they had heard from the lips of their mothers, who

[1] See MONTHLY REVIEW for May, page 131.

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were invested with all the poetry and sanctity of things known in youth, were outgrown, discredited; their actions, not so much immoral as pre-moral, the limited range of the ideas they dominated grated on the nerves of a people conscious of sin, yearning for redemption, crying for vast horizons, and for a religion in which the best philosophic thought of the day should be synthetised.

These needs were alternately drugged and stimulated by the sensual and mystic cults of the East then in vogue, the hysterical excitements of which bequeathed an aftermath of enervation.

Beside these religions of the nerves and of the emotions stood the more virile figure of philosophic agnosticism, characteristically personified, towards the end of the second century, in the philosopher who was the head of the Empire; a stoic who looked unflinchingly into the godless sky, and accepted its emptiness; who looked unflinchingly into life, and, waving aside opiates, accepted its pain; and who set before the elect a tangible ideal, the deliberate choice of a life untainted by pretence or baseness; but who, nevertheless, knowing that the icy air he breathed was endurable by the strong only, and that air-bladders will save the weakly swimmer from death, not only conceded to the people their Isis and their Cybele, their Mithras and their Apollo, but purified and revived the rites of the national deities, himself—honestly, if somewhat sophistically—filling the office of Pontifex Maximus.

One nation alone disdained to join this seemingly concordant circle of religious eclectics, the Jews, popularly regarded by their contemporaries as a surly race of fanatics, whose religious bigotry had cost them their country, as stiff-necked worshippers of an unimaged tribal deity, who, though entering into the minutest details of their national life, had not preserved them from political extinction.

This landless people was able, numerous, and ubiquitous; in Egypt they counted a million souls, *i.e.*, a seventh of the population; in Syria they were still more numerous; they

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were well represented in Asia Minor and Greece; and in Rome also, as is shown by the fact that Tiberius banished to Sardinia four thousand Jews capable of bearing arms, an act which Claudius was unable to imitate some two decades later, so strong had they become.

They were not, therefore, a negligible quantity; the less so as—strangely enough at first sight—they were ardent and successful proselytisers. Homeless traders, travelling all the world over, the varied types of thought and religious life with which they came into contact confirmed them in the consciousness of possessing, in their God, and in their moral code, something which dominated the world, and was in harmony with its structure.

This conviction made them missionaries. Their commercial enterprises furnished them with an established network of intercommunication; moreover, as a dispersed body of co-religionists they possessed an organised corps of itinerant agents, called apostles, through whom they were in contact with the central religious authorities in Jerusalem.

From the time of Philo to that of Hadrian, Jewish proselytism was crowned with success. Exclusiveness is a quality as attractive as repellent; the very austerity of an imageless creed, associated with burdensome observances, and bare of any meretricious attractions, lifted it into the position of a philosophy, and it was as such that it reaped its most abundant harvest of converts in the Hellenistic world. It had certain qualities, however, which militated against its extension; it was not a universal, but a national creed; its converts necessarily remained proselytes, for its splendid promises were made to the seed of Abraham only; it was, moreover, associated with an irksome law.

It is intelligible that the Jews as a people should have been unpopular, turning as they did with ill-omened asperity from rites and sanctities with which their neighbours sought to hallow their lives, and with abhorrence from the cosmopolitan gods of the Empire, who gathered in Rome like

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courtiers about the hospitable figures of the deified Roman Emperors; but still they were excused, not without a touch of contempt, as clumsy provincials without *savoir vivre*, ignorant of the amenities of polite life, and unable to see good in aught which was not of their own devising; a half-grudging admiration even was granted to a conquered people whose churlish patriotism forbade them to sacrifice at the shrine of their victor's gods.

Not so the Christians, who in the eyes of contemporary pagans appeared an offshoot of the same tribe of bigots, and exhibited all the most obnoxious traits of their compatriots, without their palliating features; who, while blaspheming the gods, worshipped, without a temple, and without images, a crucified man of their own race, to whom the hierarchy and government of his own people expressed vehement repugnance. They were generally considered atheists therefore; and not atheists only, but anarchists also, for, like the Jews, they refused to do homage to the Emperor's image, not however from motives of provincial patriotism, for they were drawn from all races and tongues.

The character of this new sect was a source of embarrassment to the official world of the day, which had no desire to occupy itself with obscure religious enthusiasts, but on which Christian *intransigeance* forced the *rôle* of persecutors, for the external unity of the Empire covered such great differences of race and ideal that rulers could not afford to tolerate disintegrating forces.

This unity was three-fold: it was based on a common religion (the idea that the gods of one country differed from each other in name only was encouraged as tending towards political consolidation); a common culture, the Hellenistic; and a common government, of which the Emperor was the divinely appointed head, the public sense of the sacredness of his office being expressed in the cult of his image, any offence against which was punishable as *lèse majesté*.

As Christians repudiated or insulted each of these essentials

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to the stability of the existing order of things, they were naturally anathema to the powers that were.

Pliny, when Governor of Bithynia (111–113) speaks of Christianity with irritation as a "depraved and extravagant superstition." His friend, Suetonius, calls it "new and maleficent"; Celsus, a patriot as well as an eclectic philosopher, brands it, in his "True Word" (178), as an anthropomorphic myth of the lowest sort, in which atheism, fanaticism, and superstition were dangerously mingled. The orator Aristides (117–185) points to it as a real danger to civilisation, because tending to replace the clearly characterised national Greek culture by a hybrid and impotent cosmopolitanism. Its followers excite in him the keenest aversion; he execrates them as both uncultured and pretentious. "These Christians," he says, "people of no account, who utter no word which does not contain at least one solecism, venture to criticise a Demosthenes. Contemptible themselves they dare to despise others. . . . Like the atheists of Palestine (*i.e.*, *the Jews*) they unite servility with shameless audacity. . . . Incapable of uniting for any useful purpose they are masters of the art of undermining a household, and of estranging its inmates. . . . They take no part in the celebration of religious festivities, nor do they revere the gods. . . . They pay no attention to forms of speech, but crawling into corners talk nonsense there. . . . Moreover, they dare to approach the best of the Greeks, and call themselves . . . philosophers, as if a name in itself had any value, and could make a Narcissus or a Hyacinthus out of a Thersites!"[1]

Julian the Apostate, writing some two hundred years later, at a time when paganism was making its last desperate struggle for life, echoes the same indictments. "These men," he cries, "have rejected whatever of significant and beautiful was current among either the Hellenists, or the Jews . . . taking from each however . . . the evil by which each had been infected, atheism from the superficiality of the Jews,

[1] See Neumann. "Der Romische Staat u. die Allg. Kirche," p. 36.

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and a loose and frivolous life from our carelessness and vulgarity."

Added to the reasoned condemnation of the cultivated was the inevitable blind dislike of the vulgar, of those whose interests were threatened, whose conservatism was wounded, whose superstitious fears were roused, and whose vanity was hurt by the spectacle of too much virtue. This dislike bulked large, and expressed itself freely; it was said that the Christians compensated themselves by private licence for their outward austerity; they were held responsible for public calamities, earthquakes, epidemics, and the like, which were believed to be the fruit of their impiety.

In short, from all sorts and conditions of men there arose a unanimous chorus of reprobation.

Yet so strong was the vitality of the religion of Christ that two centuries later it had driven its rivals from the field, and was not only established in college, council, and court as the state religion, but was enthroned in the hearts of the people.

The question arises, what was the force which led from such unpromising beginnings to so dramatic a triumph?

The aim of civilisation is the attainment of the common good, without the sacrifice of the individual.

The founder of Christianity showed how this aim could be realised.

"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself." The superstructures of social life, its arts and sciences, spring naturally from the spontaneous workings of the human intelligence, but they further the great purposes of existence only when they adorn a civilisation thus based.

This conception of man's true relation to God and to his fellow man, of the solidarity of the divine and the human, ensured the ultimate triumph of Christianity, and of the Christian philosophy of life. For it was as a philosophy, as well as a religious and social creed, that it was presented to the cultivated world.

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Justin Martyr (d. *circa* 165) characterises it as such when, addressing Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, and Lucius Verus, he begs them, since they are "called pious and *philosophers*, guardians of justice, and lovers of learning," to give heed to his words, for "those who are truly pious and philosophic honour and love that which is true only, and decline to follow inherited opinions, if these be worthless."[1]

Athenagoras, "Athenian, Philosopher, and Christian," writing (177) in the same spirit, presents his plea for Christians to Marcus Aurelius and Commodus, "Conquerors of Arminia and Sarmatia, but *above all Philosophers*."

Melito, addressing Marcus Aurelius, also speaks of Christianity as *our philosophy*.

In this their philosophy, which consisted in the first instance, and supremely, of the teaching of Christ, and of the Apostles, second-century Christians included, not only the sociology of Moses inherited through the Jews, but the entire wisdom of foregoing ages, claiming as co-religionists all who, in however far a past or distant a land, had spoken nobly or thought wisely, for they believed that the Logos whom they worshipped was the source of all good things.

"Christ," says Justin, "the first-born of the Father, is the Logos of which all men are partakers; all those who have lived nobly are Christians, even though they have been deemed atheists," and he points to Socrates as an example. Thinking thus, it is quite intelligible that he should have reckoned the Sibyls and Hystaspes among Christian prophets, and accepted Balaam the Syrian, who prophesied the rising of a star in Jacob, as a Christian Seer.

It was not, however, as thinkers only that Christians claimed to be the inheritors of the past, but as a *people*.

Being originally an offshoot of Judaism they naturally inherited the sacred writings of the Jews; by interpreting these allegorically they were able to conceive Jewish history as a series of prophetic foreshadowings of the life of Christ.

[1] 1 "Apology," ch. xi.

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and of the teaching of the Church. Nay, more, as the mystic "seed of Abraham," the "true Israel" and the "People of Promise," they claimed as theirs the promises and blessings which the Jews, in spite of experience, persisted in applying to themselves.

They further pointed to the purity of their morals and the nobility of their ethics as verifying their pretension to be "not a people only, but a *holy* people; not a people, therefore, to be despised; nor . . . a barbarous race, but the nation which God of old promised to Abraham," for the sake of which the world was created.[1] "God," cries Justin Martyr, "did not create the world aimlessly, but for the sake of human beings," who, he continues, were designed to express a divine thought, which thought was realised in Christians only.

Clement of Alexandria, writing in his "Stromateis" in the same spirit, calls the Christian people the inheritors of the best things, "the golden race."

"For Plato," he says, "plainly calls us (*i.e.*, all human beings) brethren, because we are derived from one God, and one Teacher, . . . Who, however, mixed gold in the formation of those who are fit to rule . . . silver in that of those who are helpers . . . and steel and brass in the case of farmers and other workers. In other words, the Athenian philosopher foreshadows the great religious polities in a prophetic allegory, that of the Jews being of silver, that of the Greeks of the base metals, but that of the Christians golden, for with it is mixed the regal gold of the Holy Spirit." And elsewhere he expresses the cognate thought that one God only is worshipped, though under titles and rites differing according to the intelligence of the worshipper, by Jews and Pagans ignorantly, but by the Christians according to inspired knowledge. "Rightly does the Apostle ask," he says, "Is God the God of the Jews only, and not of the Greeks?" thereby intimating that God is the Lord of all, the only true and universal King. In justification of this belief he quotes a most interesting passage from the

[1] "Dial. with Trypho," ch. 119.

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"Prædicatio Petri," [1] which will be seen to be a compendium of the thought mirrored in the pictures of the Triumphal Arch of S. Maria Maggiore, the discussion of the date of which is the object of this and the foregoing paper.[2]

"Men of the highest repute among the Greeks knew God," he asserts, "not by positive knowledge, but indirectly."

"Peter says in his 'Preaching . . . worship this God, not as do the Greeks,' signifying plainly that the excellent among the Greeks, though lacking the perfect knowledge revealed by the Son, worshipped the same God as we. . . . Neither worship as the Jews; for they, thinking that they only know God, do not know Him . . . but ye, learning piously and righteously what we deliver to you . . . worship ye God in a new way, through Christ." . . .

Clearly, I think, he shows that the one and only God was known by the Greeks in a Gentile way, and by the Jews Judaically, but by us in a new and spiritual manner. . . . The same God who promulgated the two Covenants (to us and to the Jews) was the giver of Greek philosophy to the Greeks, by which philosophy the Almighty is glorified among them.

"One people of the saved [3] are gathered, therefore, from among those trained by Hellenic culture, and by the law . . . and these are not three peoples separated from each other by time . . . but three peoples trained according to different dispensations of one Lord. For as God, wishful to save the Jews, raised them up prophets of their own tongue . . . so He distinguished the most excellent of the Greeks from the generality . . . as the Apostle Paul shows: 'Take the Hellenic books,' he says,

[1] A second-century apocryphal gospel.

[2] See MONTHLY REVIEW, May 1904.

[3] More than a century earlier St. Paul had expressed the same thought, the essential unity of all human creatures, with even more splendid universalism. "Ye are all sons of God through faith in Jesus Christ," he cries, "there can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ," and then the pupil of Gamaliel, "instructed according to the strict manner of the law," adds characteristically, "if ye are Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, heirs according to the promises."

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'read the Sibyl, see how God's unity is shown, and how the future is foreshadowed. And take Hystaspes, read, and you will find the Son of Man still more clearly and luminously described.'" [1]

This idea of a diversely trained but united humanity, co-operating harmoniously under one leader, appealed to the Roman mind; it was, in fact, the Imperial ideal, which was the backbone of the Empire, though in its actual working it too often degenerated into the armed exploitation of the weak for the benefit of the strong. Its syncretism and universalism, characteristic of the thought of the day, mirrored a tendency born not only of general social conditions, but essential to human nature.

This yearning for unity, for the breaking down of barriers, found expression in the Christian doctrine of the unity of all human beings. Being harmonious with the *Zeitgeist*, this thought finds constant expression in early Christian literature and art, very notably in peculiar Christian interpretations of Old Testament incidents.

The author of "De Pascha Computus" (242) connects the idea of the three races of the world—Greeks, Barbarians, and Christians (or, as St. Paul puts it, uncircumcised, circumcised, and Christians)—and of their common salvation in Christ, with the Three Jews of Babylon, who were uninjured in the fiery furnace, because of the protecting presence of the Son of God in their midst; he looks on them as symbols of these three races.

The thought of the Christian "nation" as the "third" people, the flower and complement of Jews and Gentiles, is frequently met with in the interpretation of Old Testament incidents as "mysteries." Thus Hippolytus accepts Susanna as a type of the Church endangered by the older communities of the Jews and Gentiles, but justified by a righteous judge. The author of "De Mont. Sina et Sion" sees a reference to

[1] "Stromateis," vi. 5. Clement of Alexandria takes this quotation from a lost apocryphal writing, attributed to St. Paul.

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the "three people," of which the greatest was Christian, in the two thieves who were crucified on Calvary, with the Redeemer in their midst; an especially interesting interpretation, if taken in connection with a conception of the body especially current among gnostics, who viewed it as a cross (this was partly suggested by its form), an instrument of suffering, to which the divine element in man was bound.

It is difficult to conceive a stranger history than that of the Church of the time of the Apologists, the members of which held views not merely inharmonious with the ancient and complex civilisation in which they were embedded, but incompatible with it; who were execrated by the people, anathematised by the ruling classes, and repudiated with ridicule by the cultured, but who maintained that they were the inheritors of the past and its wisdom, the universal people (*gens totius orbis*), the chosen of God, and heirs of the whole world.

And they were right, not only spiritually, but materially.

In less than two hundred years they were so powerful a social factor that an ambitious and unscrupulous man realised that the adoption of their cause meant an imperial throne.

Constantine's so-called "establishment of the Church" was merely the political recognition of a *fait accompli;* in the fourth century Christianity was, *ipso facto*, the religion of the Empire.

Strange as its triumph seems at first, it was inevitable; for Christianity alone satisfied crying wants; it gave men a benevolent God, a personal Saviour, spiritualised ethics, poetic and mysterious Means of Grace, and was able to point to the miraculous powers of its members, and to prophetic predictions of its history as guarantees of its divine origin. It also alone (Judaism excepted) was *intransigeant*, its struggle with polytheism was to the death; herein lay its strength, for great victories are won not by pliant opportunism, but by conviction. Every empire is founded on the blood of martyrs.

The conscience and intelligence of the day demanded

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monotheism; the only serious rivals of Christianity, therefore, were Judaism, Mithraism, and the theosophy of Greek philosophers.

Its double character, as the *new* and perfect embodiment of *ancient* truths, was an advantage; it was free to discard the base and elementary, the burdensome and discreditable, which were the inheritance of its rivals from a rude past, and logical in claiming all that was good in them as its own, as emanating from the Logos it worshipped.

Thus it rejected the cramping nationalism of the Jews, together with the letter of their law, but by adopting the Jewish Scriptures and by identifying itself with the "Israel" of its promises it obtained a vast historical background, and proclaimed itself the religion of the future.

Although its relation to Mithraism was that of a determined opponent, the Persian cult, being monotheistic and philosophic, in a certain sense paved the way for Christianity, with which it undoubtedly held important doctrines and mysteries in common.

Its connection with current philosophy, from which its apologists borrowed one of its leading thoughts, that of the Logos, was far more intimate.

. . . . . .

We will now examine two of the pictures on the Arch of S. Maria Maggiore, and will glance at the general scope of the series dedicated to the Plebs Dei[1] in order to see whether they reflect the aspects of Christianity peculiar to the Pre-Constantinian Church.

The subject of the second picture on the left is evidently the Adoration of the Magi.[2] Its centre is a child seated on a wide throne; His hands are raised in speech, above Him shines a star, and behind Him stands a guard of angels.

To the right is an enthroned woman, her bowed and veiled head raised with a look of gladness; in her right hand is an unfurled roll. This beautiful figure was believed to represent

[1] See first part of this paper, MONTHLY REVIEW, May 1904.

[2] See Pl. 1, Fig. 1, left.

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the Church of the Circumcision (the *Ecclesia ex Circumcisione*), but has been shown to represent the Sibyl.[1] Beside her are two of the Magi, who advance with gifts.

The left wing of the picture has perished, but the general structure of the composition is so symmetrical that it can be hypothetically reconstructed with considerable certainty. No doubt the space was occupied by the third Mage, and by a figure which formed a pendant to that of the Sibyl.

In an earlier paper we showed that in the Christian writings of the second and third centuries the Sibyl was habitually classed with the Persian prince and sage Hystaspes, who foretold the coming of the Redeemer.

In his first Apology Justin Martyr regrets that "by the agency of devils death has been decreed against those who read the writings of the Sibyl and of Hystaspes . . . that they might prevent men they fear . . . from obtaining knowledge of what is good; which," he adds in his audacious way, "they do not always succeed in doing, for not only do we fearlessly read them, but bring them to you for inspection"; and this in a petition addressed to the Emperor!

We have already quoted a passage from Clement of Alexandria's "Stromateis," in which the Sibyl and Hystaspes are similarly juxtaposed.

It is not improbable, therefore, that the figure of Hystaspes formed a pendant to that of the Sibyl.

The mystic subject-matter of the picture is undoubtedly Christ, conceived as the fulfilment of Oriental prophecy.

The Persian sages who are here represented as guided by a star, and by the words of their prophets to the throne of Christ, and are called "wise men," or Magi, by St. Matthew, were members of a Zoroastrian priestly caste, learned in the art of divination by the stars, and in the interpretation of dreams. Magi were well-known in Rome from their connection with various Oriental cults, of which the sun was

[1] This point is fully treated in "The Golden Age of Classic Christian Art," by J. P. Richter and A. Cameron Taylor. Duckworth and Co.

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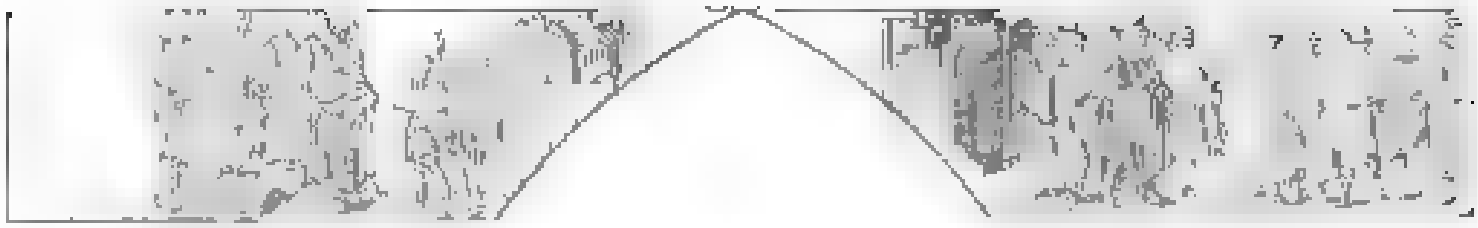


Plate I. Fig. 1. — Left: Oriental Theosophy a guide to Christ. — Right: Occidental Philosophy a guide to Christ.

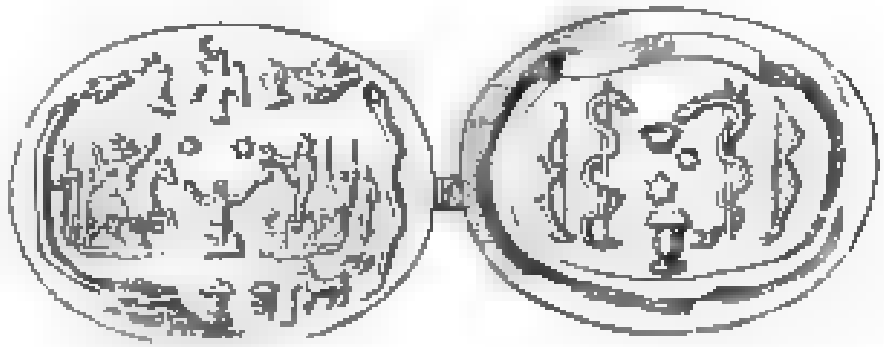


Plate I., Fig. 2. — Milanese Cameo: Man born from the rock. — Up: cup and bread = the Eucharist among the Mithraic symbols.

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the central symbol, and Mithraism the most fashionable variant; they were associated in the Christian mind with two ideas, with the cult of the heavenly bodies, and with the possession of doctrines and rites curiously similar to theirs.

We have seen how keenly the Roman political world felt the necessity of enhancing the prestige of the head of the State, the Emperor. It found a powerful ally in the Mithraic doctrine of the dependence of the destiny of individuals on the movements of the heavenly bodies. Eastern astrology taught that the sun was the especial star of kings, through whose occult influence they were raised to their high position; their rank, therefore, being determined by divine beings, working incomprehensibly through extra-terrestrial media, was in itself a certificate of intrinsic worth, in the face of which it was not merely foolish to dispute their authority, but impious, the stellar gods themselves being its source. Thus to the cult of the Emperors,[1] which Christians regarded as an unpardonable breach of loyalty to their heavenly King, and which was always distasteful to the eminently reasonable Roman mind, Mithraism gave a logical basis. Hence its popularity at court, and in the army. Nevertheless, when Constantine realised that the gods of the Hellenised Empire were outgrown, and that a throne unconnected with the altar was unstable, it was not to Mithraism that he turned for support, although his father was an ardent devotee of Persian monotheism, and his own religious predilections were Mithrian, but—as he was playing to win—to Christianity.

The closeness and frequency of Mithraic and Christian parallelisms of thought and rite are surprising.

The mission of the sun god was not dissimilar to that of the Christian Redeemer. "Mithras," says Cumont, "was conceived by his late Hellenistic worshippers as the creator to whom Jupiter Ormazd committed the task of establishing and maintaining order in nature . . . or, to speak the philosophic language of the day, as the Logos, who emanated from God

[1] See Cumont, "Mystères de Mithra."

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and shares his omnipotence; who having fashioned the world as demiurge continues to watch over it faithfully. He is the god of help never invoked in vain, an unfailing haven, an anchor of salvation to mortals in all their trials; . . . the defender of justice and truth; the protector of holiness; and the intrepid antagonist of the powers of darkness . . . the intermediary between his celestial Father and men; and, like Christ, one of a Trinity."[1] His votaries believed in the existence of guardian angels; in heaven; in hell; in the immortality of the soul; in future retributive justice; in a last Judgment; in the resurrection of the dead; and in the final destruction of the world by fire.

The mysteries of Mithras also bear a certain resemblance to those of Christianity. Its central rite was the immolation of a victim, from whose blood sprang the vine and corn, bread and wine, the mystic as well as the material food of man.

Its members partook of a memorial supper at which the participants drank a cup of water mingled with wine, and broke bread signed with a cross. Baptism was the sacrament of initiation; the neophyte passed through its waters, as through death, into a new life; Sunday was observed as a holy day; and the 25th of December (the day on which, the winter solstices being past, the power of the sun began to increase) was observed as the birthday of the giver of all good things, the *sol invictus*.

In view of these many and remarkable similarities it is not surprising that certain Christian apologists (notably Justin and Tertullian) declared that in Mithraism devils had sought to discredit many Christian rites by *anticipatory* plagiarism.

But the attitude of the creator of this representation of the turning of the East to Christ was more catholic. His point of view is that St. Paul expressed at Athens when he said: "Sirs, I perceive that ye are . . . religious . . . what ye worship in ignorance, this set I forth to you." But here

[1] Cumont, "The Mysteries of Mithra," pp. 140, 143. London, 1903.

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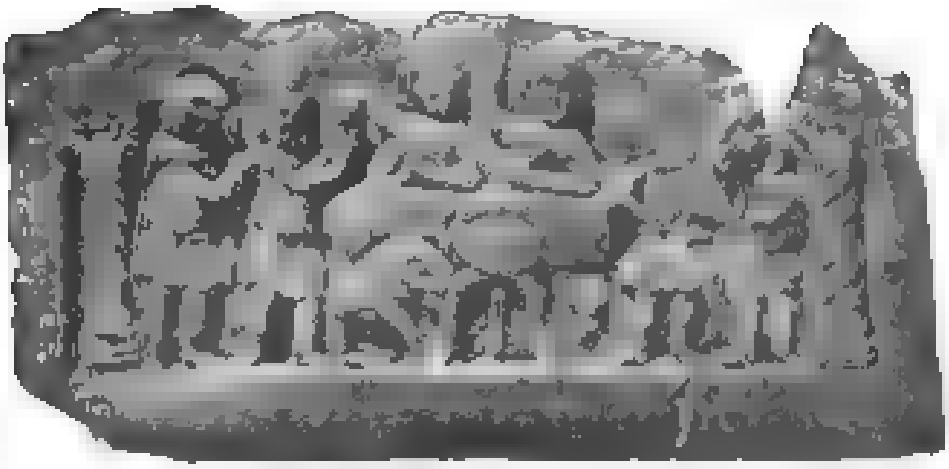


Plate II. Fig. 1. Mithraic Commemorative Feast, from a clay relief recently discovered at Boston. In centre the commemorants on either side the participants, characterised as belonging to the four orders of initiates, viz. on their right the Raven and the Persian, in their left the Soldier and the Lion.



Plate II, Fig. 2. Christian Commemorative Feast, from S. Pietro e Marcellino.

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pagan, not Christian, teachers testify to Christ, Oriental theosophists witness to the coming of the Redeemer, Hystaspes and the Sibyl attend the enthroned Logos, over whose head floats the prophetic star of destiny, of the significance of which the Magi were the official interpreters.

This conciliatory view, the syncretic nature of which was characteristic of the times, was held by members of both creeds, between whom the romantic story of the Persian Magi, which Matthew has woven into the prologue of his gospel, served as a connecting link.

Indeed, there were not lacking reconcilers of Christianity and Mithraism who maintained that it was Zoroaster himself who had foretold the coming of the Redeemer, and had described the portent by which his birth was heralded; others identified the prophet with Balaam.

Even Clement of Alexandria not only writes of the Magi of Persia as illuminated by philosophy, and thus enabled to foretell the birth of the Redeemer, and to travel to Judea guided by a star, but of their arrival at Jerusalem "as Zoroaster had foretold."

Cumont[1] speaks of a writing "On Persian Things" which was popular during the Middle Ages, and which contained a digression in which Mithraism is treated as the precursor of Christianity, and the Persian gods themselves (like those of Sotine, in the apocryphal gospel of Matthew) are represented as recognising Christ as a divinity who, coming after them, was mightier than they; the author, moreover, expressly declares that the two Oriental religions differed only superficially from each other, Jesus being the *sol invictus*, the King of kings. As Mithraism was practically extinct in the Empire in the sixth century, such views must be the echo of very early religious opinions.

Surely this tendency to see in Christ the "Unknown God," after whom the orient yearned, is mirrored in this picture dedicated to "the People of God," of which the centre is

[1] See Cumont, "Les Mystères de Mithra," 1900.

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Christ, the Logos, the incarnation of divine reason, with divinely inspired eastern teachers enthroned on his right and left, and over his head the extra-terrestrial light, which was the eastern symbol of the divine power which shapes the lives of men.

A philosopher who brings a king and his court to Christ is represented in the composition which forms a pendant to the "Coming of the East to Christ."[1]

Its centre is Christ, represented as a child; his head is encircled by a nimbus, his hand is raised in solemn speech, his demeanour is that of a young prince. In attendance on him are his mother, Joseph, and four angels, whose gestures proclaim their consciousness of the wide and solemn import of the incident of which they are spectators. Facing Christ is a Hellenistic king followed by a numerous retinue, among them his son, who touches his arm, and with awe-struck look directs his attention on to the supernatural Child.

The connecting link between these two groups is a philosopher, clearly characterised as such by his dress, a pallium so arranged as to leave his right shoulder and arm bare, by his staff, and by his long hair and beard, a dress affected by philosophers in all parts of the Empire, in Lyons as in Ephesus, in Rome as in Alexandria, and doubtless worn by Justin Martyr and Athenagoras, professed teachers of *Christianity as a philosophy*, who, as we have seen, appealed to Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher, to give a hearing to the philosophy which, in their estimation, was at once new, inspired, and the quintessence of the wisdom of past ages.

The identification of the actual incident pictured is not without difficulty. We need not here discuss the various obviously untenable interpretations which have been put forward, and rejected ("Christ in the Temple," "The Meeting of Christ and John the Baptist," &c.), it is sufficient to speak of one which is supported by learned experts, Kondakoff, Padre Grisar, M. de Waal, and others, who

[1] See Pl. 1, Fig. 1, right.

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believe the subject-matter of this picture to be an event which took place during the flight into Egypt, and is recorded in the "Evangelium Pseudo-Matthei" (in its present form a fifth-century compilation), in which it is related that when the Christ Child was carried by his Mother into a heathen temple in the province of Heliopolis all the idols it contained, falling from their pedestals, lay prostrate before him; and that, awed by this miracle, the king adored, as God, the Child whom the idols had dumbly acknowledged as their Lord. It is difficult to believe that if the artist had wished to picture this incident he would not only have omitted its most dramatic traits, the temple, the fall of the idols, and the fright and anger of their priests, but would have invented the central figure, the philosopher. It is safer to acknowledge that the literary source of this composition is at present unknown; a circumstance which is rendered less deplorable by the clearness with which the incident is depicted.

We have already spoken at some length on the emphasis laid by Pre-Constantinian apologists on the philosophic aspect of Christianity, an emphasis of which the purpose may have been political in part, for Christianity taught as a philosophy had a right to the same liberty of expression, and to the same measure of tolerance which was accorded to other publicly taught phases of thought, Platonic, Epicurean, Stoic, and the like.

In conclusion, we will glance at the attitude of the Church of the time of the Apologists towards the historical narrative of the Old Testament, which is the subject-matter of the pictures of the nave, and towards the life of Christ, which is represented on the Arch in a series of pictures of which the literary sources are in part unknown to us, and are in part the outcome of an extra-canonical tradition.

The early Church taught that the Hebrew scriptures it inherited were written under divine inspiration for the spiritual instruction of man, in order "that he might become a share

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in the knowledge of the spirit, and a partaker in the divine council."[1]

To the question as to what would be the natural subject-matter of a revelation made to "souls living in human bodies,"[2] Origen replies that it would certainly explain those things which are of most vital importance to man; God, the Incarnation, the nature and existence of rational creatures living both in heaven and on earth, the origin of souls, the reason of their inequalities; it would also account for sin, and say whether it was confined to the earth.

Sufficient teaching on these important subjects was to be found, so Origen maintained, in the Bible, if interpreted mystically.

"It was the intention of the Holy Ghost," he says, "to enlighten those holy souls who devote themselves to the service of truth on these and similar subjects," but because of "those who either could not, or would not, give themselves the labour and toil which alone would fit them to be instructed in things of such value and importance these mysteries were hidden, wrapped up, and concealed in ordinary language, under the cover of history, or of a narrative of visible things."[3]

The true value of the Old Testament lay therefore, in his opinion, in the mystic kernel of truth which the actual incident narrated sometimes concealed, and sometimes suggested.

He points, as illustrations of his conception of the right mode of divining the substance, the heavenly things the shadow of which fall athwart the Biblical narrative, to the miraculous flood of water, which, breaking from the rock, sustained the children of Israel in the wilderness, "which rock was Christ"; to the tabernacle made by Moses, "according to the pattern shown him on the Mount"; to the two sons of Abraham, one born according to the flesh, and the other by promise, "which things are an allegory, for these are the two covenants."

[1] Origen, "De Principiis," Book iv.
[2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*

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If we glance at the subject-matter and general arrangement of the pictures of the Nave and Arch, viewed as a mutually complementary whole, we shall find that they combine to express a single thought, inspired by a conception of Biblical history similar to that entertained by Origen.

The great cycle of the Nave, of which the subject-matter is drawn from the Old Testament exclusively, is opened by a small series treating of the history of Abraham, the Father of the People of Promise. In the first picture Melchizedec "offers" bread and wine sacrificially, and above these elements of the Eucharist appears the sublime and pathetic figure of the Redeemer, whose body and blood, given for the life of man, were thus mystically foreshadowed. In the following pictures Christ, attended by angels, announces to Abraham the miraculous birth of a Child in whom all the ends of the earth should be blessed. In the offering made by Abraham to these "angels" the sacrament of the Eucharist is again foreshadowed. Lot, Abraham's kinsman according to the flesh, separates his course from his, and, turning his back on the sacred house and the Child of Promise, makes his way to the doomed Sodom. Jacob receives his father's blessing, the fatness of the earth, corn, and wine, which are again conceived mystically, as the sustenance of birds, symbols of souls. In the next two series he is represented as the Good Shepherd, and as the husband of the unloved Leah, and of the beautiful Rachel, figures recognised in the second century as prototypes of Judaism and Christianity. "Leah is your Synagogue," says Justin, "but Rachel is our Church."

Then comes a short series of which the leading notes are dislike of circumcision and distrust of the "Sons of Leah" (*i.e.*, Jews).

The pictorial series on the opposite side of the Nave opens with the story of Moses, a prototype of the suffering incarnate Christ, a Prince who gave up his kingdom to redeem his people; who led them, through the waters of the Red Sea (Baptism), from the land of bondage and of the "flesh-pots," into the

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place of discipline; fed them on miraculous food; made bitter waters sweet by virtue of "wood" (the Cross); who routed the enemy by the power of the semblance of the Cross; and, as God's intermediary, made a covenant, by which the redeemed became a "peculiar treasure . . . from among all peoples . . . a kingdom of priests, and a holy people" (Ex. xviii), and who then passed away, leaving this people to the triumphant guidance of "Jesus,"[1] who gives them the Holy Land; at whose coming the courses of the heavenly bodies are stayed, and the kings of the earth cry to the mountains to hide them; and at the sound of whose trumpet-blasts the strongholds of the enemy fall. The tendency of this last series is apocalyptic and chiliastic, and refers to the then hourly expected second coming of Christ in glory.

Throughout this great cycle the story of the Jews is treated as a "mystery," prophetic of the history of the spiritual "People of God," of their education and triumph under One, of whom the great Old Testament leaders were prototypes.

On the Arch prototype is replaced by antitype, prophecy by its fulfilment. A sign had been given by Isaiah by which the Redeemer should be recognised—he was to be born of a Virgin; the series is therefore inaugurated by the representation of the Annunciation of the Virgin-birth to Joseph and to Mary. In the following pictures Christ is officially presented in the Temple, where He is recognised by certain Jews, learned in the Scriptures, as the "light to lighten the Gentiles," but rejected by the Hierarchy, with the result of the flight of the Saviour from Judea, the extinction of the Jewish people, and the erection of a Pagan temple on the site of that of the Jewish Jehovah; he is recognised as the long-looked-for Redeemer by Oriental theosophists; and as the Logos, the Divine Wisdom, by western philosophers; and, finally, his "little children," the Holy Innocents, lay down their lives, dying by order of one who wears the dress of a Roman Emperor, at whose ears, prompting him, are Jewish priests.

[1] Joshua is called "Jesus" in the Septuagint.

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Obviously there is no place in this closely wrought theological and didactic scheme for the "Theotokos," or for reference to dogmas promulgated at the Council of Ephesus, which have been associated with it on the ground of Xystus' inscription. This pictorial cycle reflects the theology of an earlier date, it mirrors the Christian Platonism which interpreted Jewish history as a series of "mysteries" foreshadowing the history of the spiritual Plebs Dei, the PLEBS DEI to whom Xystus III., the great remodeller of the ancient basilica Sicinini, dedicated the pictures which he may well have restored, and of the significance of which his inscription shows he was fully aware.

A. CAMERON TAYLOR.

NOTE.—The coloured plate reproduces the figure of Aaron from the mosaic in S. Maria Maggiore representing the Passage of the Red Sea.

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GEORGE GISSING

AN IMPRESSION[1]

THE tragic accident, for such the last sudden illness of George Gissing must be accounted, that leaves "Veranilda," his long-contemplated romance, incomplete, renders it not only seemly but necessary that there should be some brief introductory presentation of the spirit in which it was conceived. Through most of the life he led as a widely respected, but never very popular or prosperous writer, there existed the strangest misconceptions of his personal quality, and he was figured as the embodiment of nearly everything he most disliked. Because he exhausted the resources of a fine irony upon the narrowness and sordidness of contemporary life, a public incapable of irony conceived him as sordid and narrow; because he was possessed by so passionate a preference for the legend of classical Rome that all modern life was colourless and insignificant in his eyes, an eminent interviewer could, as his mortuary chaplet, fling out a condescending and regretful condemnation of his "modernity"; and he whose whole life was one unhappiness because he would not face realities, was declared the master and leader of the English realistic school. He has been likened to Zola, a well-nigh incredible feat of criticism; and a legend of him as a prowling figure gathering "copy"—they always call it "copy"—"among the barrows of East End costermongers," and in the galleries of "slum side

[1] Originally written as a preface to "Veranilda."

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theatres," has been the imaginative response to this illuminating comparison. His life and these inventions lie patent for the Griswolds of our time; and there is the clear possibility of an English parallel to that cairn of misrepresentation and ugly falsehood which the Americans have deemed a fitting monument to their Poe. For the proper reading of "Veranilda," if for no other reason, this growing legend must be resolutely thrust aside.

For the beginning of a juster picture there can be nothing better than the figure of Gissing as a schoolboy, obsessed by a consuming passion for learning, at the Quaker's boarding-school at Alderley Edge. He had come thither from Wakefield at the age of thirteen, and after the death of his father, who was in a double sense the cardinal formative influence in his life. The tones of his father's voice, his father's gestures, never departed from him; when he read aloud, particularly if it was poetry he read, his father returned in him. He could draw in those days with great skill and vigour—it will seem significant to many that he was particularly fascinated by Hogarth's work, and that he copied and imitated it—and his father's well-stocked library and his father's encouragement had quickened his imagination and given it its enduring bias for literary activity. One sees him at Alderley Edge as a rather pale and slightly hollow-cheeked boy, the eldest and most zealous of three brothers, who were all redoubtable workers. The school, though socially unpretentious, was a good one. Its headmaster, Mr. James Wood, was something of an enthusiast; and Gissing, whose imagination may have been quickened by the recent death of his father, and by a clear knowledge of the effort his education cost, seems to have flung himself at his opportunities with an almost exaggerated intensity. He joined as little as possible in the school games—though he played hockey, an old schoolfellow witnesses, with "madness and vigour"—and he walked much alone. For the rest, he worked. He would work even at his exercise, reading as he walked. Occasionally his imagination and energy found vent in the

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organisation of violent bouts of tilting and the Greek, French, or English play performed on the half-yearly speech nights was a great thing for him. "Gissing," that old schoolfellow writes, "was our shining light. He was at one and the same time, stage builder, stage manager, instructor, leading actor and prompter, as well as our chief reciter." Except in the enthusiasm of such enterprises, he seems to have had noticeably little companionship with the mass of his schoolfellows. He was speedily the prodigy of the school, a lonely prodigy, living overmuch among books, already out of touch with life, and already possessed by

> The glory that was Greece
> And the grandeur that was Rome,

that were his standards throughout all the rest of his life.

He finished his school prodigiously—measured by the scale of his school. He came out first of the kingdom in the Oxford Local Examination, and carried the same unqualified energy of study to Owens College, where for a time his story was an unbroken record of prize-winning. He was not quite fifteen when he entered the college, and at the end of his first session he gained Professor Wood's English Poem Prize, as well as a special prize and exhibition for classics. He also won the Shakespeare Scholarship. He worked as youngsters of his type will—insanely. He worked while he ate, he cut down his sleep, and for him the penalty came not in a palpable, definable illness, but in an abrupt, incongruous reaction and collapse. He truncated his career at Owens, with his degree incomplete —he had already taken the first place in first-class honours for English and classics in the University of London at the Intermediate Examination in Arts—and from that time his is a broken and abnormal career. He fancied he had cut himself off by this deflection from that clear course to a learned distinction which his quality and inclination alike indicated for him. He crossed to America, and was for a short time a classical tutor in Boston. He threw up his position on some forgotten ground, and went in the vaguest spirit to Chicago.

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There he began to show still more clearly that practical incapacity, that curious inability to do the sane, secure thing which is the hidden element in his career. It is not that he was a careless man, he was a most careful one; it is not that he was a morally lax man, he was almost morbidly the reverse. Neither was he morose or eccentric in his motives or bearing; he was genial, conversational, and well-meaning. But he had some sort of blindness towards his fellow men, so that he never entirely grasped the spirit of everyday life, so that he, who was so copiously intelligent in the things of the study, misunderstood, blundered, was nervously diffident, and wilful and spasmodic in common affairs, in employment and buying and selling, and the normal conflicts of intercourse. He did not know what would offend, and he did not know what would please. He irritated others and thwarted himself. He had no social nerve. In Chicago he came near to absolute starvation. And there it was that, with some journalistic fiction, quite lost to the world, his career of print began; though, of course, he had written much both of verse and prose before that time. He was nearly twenty.

He returned to London. By this time he had discovered what was not so much an artistic impulse as an ill-advised ambition to write a series of novels. He set to work with the enthusiasm of his nature; he worked, he wrote to his sister, "with fervour and delight"; but indeed these creations were not his own true expression. That time, twenty years ago, was an epoch, of which we perhaps are seeing the closing years, in which there was no way to distinction in art save to paint the great pretentious subject-picture in oils, the Royal Academy picture, of which the Tate Gallery is the fitting mausoleum, and in letters, outside journalism, there was no other form than the big novel to which a young man could resort and hope to live. The air was full of the successes of novelists, of their clamorous and as yet incompletely vulgarised fame. And when we examine the triumphs of that period, it is not wonderful that Gissing should have embarked upon this enterprise with a

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confidence that was within sight of arrogance. He had in his folly turned his back upon learning, and here was his second opportunity. He had a genuine love and admiration for Dickens, and the story of Balzac's indomitable industry must have had a singular appeal to him. In the "three sous for bread, two for milk, and three for firing," in the incessant toil and the nocturnal wanderings of that giant, there lay a snare for George Gissing's imagination. He would in those days say of so and so, "How can he write?—he has never starved!" More or less deliberately he set himself to the scheme of an English "Comédie Humaine," and in the very titles of such novels as "The Unclassed," "The Nether World," "The Emancipated," and "The Whirlpool," lurks the faint aroma of his exemplar. He must have set his course to this determination before he was twenty-one, and it was surely the most unhappy and presumptuous of undertakings. His knowledge of the world was strangely limited, was scarcely existent; home life at Wakefield was the most living thing in it, and beyond that there were school days and college passed in a dream of bookish study, some experiences in America too disagreeable for use, and now this return to London, and, until the fame accrued, tuition. The world he set himself to draw was stranger to him by far than the Rome and the Athens his books had made real to him, and the silent factor of his own quality, that, too, was undetermined. But he trusted in his strength; he trusted to the same energy and powers of devotion that had made him a prodigy at Alderley Edge and Owens College, to make him a prodigy in letters.

It is well to attempt some picture of him at this stage. His boyhood of study had neither dwarfed nor disfigured him, and he was then a figure of youth, vigour, and promise. He was of rather more than average stature, finely proportioned, and save for a droop of the shoulders and that slight failure from grace that neglect of exercise entails, he carried himself well. His head was finely formed, and though he was spare, his skin was well seeming, and he had in his flushed moments

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the ruddy English colour. His features were clear cut and regular, his eyes dark blue, and his hair, which was brown with a pleasing reddish tinge, flowed back from his forehead very handsomely. He had quite distinctly a presence. His voice was sound and full, and a youth in which books had overtopped experience had made his diction more bookish and rotund than is common. He was at first a little shy in intercourse, but then intelligent, self-forgetful, inaggressive, and enthusiastic. He must have seemed, he did seem, to those who met him in those days, a man of the richest possibilities.

Yet the same insidious weakness, at the point where imagination and thought pass into action, had already, behind this front of promise, contrived an arrangement of absurdities. He occupied a flat near Regent's Park, and he moved in cultivated society. He had such friends as Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose sons he instructed in Greek, and who was assiduous in his interest. He entered spheres in which bishops' wives are not unknown, and he has described to the present writer a conversation upon the decay of butlers with one of these ladies. She asked him how *he* managed. But, indeed, he dispensed with a butler's attentions. It will be incredible to every level-minded reader, but, as a matter of fact, he maintained this fair appearance, he received his pupils in his apartment, he toiled and wrote unceasingly, upon scarcely any food at all. Partly, no doubt, it was poverty: he grudged every moment taken by teaching from his literary purpose, and taught as little as he could; but mainly it was sheer inability to manage. His meals were of bread and dripping, stewed tea, cheese at times, soup bought desiccated in penny packets, and such like victual; and a common friend, himself no mean novelist, has described his entertainment there of a Sunday afternoon;—Gissing, with flushed face and shining eyes, declaiming Greek choruses and capping sonorous quotations—"There are miserable wretches," he would say, "who know not the difference between dochmiacs and antispasts!"—until hunger could wait no longer.

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Thereupon he would become spasmodically culinary in a swift anti-climax: "Now for the squalid meal!"

Periods of far too intense literary activity would alternate with phases of exhaustion. And only those who have passed through the moral and imaginative strain of sustained creative work will fully imagine the sense of discomfort, the realisation of loneliness that must have characterised these interludes. To the sympathetic reader who knows "New Grub Street," "The Crown of Life," and the earlier novels, little further is needed for the full understanding of Gissing's early manhood. There were misadventures; there was a rash, unhappy marriage; but the real stuff of his waking life was the steady flow of writing that was to be that misconceived series of novels. From first to last in that endeavour he wrote in his minute, clear hand, writing always with the full available power of his attention, nearly two million words. An hour's experiment in original composition, a little counting and a little computation brings home to one what that means. This brief paper, for example, has consumed all a man's energies for four full days. For one who writes for anything but commercial ends, this grey of written paper is the text of life, the reality of his emotions and his imagination; the other things are indeed no more than margin to that. So he wrote. He wrote for the most part about people he disliked or despised, and about people he did not understand; about social conditions that seemed to him perverse and stupid, and about ways of life into which he had never entered. He wrote with a declining belief in his own power, with a failing hope of appreciation and applause, and too often without any joy in the writing. There were quite tragic incidents, books begun and destroyed. In view of his quality it was unavoidable that much that he wrote should be considerable; and there are in all these novels eloquent passages, tender passages, passages of free and happy humour, and a pervading irony that will certainly secure them a permanent, though perhaps a dusty place, in the storehouse of English literary achievement. But there are great uninspired

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intervals across which the pen has been driven grimly, insistently; factitious characters evolved from his own inner consciousness, and for all his wariness and dexterity, incurably unconvincing; incompatibilities and impossibilities, and grey, tired places. And indeed, for all their merit and value, when one thinks of the middle years of this man's life—of journeys and relationships and hopes, and this and that—it all seems to be going on under a sunless sky, across which this grey cloud canopy, this unending, inky succession of words, drives remorsely for ever.

He was hidden from the light of himself. Sometimes this work welkin is tedious and impenetrable, like the cloud drift of a melancholy day; sometimes it grows thin, and a gleam of personality strikes down to warm the reader, and then one says, "This is not toil; this is Gissing." But for the most part the man is altogether masked by that premature, overwhelming intention. Behind that, unsuspected by all who did not know him, the light of classical enthusiasms that had lit his boyhood was hidden. There came a season when he had a success, when some early novel—"Demos," if I am not mistaken—brought money, fifty pounds or so, to hand. He paid small heed then to those back street researches, those gutter-smellings the popular legend of him requires; he went straight by sea to the land of his dreams, Italy. It was still happily before the enterprise of touring agencies had robbed the idea of Italian travel of its last vestiges of magic. He spent as much time as he could afford about the Bay of Naples, and then came on with a rejoicing heart to Rome—Rome whose topography had been with him since boyhood, beside whose stately history the confused tumult of the contemporary newspaper seemed to him no more than a noisy, unmeaning persecution of the mind. Afterwards he went to Athens. But he wrote nothing of the reality of his sensations then. The self-imposed obligation of those novels weighed him down, and in "The Emancipated," one of his least successful books, his enthusiasm seeks and fails to find expression. Within a

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very little of that journey, he began definitely to face the fact of his false start and to turn his mind to the discovery of his proper medium. It is at least ten years since the project of his great romance of the Gothic kingdom had definitely formed itself in his mind. He had written then to his home, of something fresh that was coming, of a romance that was to be altogether a break from his established style of work, and from that day to this he has held himself persistently to this plan, reading for it, scheming for it, and dreaming of it. Only the labour of writing it remained at last, and that was begun too late.

Two of his friends spent a spring-time holiday with him and his sister at Budleigh Salterton in 1897. He was then no longer the glorious, indefatigable, impracticable youth of the London flat, but a damaged and ailing man, full of ill-advised precautions against the imaginary illnesses that were his interpretation of a general *malaise*. As much as anything he was homesick for Italy. He was not actively writing then, but he had two or three great Latin tomes in which he read and dreamt, he was annotating the works of Cassiodorus, edicts and proclamations and letters written for Theodoric the Goth, and full of light upon the manners and daily life of the time. And as the friends wandered in the Devonshire lanes or along the red Devonshire cliffs he talked of Italy. His friends had not seen Italy. To all three of them Italy was as far almost as it had been for all the English world in 1800. There was a day when they sat together by Lulworth Cove. He had been mourning the Italy he fancied he would never see again, and then he drew suddenly from his pocket an old pocket-book, and showed, treasured as one treasures the little things of those we love, a few scraps of paper that journey had left him: the empty cover of his railway tickets home, a flattened blossom from Hadrian's villa, a ticket for the Vatican Library, were chief among these things. He spoke as one speaks of a lost paradise. Yet before another year was over he had been through those experiences he has told so perfectly in "By the

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Ionian Sea," and all three of these friends had met again in Rome. In Rome he had forgotten most of his illnesses; he went about proudly as one goes about one's dearly-loved native city. There were tramps in the Campagna, in the Alban Hills, along the Via Clodia, and so forth, merry meals with the good red wine of Velletri or Grotta Ferrata; and now the romance was more fully conceived, and in the Forum, on the Palatine Hill, upon the Appian Way, he could talk of the closing chapters that will never now be written—of Rome plague-stricken and deserted, Rome absolutely desolate under the fear of the Gothic king.[1]

Many things were to happen to delay his new beginning, and, among others, there was in himself a certain diffidence before the new medium. But the spell of that Balzac-like sequence was already lifted from his mind. He had been persuaded, I believe by Mr. Clement K. Shorter, to attempt short stories and sketches; he had attained to the completest mastery of his own proper qualities in the Calabrian travel-book already mentioned, and he was writing that frank, natural, and able study of Dickens that still waits for its just meed of recognition. Then there was "The Papers of Henry Ryecroft," an experiment in the manner of Amiel's diary, that gave an interesting but one-sided sketch of the mental attitude to nature and contemporary things. He wrote, indeed, several more books in his earlier manner, but they made no marked advance upon "Eve's Ransom," "Born in Exile," and "The Year of Jubilee," the first perhaps the best and the least appreciated of his novels. And at last, in the little village of St. Jean Pied de Port, in the Pyrenees, he set himself to his long-delayed task.

[1] The following extract from a letter to Mr. Edward Clodd is very characteristic of Gissing's attitude. It is dated Siena, November 6, 1897. "Of course I have not been able to see very much of Siena, but this is not my part of Italy. I have—I am sorry to say—comparatively little interest in the Renaissance. On the other hand, I shout with joy whenever I am brought very near to the old Romans. Chiefly I am delighted here with the magnificent white oxen, with huge horns, which draw carts about the streets. Oxen and carts are precisely those of Virgil."

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In October of last year he was in full work upon it and drawing near the end; he was in better health than he had been for many years, and tasting once again the pleasure of living. His letters to England were full of his romance. In his last, written on November 28, 1908, within a month of his end, he says: "I labour on at 'Veranilda,' and, thank Heaven! have done more than three-fourths of it. I cannot judge whether it is good or bad, but the work has been severe—never more than a page a day at two sittings." A page in his microscopic handwriting was, in printer's language, a thousand words. He seems to have been at work upon the book before. In a letter dated February 28, 1901, he writes: "My sixth-century story keeps me amid old things. I seldom have time to look at any writing of the day." And in a letter, dated Arcachon, January 8, 1902, "My Roman novel, alas! is suspended by the state of my health, a little also, I admit, by the reflection that so many people have of late written novels about Rome." From St. Jean Pied de Port, so late as June 10, 1908, he says: "I have decided to write my sixth-century story. For the moment I turn with disgust from modern life, whereas these old times call to me with a pleasant voice. If I have anything like decent health here (which, by the by, is quite near to Roncesvalles) I *must* get this book done. I think I can make it fairly good, for I have saturated myself with the spirit of the age. It ought to be infinitely picturesque." And on October 11, 1908, he reports progress. "Well, I am getting on with my book. I am now well past the middle of 'Veranilda,' and hope (with trembling) that I may finish by the end of the year. I don't think it will be bad; at all events, it gives me a certain pleasure in the writing. But it is harder work than any I ever did — not a line that does not ask sweat of the brain."

There is the shadow of prophecy in that "with trembling." At last but four chapters remained; and then came a cold, came pneumonia, and with the effect of a swift misadventure the end. In the last hours of his ebb and exhaustion he

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talked constantly of Veranilda, and of armour and weapons and the Goths.

And this book, "Veranilda," that is so much of George Gissing, is unfinished, indeed, and unrevised, but so far done that even the end for his two principal characters, the Princess and Basil, is practically told. The book exists as a unity and as a whole, its truncation withdraws nothing essential from the design. One has one's minor uncertainties of course; what sinister treasure was to reward the search of Sagaris and Stephanus, what fate lurked ready to spring upon the Lady Heliodora and the reasons of the Lady Aurelia's long absence from the stage. But the main threads run clear to their end; in a moment the tumult of the assailing Goths, terrible by reason of their massacre at Tibur, would have become audible, and the wave of panic that left Rome to the dogs and vermin have swept us to the end. And the end was morning, a sunlit silence upon the empty Forum, upon the as yet unruined Palatine Hill, upon the yet unshattered Basilica of Constantine. For just that one tremendous moment in her history Rome lay still.

But in spite of all that is lacking this romance exists sufficiently for its total effect, and one sees for the first time clearly what indeed "The Whirlpool" and "The Year of Jubilee" went far to suggest to the experienced critic, and that is George Gissing's extraordinary power of comprehensive design. All the characters move living to a synthesis of impression. It is the picture of a magnificent decay—of the last days, of the last hours of the tradition of Imperial Rome. Every figure partakes of that transition and is significant in the scheme: the sombre figure of the dying Maximus, with which the book begins; the ragged Decius, with his unenvied treasure of manuscripts, with his whispered doubts whether, after all, Virgil's Fourth Eclogue was a prophecy of Christ; the deacon Leander, incessant and acquisitive, politic, blindly devoted, building up the wealth and power of the Mediæval Church amidst a universal ruin; the senator, Venatius, a senator half-

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way changed to a feudal lord, fortifying his country villa, are of the many who were preparing the way for the final disintegration. Then one marks the Lady Petronilla, obsessed by religious ambition, the wretched Marcian, torn between the new fear of hell that had come into the world and the immemorial desire of the flesh; and Basil, setting aside the old Roman dignity, reviling the old training in rhetoric and letters and giving his mind to arms. All things, with an art of imperceptible touches, display a time when security had gone, while still the tradition of empire, of a wide law and government, the afterglow of the classical civilisation, haunted the broken bridges, the fresh-shattered aqueducts, the rutted, vacant ways. Even to the smallest details the picture is complete. Let the reader note the source of the lead for the coffin of Maximus, the prey on the cart of the passing lime-burner, the waterless uncleanliness that heralded the pest. It needs some practice in the art of imaginative writing to gauge quite how *skilfully* this magnificent conception has been wrought, to detect the subtle insistence, touch by touch, that keeps its mellow and melancholy atmosphere true. The whole learning that was possible of this period lies behind this book, yet there is no heaviness, no impressive jabbering of strange terms, no hint of a claim to scholarship, none of the tricks that drive this sort of fact to recognition. Gissing carries his learning as a trained athlete carries his limbs, as it were, unwittingly, as a great artist saturated with the classical tradition might best desire to do. And he gains in permanence and beauty what he will lose in contemporary applause. Now at any rate he can bear to wait a little longer for the honour that will in the end be his in absolute security.

H. G. WELLS.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

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The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, *"Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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LAST YEAR AND NEXT

THE Prorogation of Parliament marks a very definite stage in the fiscal controversy. Governments, like individuals, must always "lead a dying life"; from the very beginning the end is really certain, and all calculations must be based upon this certainty. But there is in feeling and in practice a wide difference between the healthy period of life when the end is still remote, and the time, short or long, after sentence of death has been pronounced by competent opinion. To the present Government, as to many before it, the day has come beyond doubt when the adverse feeling of the electorate, the natural destructive force, is evidently gaining the upper hand with increased rapidity, while the power of the ruling party in the House, which corresponds to the vital force of the human body, is suffering constant diminution. Something very like a wasting disease has already set in: it is morally certain that the patient, though respited for a few months, will never see another summer, and whatever activity is left will tacitly or avowedly be devoted to setting affairs in order and preparing for that which is to follow the inevitable.

The moment is one for a retrospect: not for party leaders only, but for all of us; for we have all, whatever our opinions, filled the position of units or factors in the total of the past, as we shall do in the total of the future immediately before us. Our own retrospect will naturally survey the road by which we have ourselves been travelling; and the excuse for

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describing it in public will be that it has led us through a region of marked features and famous names, and has taken a direction similar to that of the great body of the nation during the same period.

The MONTHLY REVIEW came into existence in September 1900, and the question of the development of our national commerce was not long in attracting its attention. For our readers the first note was struck by Sir Henry Roscoe in February 1901. In those early days it was still desirable to begin at the beginning, to lay a foundation of principles. "Imperialism," said Sir Henry, "is the cry of the hour. What is Imperialism? It is the principle of union for security of existence: united we stand, divided we fall. Our stability depends upon the maintenance of our industry and wealth. The struggle for existence is an industrial one, and if we fail in this, the extension or retention of our naval and military power will become impossible: even if possible, it will be ineffectual to prevent national decadence." The next step in the argument was to show that however well we may be doing at present, we are not doing so well as we might be, or so well as certain of our competitors: we must not be ostriches, but lift our heads and look to the future. "The fact is that the whole conditions of success in modern industrial undertakings of every kind are entirely changed. The change may be described in a word. It is the difference between rule of thumb and rule of science. It is the difference between ignorance and knowledge: between groping in the dark and walking in the sunshine. The want of appreciation, amounting in many cases to absolute distrust, of the application of scientific method to industrial pursuits, the clinging to old habits of work rather than embracing new opportunities, is the creeping paralysis which threatens the life of the nation."

The remainder of the article is a plea for the establishment of a national system of technical education: the foundation by the Government of a complete high school for science, such as would place England, "at least on a level with little

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Switzerland." The same distinguished writer followed this up two months later[1] by a still more definite appeal. After an array of telling quotations from Osborn, Huxley, Fleming, Lockyer, Meldola, and other "Prophets of Science," Sir Henry concluded by proposing the immediate appointment of a small but influential "Royal Commission for Technical University Education," to include among its members, Lord Goschen, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Chamberlain—these persons to have the absolute disposal of a sum of not less than £100,000 a year to be voted by Parliament, and to be granted by the Commissioners among the Universities of London, Victoria (Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds) Birmingham, Wales (Cardiff) and Glasgow.

A few months later, we find Mr. Haldane taking a similar view of the international position, and coming to the same general conclusion.[2] Great Britain "*must* continue to increase her commercial output. For it is the foundation on which rest her financial resources, her fleet, her hold on her colonies and dependencies. And yet, if anything is clear, it is that she is under the necessity, in these early days of the twentieth century, to make a resolute and successful effort, if she is to hold her own." Then follows a detailed and very interesting object lesson from Germany. "The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that we could establish in Great Britain and Ireland a system of teaching of a university type, with the double aim (scholarship and science) of the system of Germany, and that without injury to culture. The Victoria University and the University of Wales have taken the way we want." Let us give further, that is public, assistance, and include in the scheme Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol, the four Scottish Universities, Dublin and Belfast. Work of this kind must be far more largely assisted and fostered by the State.

[1] "The Outlook for British Trade," by Sir H. E. Roscoe, MONTHLY REVIEW, May 1901.

[2] "Great Britain and Germany: a Study in Education," by the Rt. Hon. R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P., MONTHLY REVIEW, November 1901.

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The expenditure cannot but be great, but it will be salvage expenditure: it touches the sources of that commerce which is the life blood of the nation.

These utterances, coming as they did from two men of widely different outlook, but both highly distinguished in Parliament and in the public life of the nation, made a marked effect, and helped to promote an effort of which the last has not yet been heard. They are especially interesting, however, at the present moment, because now that the fiscal storm has gathered and burst and the sky appears to be clearing again, we can see on looking back to them that the country has never lacked sound and experienced guidance: there were always among us those who knew the right path and pointed it out: and when the hasty and unnecessary rush into the wilderness has tired out the followers of the loudest shouter, the same far-sighted and reasoned counsel will be still available. We shall have lost two years, but we shall have re-established the truths of arithmetic and acquired settled convictions: a good foundation upon which to base a belief in scientific training and methods of business.

It is instructive to remember, too, that these same articles appeared in the midst of a sort of orgy of sensationalism, when writers like the now almost forgotten author of "Drifting" were pounding us with statistics of national ruin. Mr. Mallock, in exposing some of these nightmares' nests, pointed out[1] that an obvious arithmetical error of £100,000,000 was a trifle compared with other slips in the same series. It would seem, then, that here were already economists who needed no one to teach them the use of figures "merely as an illustration," and as "not affecting the argument."

Mr. Benjamin Taylor, of Glasgow, was our next witness. He dealt with "A Century of Sea Commerce," and, after showing that 1840 was the real birth year of our maritime supremacy—though "even for several years after the initiation

[1] "The Alleged Economic Decay of Great Britain," by W. H. Mallock, MONTHLY REVIEW, September 1901.

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of ocean steam navigation, progress was slow, because the enterprise of our shipowners was paralysed by Protection"—he went on to trace the "leaps and bounds" of sea-traffic and shipping which at last took us, in the years of our "decay," from under eight million tons in 1890 to over fourteen million tons in 1900. He then, in December 1901, presented us with an exhaustive study of "Shipping Subsidies," the conclusion from which was that "the best way to promote the shipping industry is to leave it alone."

The last paper in our preliminary series was contributed by Mr. J. Holt Schooling in January 1902. After a clear and unbiased statement in tabular form of the premises upon which he relied, he drew the inference that our export trade (say 15 per cent. of the whole) is less prosperous than our internal trade (85 per cent. of the whole). "We may still be quite prosperous as a whole." "Many persons who rightly believe that our foreign trade is not prosperous, have jumped to the conclusion that we as a nation are in a parlous condition. To think this is to misperceive the meaning of facts. . . . Two essentially different things have been confused." He ended with an appeal for a healthy optimism, a belief that "we possess those qualities of mind and character which will enable us to put our foreign commerce into a sound condition."

But now the storm was driving up; the hours of cool and reasonable consideration, of unbiased evidence, of "healthy optimism" were quickly passing away; gusts of ominous sound were heard. It was still only June 1902, a whole twelve months before the deluge, but the signs were unmistakable. Mr. Seddon had stated that he would, at the coming conference of Colonial Premiers in London, promise for New Zealand a customs rebate on British goods carried in British ships. Mr. Chamberlain had stated in the House of Commons that his attention had been called to the declaration of the New Zealand Premier, and that it was proposed to discuss the commercial relations of the Empire with the representatives of the self-governing Colonies when they came to England for the

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Coronation. Thereupon the whole question of the possibility of "Preferential Trade" and of "Retaliation" was definitely raised in an article[1] written by Mr. J. B. C. Kershaw and published in the MONTHLY REVIEW for June 1902. This article, which was at once quoted in the House and attracted wide attention in the country at large, was, in fact, a complete forecast of the policy or policies since advocated by Messrs. Chamberlain and Balfour. The writer, a free trader by inclination, took for his premises the relative decline, per head of population, of the value of our export trade, and the dangers of foreign tariffs, unforeseen by Cobden and ineffectually met by Free Trade and "moral suasion." From these he deduced the desirability of "a Preferential Tariff System for the Empire" and "an International Tariff System based on Reciprocity," and argued that "free traders ought not to raise objections to a policy which is likely to hasten forward the realisation of their aims." A reply to this article, published two months later,[2] gave very clearly the main arguments which have been heard so often since then, but was also noteworthy for the very different view which the writer took of the two parts of the proposed scheme. In his opinion Retaliation, "unlike a preferential tariff, is not a question of immediate importance, and is unlikely to come within the range of practical politics." It is not, however, to Mr. Brand's discredit that his imagination had not grasped the possibilities of Lord Lansdowne and his big revolver. "From an economic point of view," he wrote, "this theory of reciprocity and retaliation has not a leg to stand on. It would be a foolish policy to injure ourselves on the chance of doing still greater harm to our competitors." This was certainly to omit altogether "the political point of view" which sees so much in the power to use a blank cartridge threat "for purposes of negotiation." In one

[1] "The Promotion of Trade within the Empire," by J. B. C. Kershaw, MONTHLY REVIEW, June 1902.

[2] "The Promotion of Trade within the Empire: a Reply to Mr. Kershaw," by the Hon. R. H. Brand, MONTHLY REVIEW, August 1902.

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sense, however, Mr. Brand's expression was justified; Retaliation has come within the range of actual politics, but not within the range of any politics which can be called "practical."

Up to this point our survey has shown two things very clearly: first, that Mr. Chamberlain's policy was not in reality a bolt from the blue, but an outbreak which had been threatening for some time, and need have surprised no one; secondly, that it was launched with a fatuity and a recklessness without parallel, since in the preliminary discussion which we have described most of the serious difficulties involved had been clearly set out beforehand. One would naturally expect even a born-blind protectionist to gain some tactical advantage from a knowledge of the exact points upon which his adversaries were to direct their attack; these points a responsible general would either fortify or abandon. Mr. Chamberlain did neither; renegade free trader though he was, familiar with Free Trade arguments and forewarned to boot, he has at one time or another risked and received defeat at nearly every weak place in his position. It is not to be wondered at that he begs us to look to the end rather than the means, the argument rather than the figures; or that his satellites try to divert attention from his arithmetic by proclaiming him "a man."

His scheme was, in fact, brought out before its time, owing to difficulties within the Cabinet connected with the corn duty. It was both half kneaded and half baked; not only full of indigestible lumps, but drawn from the oven in the middle of the Session instead of at the end of it, when no Parliamentary troubles were to be feared. Mr. Balfour succeeded in gagging the House of Commons during the whole of the three months which remained: an "inquiry" was necessary before the Government could declare themselves; in the meantime there was nothing to discuss. Fortunately there remained the House of Lords, so often the scene of timely and exhaustive debates. The event of the day was unquestionably Lord Goschen's speech, an examination of Mr. Chamberlain's policy from the effect of which it never entirely rallied. The substance of the

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arguments and comments put forward by Lord Goschen on this occasion was reproduced immediately afterwards in the MONTHLY REVIEW,[1] and later on was reprinted more than once in a separate form. It was accompanied in our pages by a contribution[2] from a distinguished lawyer and Parliamentarian, Mr. Ralph Neville, K.C., whose line of inquiry was as good a study of abstract economical principles as Lord Goschen's was of practical and concrete measures. But they had this in common, that they started from no narrow basis of hostility or prejudice. "A protectionist," said Mr. Neville, "would, I think, be justified in maintaining that Free Trade is not an absolutely and universally true doctrine; that it is not, in all time and places of necessity the only sound system of national trade. But when we turn to Mr. Chamberlain's present proposals we are at once confronted by the fact that the protective measure intended is a differential duty not on manufactured articles, but on food. Now cheap food is one of the primary requirements of an industrial community doing a foreign trade; moreover, food is the principal object upon which the effective demand of the mass of the people spends itself. A rise therefore in the price of food may limit effective demand in more ways than one." Lord Goschen was equally far from the use of "shibboleths" or "musty dogmas." "Personally," he wrote, "I believe the most effective method of bringing home to the general public the difficulties which beset the execution of any project involving preferential tariffs is to argue the subject less by reference to what are called the formulas of Free Trade than by a common-sense examination of the bearing of the new scheme on the facts of to-day." With Mr. Chamberlain's object, he declared, "all will sympathise"; but the changes suggested are so vast and deep that their practicability must be searchingly tested.

[1] "Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals," by Viscount Goschen, MONTHLY REVIEW, July 1903.

[2] "Free Trade and Preferential Tariffs," by Ralph Neville, K.C., MONTHLY REVIEW, July 1903.

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We do not propose to restate Lord Goschen's criticisms: they have never been satisfactorily met, and they may be profitably read again at this or any other stage of the controversy. Two points, however, must be noticed: one is the speedy disappearance from the new programme of the Old Age Pensions, which formed, with Colonial Preference and Retaliation, an integral part of the original proposals; the other is the question raised by Lord Goschen as to the corn tax: how high was it to be fixed? "Is it to be a shilling or two shillings? Duties on such a scale would not offer the slightest chance of proving sufficient. They could not realise the prospects held out; they could not protect agriculture; they could not bring back the labourers to the land; and it is difficult to imagine that without a more distinct preference the hope of largely expanding the wheat-growing area of Canada could be attained." We know now what Lord Goschen could only guess then: we know that the duty is to be two shillings, and that, as Mr. Chamberlain himself admits, it will not benefit the farmer, much less the labourer: and this the labourers and the farmers of the Oswestry district, at any rate, appear to know also.

In the House of Commons, the centre of interest at this time was the attitude of the "Free-Fooders," the Unionist members who were against the taxation of food. These gentlemen held a meeting on July 1, at which a resolution was passed unanimously affirming, (1) a desire to further the "Inquiry" proposed by the Government; (2) a desire to promote the unity of the Empire and the social and industrial welfare of the United Kingdom; (3) a desire to place before the country the objections of the meeting to protective taxation of food. This meeting and the views there expressed were commented upon in our August number by the Right Hon. Henry Hobhouse, M.P., who had presided over it as Chairman. After stating his argument with great force and lucidity, Mr. Hobhouse concluded by protesting against the gagging of the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain had, in a speech made in the House on May 28, invited discussion in Parliament

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and out of it. Mr. Balfour had, in his speech at the Constitutional Club on June 26, laid it down that differences on economic subjects were not to be regarded as a test of party loyalty. Thereupon Sir Michael Hicks-Beach asked on July 15 for an opportunity for discussion, before the close of the Session, on a non-party motion: and was refused by Mr. Balfour, who no doubt fully realised that his destruction would at that moment be almost equally certain, whichever side he took. He survived to be more useful to Mr. Chamberlain.

The same number of the MONTHLY REVIEW contained an article on Imperial Trade and Tariffs by Mr. Hugh Bell, who speaks from an experience of over forty years as an ironmaster, and has throughout the present controversy shown himself by far the ablest and most clear-sighted representative of the employers in any one industry. It is not too much to say that his arguments and figures have placed in the hands of those who care to study them impartially a complete answer by anticipation to the recently published Report of the Steel and Iron section of the Tariff Commission. The fact that this Report came stillborn into the world is probably due as much to Mr. Bell as to any single man in the country.

Parliament now rose in a mood of unslaked bitterness not often paralleled. A short breathing space was to be allowed before the opening of the autumn campaign. In this interval we were able to lay before our readers an examination of the new policy[1] by the statesman whom, of all others, the House of Commons and the country had been most anxious to hear. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is the oldest member of the House, and one of the greatest living authorities on national finance; his opinion on the different branches of the Government inquiry was as follows: (1) The alleged dangers of "Dumping" need to be proved; a difficult matter in face of the rise in profits assessed to Income-tax, *e.g.*, in the iron trade from £1,840,850 in 1896–7 to £5,380,418 in 1900–1. (2) As to the

[1] "A View of the Fiscal Controversy," by the Rt. Hon. Sir M. E. Hicks-Beach, Bart., M.P., MONTHLY REVIEW, September 1903.

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means of bargaining for reduction of foreign tariffs, we are not so helpless as Mr. Balfour suggests. We might increase or rearrange Customs duties—though even then we must take care that we do not do more harm than good to ourselves. (3) We can, of course, brook no interference by foreigners between ourselves and our Colonies; but, as the Colonial Conference has unanimously decided, "the Colonies have an effective remedy in their own hands." (4) As to Colonial Preferences, a low duty may benefit the colonial farmer, but not the English farmer or labourer. The imposition of a duty, however small, would pledge us to any subsequent increase found necessary to carry out the object of Protection; and what was granted to one trade or colony must be granted to all. "What is to happen to our Crown Colonies and possessions, including those where, as in India, great commercial interests have been developed on a basis of virtual Free Trade?" and so on through a number of other disconcerting questions. Finally, we cannot capture more than a portion of the foreign trade of our Colonies, because they buy much that we do not produce. They also wish to produce much of what we too produce. "What if our iron industry was eventually threatened by (dumped) imports of Canadian steel and iron, stimulated, as now, by colonial bounties?" Are we to apply "Retaliation" to Canada? "You cannot base a fiscal policy for the Empire on the two opposite principles of Free Trade and Protection."

It will be remembered that in attempting to evade this difficulty Mr. Chamberlain fell into one of his worst blunders. He proposed that in return for our duties on food the Colonies should agree to arrest their own development as manufacturing communities: a suggestion so inevitably revolting to the Colonies that its author, in reprinting the speech in which he had made it, so changed his language as to enable himself to deny that he had ever intended such a proposal. The difficulty, however, whether met or ignored by Mr. Chamberlain, remains a very real one.

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The resignations of Mr. Chamberlain and four free-trade members of the Government were followed by the outbreak in full force of the "raging tearing propaganda." Mr. Chamberlain made speech after speech in rapid succession: but though the first of these was received with enthusiasm, it soon became apparent that the movement was not one of those which gather force as they go. Not only did the prophet's physical strength show signs of the strain put upon it, but he proved unable to produce figures which would bear examination, or a plain and well-defined policy which could be stated and adhered to without continual tinkering. The result of this was seen in the alteration of course shown by the stream of discussion which followed Mr. Balfour's Sheffield speech. Preference was left gradually on one side, and Retaliation became the question of the hour. Sir Edward Grey and Lord Hugh Cecil had already dealt with this branch of the subject[1], and they were followed by Mr. Winston Churchill.[2] Sir Edward's experience at the Foreign Office, in the House of Commons, and in the business world, his clearness of insight and of speech, and his freedom from partisan failings, have gained for him a unique position even in the eyes of his political opponents. He is speaking of what he knows when he declares that "it is nonsense to say that we have no power of Retaliation at present. We have the power, and given certain conditions I for one would support its use in a particular case." But before he did so, he continues, five things must be proved: serious injury, failure of ordinary diplomacy, impossibility of political pressure, and certainty that Retaliation would not injure ourselves, and would attain its object.

Lord Hugh Cecil was in a somewhat different position. He too thought Preferential tariffs impossible, but towards

[1] "Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal Policy," by the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P.; and "Preference and Retaliation," by Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P., both in the MONTHLY REVIEW for October 1903.

[2] "Sheffield and Its Shadow," by Winston Churchill, M.P., MONTHLY REVIEW, November 1903.

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Retaliation he had a leaning which was either the cause or the effect of a reluctance to break with party loyalty. But "even as to Retaliation," he wrote, "there seem grave practical difficulties and dangers." The worst of these is that Retaliation would grow so easily into Protection, which would in turn bring in "its hideous attendants—industrial monopoly and political corruption." Mr. Winston Churchill put the same point very strongly, and added that, unjustly though we are treated, by Germany for instance, the wrongdoers suffer more than we do. "In Germany the injustice is to the many, the gain to the few; in England the few suffer and the many gain." That is why the Trade Unions are on one side on this question and the Tariff Commission of Employers on the other. Mr. Churchill's whole article was full of vivacity and good sense, and within a week of its appearance had been quoted in every direction, by Mr. Morley among others in his Preston speech.

Mr. Chamberlain's greatest failure—that at the Guildhall—was still to come. It was due no doubt to the sound sense and experience of the London mercantile community, who have an unenthusiastic habit of expecting even those who think imperially to add up their figures correctly. But the most conspicuous among the adverse influences of this occasion was certainly Mr. Felix Schuster, a Vice President of the Institute of Bankers, and Governor of the Union of London and Smith's Bank. His essay on "Foreign Trade and the Money Market," originally read before the Institute of Bankers, was printed in the MONTHLY REVIEW for January 1904, and formed a crushing exposure of the needless panic, the reckless crudity of thought, and the ignorance as to the course of trade, which underlie the new programme. It was a challenge which could neither be ignored nor satisfactorily met, and Mr. Chamberlain's effort to deal with it had all the marks of a conscious failure. There was, however, one section which probably cost him not a moment's thought; namely, that which urged the "Need for Scientific and Technical Education and Improved Methods." Bathing in Jordan has no attractions for the sensationalist.

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To conclude our list, we have also heard the evidence and the opinions of M. Yves Guyot, an eminent French economist and Parliamentarian,[1] of Mr. Westenholz, the President of the Agrarian League of Denmark,[2] of Mr. H. J. Tennant, a well-known member of Parliament and man of business,[3] and of Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, the editor of the *Spectator*.[4]

We venture to claim that this series of articles has formed not only a chain of landmarks showing the direction taken by the fiscal controversy, but a body of fact and of opinion worthy of the study of all to whom truth and a practical policy are the first object. In weight of authority, in diversity of standpoint, and in freedom from temptations to follow self-interest, the writers stand immeasurably above the members of such a body as Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Commission; while their arguments form a striking contrast both to the inconsistent and shifting policy which they examine, and the hare-brained enthusiasm of its supporters. The conclusions which—unless we are to reject, in defiance of reason, the testimony of all these experts, Unionist, Conservative, Liberal, patriotic and Imperialist, skilled in commerce, in economics, in politics, and in diplomacy—are irresistibly pressed upon us may be briefly summarised as follows:

(1) **The present position of our commerce** is not such as to justify anything like panic or desperate measures. Our internal trade—85 per cent. of the whole—is satisfactory; our external trade is increasing, but not so rapidly as that of Germany and the United States. It is time to consider the causes and remedies for this state of things.

[1] "La Thèse de M. Balfour," by Yves Guyot, MONTHLY REVIEW, November 1903.

[2] "Danish Agriculture and Free Trade," by R. A. Westenholz, MONTHLY REVIEW, February 1904.

[3] "The Favoured Foreigner: a Comparison in Burdens," by H. J. Tennant, M.P., MONTHLY REVIEW, March 1904.

[4] "Free Trade the Foundation of Empire," by J. St. Loe Strachey. MONTHLY REVIEW, June 1904.

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(2) **Our union with the Colonies** is based mainly upon our common history and descent, and upon loyalty to the Crown as a fitting centre and symbol of national life. It is also based upon a broad principle of self-interest—the need of the Colonies for defence, which, apart from England, they could only gain by crushing expenditure or the sacrifice of independence. It would be dangerous to attempt to base it upon a narrow set of individual trade interests, the possible subject of complex and acrimonious discussions, and inter-Colonial jealousies.

(3) **Neither Preferential Duties nor Retaliatory Tariffs** can be shown to be practicable aids to our commerce or our Imperial union. The experience of the past and all clearly reasoned anticipation of future possibilities is against both of them.

(4) **The Chamberlain Scheme** is not a careful or considered one, based on exhaustive inquiry, and the outcome of long experience and conviction. It is a hastily devised proposal supported by a subsequent and very inadequate inquiry, and involves the denial of all the economic principles hitherto held by its author. It has been already changed and mutilated to meet difficulties which ought to have been foreseen, and has throughout an unfortunate air of political opportunism.

(5) **The criticism** to which the scheme has been subjected has been, on the whole, irreproachable. There has been no misunderstanding or misrepresentation from serious opponents. The critics have expressed strong sympathy with the ideas of Imperial union and commercial expansion, and strong appreciation of the services of Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office. They have been entirely free from suspicion of unnational feeling. They have based their objections, not upon any orthodox conservatism or dogmas of Free Trade, but upon experience and purely practical considerations. They are an overwhelming majority of qualified and independent thinkers, and conspicuous among them are quite as many Unionists and Conservatives as Liberals.

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(6) **Further discussion** of the policy of Colonial Preference is undesirable. A Conference has twice been held; the Colonies have not made, and could not make at a third Conference, any offer which would make it worth our while to go back to Protection or to tax the food of the people. They cannot offer to buy from us what we do not produce, or to refrain from competing with our manufactures.

(7) **The true policy** for us in our present circumstances is a two-fold one:

(*a*) **Education,** both general and technical, must be taken seriously in hand, and expenditure upon education looked upon as our best method of national investment. We must learn to recognise that in trade as in war the best "man of action" is the one who is best trained and best brained; and we must trust in science and cease to hanker after legislative or fiscal panaceas.

(*b*) **The Powers of the Government,** both consultative and diplomatic, must be placed whole-heartedly at the service of British commerce. An Empire depending for its existence upon trade and desiring no extension of territory, should guard its commercial at least as watchfully as its political interests. Its machinery should include a Ministry of Commerce, and a permanent Committee of the Privy Council to represent all component parts of the Empire, and to sit and advise the Crown continuously.

Such is the result of our survey; and we cannot but regret profoundly that the motive force, which if applied on such lines might carry us once more ahead of all our rivals, should be wasted in a vain attempt to browbeat or hypnotise a nation of sensible men.

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ON THE LINE

TO judge from his novel **Brothers** (Murray, 6*s.*) Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell is a good writer, a good story-teller, and a good man. We shall pay him the compliment of speaking frankly about his book. To begin with, it is one of the half-dozen most readable stories we have opened this year. The plot is an impossible one—artistically impossible; it may have every right to placard itself "a true story;" but if so, it is accidentally and not typically true—still you will no more put it down, or wish to put it down, unfinished than you would leave a theatre before the curtain falls. It is a drama: the plot is absurd; very well; you swallow the plot and find the situations good. What is more, you find the acting good too: the characters are real people, in a real world, well-mannered, amusing human people, so natural indeed and so full of life that they have persuaded their author to let them put a preposterous fraud upon him and us. The "Brothers" are of the same clerical profession, and in love with the same enchantress: the elder is big, pretentious, and successful; the younger weakly, a genius, and a stammerer. He plays the game, the other takes the gate-money all through life. Why? because the elder brother gets the younger to write his letters for him and to lend him the soul-stirring sermons which he cannot preach himself without a breakdown. The Dean exclaims "Inspiration," the Premier marks him for a bishopric, the heroine says he has "revealed God to me," rebukes his

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tongue-tied brother for not congratulating him, and finally marries the imposing prig, while the one she really loves is away curing an imaginary lung complaint. No, it will not do,—off the stage and away from the footlights;—from page 148 to page 161 the audience almost revolts; but that crisis once over the story grips you again. The fact is, that the author is really in no need of a plot: he is in earnest about life, sees great meanings in it, and believes that others see them too. Look at his study of school life in the earlier part of the book; it has been compared to "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and quite rightly: it is a fragment not a whole, but it has all the insight of Hughes's work. With powers like these Mr. Vachell needs no deceptions, reticences, misunderstandings, or imaginary diseases to make a novel: let him tell a story without an end, or without a beginning, fill it with men and women, and leave us to get on with them. But above all, let him never again be guilty of such treason to himself and his art as to hint in a preface that he is speaking scandal of the living.

The Life of Lope de Vega, by Professor Rennert, of the University of Pennsylvania (Johnson, 12*s.* 6*d.* net), is one of those monumental works which can never be fairly reviewed. The critic must be either a comparative ignoramus or a rival scholar, too far from the subject or too near to it. Happily the present book has much to justify an uncritical recommendation of it to the general reader. For the library it is indispensable, not only on account of its bibliography and its mass of newly established facts and dates, but because it is the only biography of Lope de Vega that has appeared in English since Lord Holland published his "Life" in 1807. And we are glad to note that, although the present work must be put to the credit of American research, England is not without a share in the honour, for the author in acknowledging his gratitude to Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly for his help and criticism, adds that "to the kindly encouragement and assiduous aid of this brilliant scholar the volume chiefly owes its existence."

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We take this for something more than a semi-formal compliment, for we have found Professor Rennert's large and intricate work very much easier to traverse with the aid of Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's admirable pamphlet on **Lope de Vega and the Spanish Drama** (Johnson. 1*s.* net), which contains the substance of his Taylorian Lecture, delivered in 1902. Lope de Vega cannot but remind those who read his biography of Stevenson's description of Dumas, "the gigantic earner worker and waster." He is one of the Titans of literature, of the kings of the world who are above the laws. His life was always as adventurous, often as immoral, as Benvenuto Cellini's; the vast profusion and mass of his creative work leaves Rubens and Michael Angelo behind. He wrote 21,800,000 lines of verse; he owned to 1500 dramas, and is credited with 1800; we know the titles of more than 600; 430 have been preserved. He is acknowledged to have owed something to those who preceded him, but "he humanised the sketches of his forerunners to such an extent that his alert, vital humour evolved a new type, which amounts, in fact, to a new creation." The phrase fits Shakespeare equally well. As for those who followed him—they followed indeed. To say nothing of his fellow countrymen, who had some right perhaps to borrow, he supplied from the vast and inexhaustible quarry of his genius the substance of the plays of all Europe: Scarron, Molière, Cyrano de Bergerac, Corneille, Shirley, Rotrou, and Boisrobert are among his immediate plunderers, and we are told that there are pickings for a hundred more. In his prodigal vitality he seems almost to have rivalled the entire output of our own Elizabethan age. He touches it also at another point—one of the greatest interest. At the age of twenty-six he was in danger of the law; he had not only infringed a sentence of eight years banishment for criminal libel, but had carried off from Madrid the daughter of Philip II.'s Royal King-at-Arms. He married the lady by proxy and took refuge on board the *San Juan*, which was about to sail in the Invincible Armada. "Sailing

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up the Channel he used his manuscript verses in honour of Elena (his first love) as gun-wads, fought against the dragon Drake, lost his brother (so it is said) in action, and landed at Cadiz with the best part of *La Hermosura de Angelica*, a huge epic which he had written on board." With wives and mistresses almost past counting he lived many lives in one, the intimate friend of great nobles, the darling of the Spanish people. His amazing career ended in a kind of living apotheosis, of which the concluding years were spent in priestly habit, and in the performance at least once of the horrible duties of a familiar of the Holy Inquisition. Children he had had, but endless sorrow with them. To one, a boy who died at seven years old, he wrote the exquisite poem, two stanzas of which are all that we can quote here of his work:

> And thou, happy child, who in the seven years of thy life wert never once disobedient to thy father, free me by thy example from my illusions; solace my sorrowful paternal eyes, thou who art now the light; from thy cradle to thy last bed, thou never gavest an hour of sorrow.
>
> When I saw thee so saint-like and so wise, I recognised in thy tender years the age which was already leading thee to the cold shadows of death; then did I weep what now I gain and lose, and then I said: Here doth age end, for never doth youth begin in this way.
>
> For thee the little birds of varied song and colour did I cage, solicitous to please thee: for thee I planted trees and flowers, in which I could better contemplate thee. . . O Carlos, what divine birds dost thou now enjoy, that with bright painted wings flutter through the celestial fields, in the eternal garden.

The charm of ease, of quick sympathy, of the sensitive regrets and prophecies that come of it, is to be felt everywhere in Mr. Legge's **Land and Sea Pieces** (Lane, 4*s.* 6*d.* net). It is a companionable little volume, a book to take out walking, especially in London, to muse with on the Embankment, or under a tree in Kensington Gardens. The quiet, sober, every-day aspect of Milton in his youth, as he appeared to a stray visitor at Horton, is so naturally described, that one almost feels as if Mr. Legge had been the visitor:

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When some one, on his homeward way
To Staines or Datchet, overtook
The rambling scholar, by the grey
Mysterious twilight charmed to lay
Aside his book,

And lured him into chance discourse
Of daily trifles,—this and that,—
Of rabbits under yonder gorse,
Of yearling heifer, half-bred horse,
And such-like chat,

And left him, just as we should do,
With all his greatness undiscerned,
And thought him rather good to view,
But dull and solemn,—never knew
The light that burned

Behind the beautiful, austere
Young face, the puritanic garb,
The language classical and clear,
That sometimes wounded with severe
Sarcastic barb.

"Leopardi" strikes a deeper note:

And though we may not read
That secret now, yet would my heart proclaim
Envy of you—not pity's insolence.
Out of the gloom you came,
High priest of pain's majestic unknown creed,
With weird rites waked, yet soothed, the human need,
And proudly bore you hence.

"Michael Angelo" is a very clever, interesting attempt to define the ultimate worth of a modern man and woman by their relation to the great artist. Each is profoundly unsatisfied:

You are a mourner for one you lost,
And I for one I have never found.

Each of them

chases a dubious wraith,
Half a lover and half a friend.

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The plaintive voice of the woman, when she sings, reveals in her nature something that, for the most part, she hides behind a mask of laughter. For him "each day carries a hidden dream." He is more conscious than she that they have played and trifled—that Michael Angelo, who never played, got more from life than they. Many writers would have ended this with a cry of despair or of mockery; there is better stuff than either in the last verses. Yet more remarkable is the grave, reflective hope with which the poem on "A Suburban Junction" ends. It is full of ugliness. There is no shirking the monotony, the flat, revolting deadliness of the whole place, but even here:

> Could I but sing the words branded—an unknown tongue,—
> On yonder soiled and tattered page, ere long
> The weary world would dream of old things ever young,
> And hearts, that have not stirred when other notes were sung,
> Would waken and be thankful for the song.

"All the prophets are dead" is the text of "Eversley," but yet, even from the memory of those who are gone springs the new hope of those who are to come,

> And we see the land we had lost, and forget the din
> Of a jarring age, and learn the wisdom anew,
> That tells how only the losers in life shall win
> And only the dreams be true.

Of one loser in life—Sir Walter Raleigh—Mr. Legge writes with great beauty and pathos. He has not tried to fathom the whole character of the man. He who could do that would be indeed a mighty sounder of hearts. Even Scott only glided over the surface in "Kenilworth." Perhaps, after Bacon, there is no one among the giants of that gigantic age more bewildering to those who think they know black from white. As he paces the deck, on his "Last Voyage," it is the deep, unutterable sadness, the magnificence and the completeness of his failure, that are borne in upon us. It is he himself failing himself—if he were not old, if he did not know

> The last fall taken in Life's tournament,

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he could conquer yet. Therein lies the tragedy of his defeat—therein, for us who read, the strange, familiar appealingness of it. This man had been Spenser's friend.

> Poor "Shepherd of the Ocean!" fugitive
> From blighted pasture-lands, he gathers home
> Few sheep and sickly, with his broken crook.

Sometimes the old wild spirit of adventure, the old longing wakes in him. A scholar's exquisite craft weaves in this mood with the true Renaissance simile of

> frantic Ariadne on the shore
> Of Naxos, claiming from life's pitiless sea
> The joys it bore away.

One more quotation—a quotation irresistible to all lovers of Devon—and we have done.

> No kingly, Scotch buffoon, but Raleigh reigns
> In cloven valleys under sapling oaks,
> Where the wood-pigeon's soft contralto cry
> Answers hoarse baritone of calling rooks;
> Where shaggy, rust-red cattle climb the steep
> Green slope that ends in sky, or ruminate
> Knee-buried in luxuriant meadow-grass
> Beside the winding river; where tall herons
> Wait, statuesque, for ruby-spotted trout.
> And on the heather-purpled moorland wastes
> Where antlered kings hold court; and on the cliffs
> Where shag and sea-gull house; through all the land,
> The sweet, damp pasturage and apple-land,
> Whose strong, amphibious sons alike could chase
> A Spanish galleon or a hill-side fox,
> Is Raleigh named and honoured.

The Ancestor (Constable: 5*s.* net, quarterly) has now reached its tenth number. It is always beautifully printed and illustrated, edited with spirit and stocked with both the trophies and the ruins of noble houses. But we note with especial satisfaction a certain change. The rather miscellaneous character of the contents, the exceedingly genealogical type of the

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genealogy, the entirely destructive nature of the criticism, have gradually given place to something not less attractive and, in our judgment, much sounder and more profitable. The historical note is more audible; there is less stucco-smashing and more foundation-laying. "Destructive criticism," says Mr. Barron, the editor, "has not yet done its full work among our ancient English pedigrees. But the work of those who clear away the rotten timber of the Elizabethan and early Victorian constructions has gained in some measure the notice of the public. The long pedigree is suspect, and the attack upon it may count beforehand upon the sympathy of honest folk. *It is time perhaps to point out that such sympathy may be as ill-founded as yesterday's credulity.*" And so saying, with the aid of Mr. Falconer Madan, he re-establishes Gresley of Drakelowe, to the satisfaction of all good genealogists. Two other family histories are given, one—that of the Cartwrights—of considerable social interest; the other—the Pett genealogy—of historical importance as an account of "the Builders of the Navy." "I am credibly informed," says Fuller in his "Worthies of England," "that that mystery of *Shipwrights* for some descents hath been preserved successively in Families, of whom the *Petts* about *Chatham* are of singular regard; *good success have they with their skill*, and carefully keep so precious a pearl."

The article of widest interest is, however, that on Marguerite of Valois, the famous Queen of Navarre. It is tantalisingly short—a mere note of some ten pages—but it contains three letters, two of which are new to us, and some interesting details on the Lart family, Seigneurs de Birac, of whom the best known is the notorious Jean d'Aubiac, one of the Queen's lovers, who came to his end in 1586, being hanged in company with Bussey d'Amboise and Lamolle: names which to the reader of Dumas sound oddly in connection with the halter.

Ancient wills and fifteenth-century costume are well represented: there are some good seals and a certain "Friar

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Brackley's Book of Arms," and some decidedly amusing correspondence. Mr. Round's papers on "The Trafford Legend" and "The Origin of the Comyns" are of unequal interest, but both bear the hall-mark of the most accurate and vivacious of antiquarian scholars.

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CHURCH *v.* STATE: THE REAL FRENCH VIEW

ON no other question in the affairs of modern France have such distorted opinions been spread in England as on that of Church *v.* State. The minority of English writers who have defended "Combisme" have been the more irritating precisely because they have persisted in narrowing down the issue to Combisme and anti-Combisme. The majority of those who have treated the question in England have painted outrageous and absurd pictures of the present condition of France "under Combes." Irreligion sapping morality; jacobinism everywhere, which has no hammer for building, and can only throw down the pillars of society; the sacred traditions of a nation oppressed; a weeping people mourning exiled nuns and monks, and now clinging to the robes of priests who are to be beggared in their turn; a ban put upon whoever worships or teaches his sons to worship; a Terror, in fact, without the tumbrils—and they may come soon; such ludicrous pictures are drawn daily in the Paris press, and they have been copied by some English writers. The fact is that the latter have borrowed all their materials from the Nationalist Paris papers, as though no other papers existed in France, and as though public opinion in France were not far more independent of the Press than in England, because the French Press has by its own methods lowered its own influence. The *Gaulois*, which becomes more Royalist the more the Duke of Orleans calls its editor, M. Arthur Meyer, a "dirty Jew" (*sic*);

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the *Figaro*, which is not quite sure whether to be Royalist Bonapartist, Nationalist, or something else; the *Echo de Paris* and the *Eclair*, which vie with each other in pandering to the Nationalist element in the army; mad Paul de Cassagnac's *Autorité;* madder Henri Rochefort's *Intransigeant*, which calls "Combisme" "double-dyed clericalism"; the irresponsible *Patrie* and the *Presse*, which is practically the same paper; the ancient Royalist *Gazette de France;* the Nationalist *Liberté*, as intolerant and almost as absurd as the *Patrie; l'Univers*, the organ of the Vatican; *la Croix*, the organ of the abusive and truculent school of French Christians; the anti-Jew *Libre Parole* of M. Drumont, credibly said to be the son of a Rabbi;—all these papers commonly and calmly write of the "Terreur combiste," but no one who knows even feigns to take their absurdities seriously, least of all the supporters of the policy of those papers, for their view is that mendacity is the only useful political weapon nowadays. The Combes Cabinet "has disorganised the navy"; "there is no army left"; "the Bench has been corrupted through and through"; "the University has been whipped into subjection"; and so on: the policy is to repeat all this over and over again until the Combes Cabinet be defeated. There is not the slightest need to believe it while you say it. But what passes the comprehension even of the Frenchmen who say these things is that some English writers sincerely believe them. It might be imagined that even the Cook's tourist in France could see the signs of prosperity and content everywhere. He would, by the way, be surprised if he could visit some of the many convents thriving in Paris (in spite of the Terror), with their immense and splendid parks, comparable to those of ancient English estates, and the prosperous and lively world within of sisters and their fashionable lady visitors, none of whom seem to suspect that the tumbril may soon be awaiting them at the street door.

Yet the case of Church *v.* State has reached an acute stage. The crisis is an actual and present fact. The Vatican and the

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Republic are no longer on speaking terms. The Concordat may be denounced next session. What then does the French people really think of it all—the French people which has never prospered, busied itself, worked, spent, amused itself so much as now? The whole secret is that the present crisis is entirely and absolutely political. Of course its immediate cause has been the persistent, tireless, sometimes open more often secret, struggle of the Catholic Church in France against the Republic. It is impossible to understand how unremitting, patient, and minutely resourceful this long hostility has been, unless one has watched it actually at work, wearing opposition slowly away, like water dripping on a stone. Obvious and deliberate campaigning need merely be mentioned, such as the frank warfare with all banners flying in Brittany and Vendée, where, of course, the alternative is put candidly to each peasant by every priest: Vote for the Droite candidate and absolution, or for the Republican and damnation. It is only of late years that the necessity of framing this dilemma at all has arisen, and Bretons and Vendéens still are in the very great majority Monarchist. The Church campaign has required much more careful strategy in other rural districts, and especially in large centres where such guileless priests as do well enough for Brittany and Vendée would be useless or dangerous. The method is essentially gradual and roundabout. It is not often that a Père Ollivier preaching in Notre Dame can call the Charity Bazaar fire a visitation of Providence for the sin of France in taking unto herself the Republic. It is true that *la Croix*' virulence is weekly, but it is intended only for the uneducated masses, and has for that matter made few converts. The usual rule of the Church has been to work persistently but by degrees. The success with which she steadily encompassed the corps of officers in the army, especially the cavalry, and in the navy, was startling. Until the revolution brought about by the Dreyfus case, promotion was well-nigh exclusively reserved to men of known clerical opinions. The great majority of the chiefs were in close touch with the

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Church, and prompted by her. How she achieved her object as thoroughly as she did is still something of a mystery. For the process by which it was attained, though marvellously efficient, was as covert and discreet as possible. It was a clever compound of drawing-room influence, of steady but very cautious manœuvring to capture the Press, of skilful manipulation of the feminine element, and of determined and successful striving to secure practically a monopoly of education. Admirable teachers, the priests modelled boys' brains to suit the policy of the Church. The boys, crammed by effectual processes, took their examinations brilliantly, and more than that parents did not ask. In cases of failure, the school knew the value of judicious push, for the forte of the priest as schoolmaster was and is his invariable care never to lose sight of a former pupil in after life. In the slang of the French schoolboy of the Lycées, the "postard" (a boy of the priests' school of the Rue des Postes) is a sneak, and a postard is reputed to remain a postard all his life. In the sense that he never, except by a violent and unusual effort, wrenches himself away from the influence of the Church, the lycéen's dictum is true. All this, however, would only prove that the Church has legitimately sought, and in a measure succeeded, to increase her influence, were it not that simultaneously she spread disaffection towards the Republican State. Disaffection formed part of the curriculum of education. Whenever a moral was drawn from history, it was to prove that Republics in general are works of the devil, and the third French Republic particularly so.

At the 1900 Exhibition, the model papers and essays sent up by pupils of priests' schools would have done quite well, with a little touching up, as political leaderettes for the *Gaulois*, and even the *Libre Parole*, on historical subjects. Throughout the Church has worked simultaneously for herself and against the Republic. Where she gained influence she spread so much disaffection *ipso facto*. The clerical army officer as such was, and is, hostile to the Republic. Where the Church won the

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good graces of Bench, Bar, University, literary salons, even of officialism, there by the same action the Republic lost ground. It could not be called conspiracy. It was worse—absorption, where it succeeded. The great question of course is, whether a State has the right to suffer absorption in the name of freedom which the Church—in the words once put in her mouth by an ironist—"claims by virtue of the principles of others while she refuses it them by virtue of her own."

If, however, the Church has fought the Republic, it must be said that the servants of Rome in France could not always help themselves. They rarely tried with any sincerity to "rally" to the Republic. They still more rarely succeeded. Pope Leo XIII.'s appeal has remained famous, but it has long since been a dead letter. Its one plain result among the political men, to whom it was indirectly addressed, was to label a minority of Monarchists Republicans. These few "rallied" with the fixed intention of bringing about another "seize Mai"—a successful one this time—and thereby a Restoration. The majority in the Royalist party was furious with Leo XIII., and registered an oath to harass and browbeat his clergy in France out of any vague and reluctant intention it might form to carry out his injunctions. The Church view, of course, now is, that she proffered the hand of friendship to the Republic, and was received with fresh blows. But this construction can hardly be put upon the facts, as clerical opposition relaxed only in the slightest degree, and for a short time. The clergy, indeed, either only made a pretence of "rallying," or else, when it did so, as a rule in rather lukewarm earnest, soon found that the price to pay for the doubtful friendship of Republican France was certain, not to say brutal, dismissal by Royalist society. The latter may be dwindling in influence, wealth and even numbers; but it is the society that keeps the clergy, for it is not likely that Republican France will do so, beyond paying the curé's £40 and the Bishop's £400 a year under the now shaky Concordat. That minority of the clergy which had sincerely thought of making advances to the Republic, finding

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itself in this dilemma, determined to stay where it was, and can hardly be blamed for so doing. There was no question of shilly-shallying with the Republic on the left hand and Royalist society on the right. No one who has not watched, for instance, the treatment to which an aristocratic set subjects a priest suspected of Republicanism has any conception of the thoroughness with which Royalist society framed the dilemma to the few ecclesiastics who had nursed the delusion that they might "rally" to one side and yet keep in with the other.

It is only in a certain middle class in France that the priest is looked up to socially. In aristocratic society all due deference is, of course, paid to his cloth—as is done almost universally in France, in spite of horrid stories spread by clerical writers of ribald irreverence among a godless people—but the priest must not expect to rank with the nobles as one of themselves. He is, for obvious reasons, usually much less cultivated than an English clergyman, and, while he is treated with far more outward ceremony than the latter, he hardly ever occupies the same social position. In a great house he must be a dependent. Often the unfortunate parish priest only gets a good dinner once or twice a week, on the days when he has been cordially, if patronisingly, told that "his cover will always be laid." If he gets in with the Sub-Prefect in any country town—except in certain thoroughly Catholic provinces where even the representatives of the Ministry of the Interior "practise religion"—his cover ceases to be laid in the great house, as a matter of course. This extraordinary policy of keeping the priest in hand by appealing to his stomach is not the exception, but the rule, whenever applicable. When the country priest is a frugal, simple, devoted servant of God, content with bread, cheese, grapes, and sour wine, and a fowl or a rabbit on Sundays, he is yet forced to cultivate the nearest county family, which alone will give him funds for his poor or for his crumbling grey stone old Romanesque church. How can he help being in politics what his patrons tell him to be? For they are rarely content to suffer him to keep aloof

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from politics, a course which the plain parish priest would often much prefer.

But the most potent instruments on which Royalist society preserves a sturdy grip are, of course, the ecclesiastics who, through ambition and by superior capacities, rise to power in the Church. The hold of Royalist society on a priest is tightened when he becomes *Monseigneur* and *Sa Grandeur*. As is known, one of the immediate causes of the dispute which has led to the rupture between the Vatican and the French Government has been the hostility of the Conservative party to two Republican bishops, of Dijon and Laval. A now famous anecdote about the predecessor of the present Bishop of Laval, chief town of one of the most Monarchical departments of France, is typical of the whole policy of systematic browbeating which Royalist society applies to recalcitrant divines. The bishop, tainted with Republicanism, came to his See with a bad name as a "rallied" ecclesiastic. During his first visitation he was naturally asked by the Duke of ——, the foremost "grand seigneur" of the country, to put up at his country seat. At dinner time the majordomo, according to old custom, announced "Monseigneur est servi." In walked the Bishop to the dining-room. One cover only was laid. The form of polite speech had a literal sense. All the party in the drawing-room, headed by the Duke, followed the Bishop, and stood to watch him eat. They could not sit down at the same table with a Republican bishop. Monseigneur, smarting under the insult, naturally never returned to the Duke of ——'s château, and naturally, also, all the lesser nobles of the country took their cue from the Duke in their treatment of Sa Grandeur. The policy was continued against the present bishop, the result being that Rome has "discovered" him to have carried on an immoral intrigue with a mother superior. How, after that, can French churchmen, who are not invariably heroes, be expected to stand up for the Republic?

What, then, is the attitude to-day of the majority of the French people towards the Church? Critics who only know

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French life from the outside fail to understand that the feeling of the bulk of the French people towards the Church is largely what the Church has made it. Undoubtedly the Grand Orient began with the Third Republic to be in open warfare against religion. But the influence of French freemasonry, though certain, has been grossly exaggerated. It solely spreads among political wire-pullers and their puppets, and has penetrated little into the mass of the nation. Undoubtedly also the various political parties which can be grouped for convenience under the name either of Radicalism or Socialism, inscribe freethought and anti-clericalism prominently on their programmes. But the bulk of the French nation is not Socialist by a long way, though the majority certainly has accustomed itself to the idea that Socialism, in the most comprehensive sense, is not a mere wild-cat scheme of shouting zealots or another name for the policy of "getting on somehow," to be dropped when you have got on, not, in a word (a delicious one, a few years old), *arrivisme*. What, then, does the mass of the people think *in re* Church *v.* State? Some English writers will not understand that the French papers (which for them are solely the Paris papers) in no wise reflect French public opinion completely, or even adequately, in part. The French people, as a whole, have been gradually but continuously estranged from the Church by the Church herself. If these had been the days of Peter the Hermit, the French nation might have forsaken the world for the word; but the last thirty years have been the most practical period ever recorded in the life of the French nation, and the people have no intention of giving up this world for the Church—a world of peace and prosperity under the rule of the Republic. It is all very well to talk—with the *Gaulois* and without a smile—of the Republic holding her own by "appealing to the grosser needs of the masses." Very likely. Luckily for the French, they have as a nation ceased to yearn for the generous idealism of the Napoleonic period or for the soaring spiritualism of the Second Empire which brought them to the very hard facts of

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1870-71. The Republic is securely founded on material prosperity, which is exactly the same thing as saying that she is broadbased upon a people's will. Between the Church and the Republic, the majority of the French nation has no hesitation in choosing the Republic, and, if it has come to this, the greater fault lies with the Church.

The aristocratic attitude in contemporary France towards the Church has been outlined above. It is somewhat similar to that of the eighteenth century. If anti-Clericalism and Flaubert's chemist, Homais, be hopelessly vulgar, it is at the same time not at all distinguished to be "steeped in devotion," save for dowagers. The type of the "well-thinking" French Conservative is a "believer;" but he does not "practise," *i.e.*, he avoids going to Mass except on special occasions, though his womenfolk, of course, confess and attend Church regularly. His usual view is the old one, that religion is particularly beneficial for the masses. He talks of present "persecutions," and commonly hints at future tumbrils; but he is thinking of France—"pauvre France!"—of the "godless people," of the "land of St. Louis, Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. going to the dogs," not of himself or his set, who are quite happy as they are. That, by the way, he has no hold or influence whatever on the masses about whose fate he professes to be concerned, he as a rule knows privately, but can hardly be expected to acknowledge in public. As religion is especially needful for the masses—for a God-fearing people "keeps its proper station"—it follows that the chief duty of the clergy is towards the people—*i.e.*, it must be to work on the mind of the nation against the Republic as much as possible, which is not very much. To over-zealous ecclesiastics who preach at fashionable society, the latter is inclined to say frankly, "Mind your own business, which is to preserve Conservatism among the masses." Since the Third Republic, in fact, the Royalist party in France has come to look upon the Church almost entirely as a political instrument. That is the crux of the whole question. The Church cannot afford to lose the support

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of the militant Conservative party. The latter only lends its support on the condition that the Church shall use what influence she has with the bulk of the nation against the Republic. At the same time, that influence dwindles precisely for that very reason. Because it dwindles, Conservative support of the Church is given more and more grudgingly. The more the Church strives to please the party, the more her influence with the nation decreases. It is already too small to permit of her dispensing with Royalist support. The situation of the Church is thus inextricable.

Should the Concordat be denounced, it is quite possible that the Church may find her steadiest standby in the *bourgeoisie*—in the provincial *bourgeoisie*, at all events. The Royalist aristocracy will help her neither more nor less than now—militant Royalist politicians, perhaps, if anything, rather less, as, after disestablishment, she will be a less useful weapon against the Republic. Of course, were all the rest of France to become anti-Christian, the peasant of Brittany and Vendée would still remain devoted to the Church, but he can do little to help her. The *bourgeoisie*, on the other hand, can do almost everything, and it is a mistake to imagine that the French middle class as a whole is deeply estranged from the Church. The womenfolk in the great majority are Catholic to the backbone, and, when that is the case, the children are invariably brought up in the Catholic faith. The one cause of antipathy among the *bourgeoisie* towards the Church has been precisely the identification of the latter with the party of political intrigue against the Republic. Whatever else may be doubtful in France, it cannot be doubted that the great bulk of the nation, and the *bourgeoisie* principally, has thrown in its lot with the Republic for good. However good Christians French business men may be, there is not the least hesitation in their conviction that a mass is not worth a revolution, and the plunge in the dark of a Royalist restoration, a Dictatorship, or any such public freak. To a great extent the political attitude of the Church has served more than it has harmed the Republic.

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Catholic Republicans have become not less Republican but less Catholic. Under the circumstances it is possible that the *bourgeoisie* may increase its support of the Church if the Concordat be denounced and the Church thus cease to be a State within the State and in constant warfare with it.

From the industrial labouring classes the Church has probably little to hope, save in certain districts, chiefly in the North, where, owing largely to the influence and authority of powerful Catholic employers, the priest has retained a firm hold on the "proletariat." But in general there is no doubt that the *ouvrier* distrusts the *curé*. In Paris, the Church is looked upon as a convenient dispenser of alms when the worker goes down in the world, but once he has accepted her charity he is classed definitely by his fellows as a failure. "They have been to the priests" is the Parisian equivalent of our London poor's branding phrase, "They have been in the workhouse." The "poor but respectable" *femme de ménage* (charwoman) in Paris tells you she "may be poor, but, *Dieu merci*, she has never begged of the *curés*." The working classes, not altogether wrongly, hold the conviction that the fact of receiving alms from the Church presupposes subjection to the latter. The priest, often from sincere motives, is inclined to favour the whining and very 'umble type of cadger at the expense of the honest and sturdy worker out of work.

Has the Church much to expect from the peasantry, the backbone of the French nation? The peasant's attitude towards his *curé* is not that of the artisan. Once more, of course, the Bretons, Vendéens, and the natives of certain other provinces of the West and South-West must be set apart, as they will remain undoubtedly devoted to the Church through thick and thin. All over the rest of France, the peasant's disposition towards the Church is almost unvarying. He is very rarely a *mangeur de curés*, save in certain parts of the Ile de France. On the other hand, he is just as seldom "clerical." The fact that he is almost universally a freehold owner of land gives him a certain independence towards the

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Church, or towards other forms of authority, though none respects them more than he. He recognises and respects among other institutions the Church. It is right there should be *curés*, as there are gendarmes, *gardes champêtres*, M. the Prefect, M. the Deputy, M. the Judge, and so on. But let each one keep to his own proper place in the comfortable order of things. Beyond all, the meddling *curé* is an object of suspicion and disgust to the countryside. Let the *curé* marry the peasant, baptize his one or two children, give them their *première communion*, and duly, on occasion, officiate at a *bel enterrement*, worthy of a prosperous peasant family; perhaps the priest may also confess the peasant at Easter. But, it exercised outside these limits, the *curé's* activity becomes ominous. At the slightest attempt of the parish priest to interfere in the peasant's affairs, in bargains of land, in the complicated legal settlements beloved of French country-folk, in intricate and prolonged family wranglings, his flock turns on its pastor and rends him. It is a common saying of the French peasant that there are too many *curés*, that they have not enough work to do, and consequently are tempted to busy themselves with other people's business. In the Ile de France distrust of the priests is carried to great lengths, and touches on questions of morality. It is a fact that the common advice of mothers to their girls in those parts is: "Do not go alone to see *M. le curé*." The strangest thing is that even in these extreme cases he remains *M. le curé* all the same, and is looked up to still, in a way. He is the *curé* of the Church, and the Church is a necessary institution, which has nothing to do with the morals of the parish incumbent. It can be easily understood that, the general attitude of the French peasantry towards their priests being considered, the political enterprises of the Church have not served her in rural France. Her leaders have been wise enough to see that the least favourable field for the campaign against the Republic is agricultural France—Brittany, Vendée, etc., always excepted. Nevertheless, political action, more or less cautious, has been

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attempted in some cases by country priests, and in all with damaging results to the Church. If ever the peasantry be completely convinced that the Church means uncompromising war on the Republic, thenceforward the influence of the country priest on his parishioners will be gone.

Throughout the bulk of the nation the position of the Church in public opinion is much the same. Few who know real popular feeling in France will deny that the whole question of Church *v.* State lies in the fact that the Church loses ground with the nation at each step she takes in the field of politics. On the other hand, has she advanced too far already in political action to back out now? If she does retire, leaving the Republic mistress of the field, her powerful allies of the Royalist party will instantly sever their compact. Is there yet time for her to gain in influence with the bulk of the nation what she would be bound thus to lose by the desertion of the Royalists? Or will the generals of the Church decide that the substance of Conservative support is worth all the shadowy hopes of peaceful amity with the Republican majority, the first condition of which would be the laying down of political arms altogether? If they do choose that course, one thing is certain: the allied forces of the Church and of Royalism in France will eventually stand alone against the rest of the French nation; and the odds are that even this compact minority will have to face the prospect of gradual reduction of their strength by desertions, the opposite chance of fresh followers swelling their ranks being infinitesimal.

LAURENCE JERROLD.

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GERMAN DREAMS AND THE DOWNFALL OF ENGLAND

UNDER the title of "Der Weltkrieg Deutsche Träume," August Niemann, a German Imperialist, has recently published a work in which he describes the downfall of England. It is a forecast on the "Battle of Dorking" lines, and is decidedly interesting reading; interesting inasmuch as it unquestionably voices the hopes and aims of a large section of German opinion, and also because it points out many defects in our system of Empire defence. The writer has made a study, certainly more than superficial, of the military and political conditions under which we hold India, especially in the north-western districts through which Russian armies would pass in a successful campaign against us, a campaign such as is described in this work.

In a brief introduction to his "World-War of German Dreams," the author asks if the three powers who stood together after the victory of Japan over China, and by the treaty of Schimonosaki spoiled England's plans, will remain idle, or will they again join hands for their common good. He thinks they will again do so, and in spirit he sees the armies and fleets of Germany, France, and Russia setting themselves in motion against the "common enemy." His book closes with the triumphal entry of the German Emperor at the head of the Allies into London.

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It was a British colonel, whom he met in Calcutta, who said to him:

> Three times I have been ordered here to India. First, five and twenty years ago, as lieutenant. Then the Russians were fifteen hundred miles from our frontier. Then as captain ten years later, when they were five hundred miles away. Again a year ago as lieutenant-colonel—and I found the Russians standing close to the passes leading to India.

All seas, says our author, are ploughed by the keels of British warships, all coasts provided with the coaling-stations and strongholds of British world power. The lordship of the world is England's, and England intends to keep it; she cannot endure that the Russian colossus should draw life and power from the sea. It was the feeling of resentment against England's selfish world-hunger which, says this writer, made the German Emperor's telegram to Kruger find such a "profound and lasting echo in the hearts of the entire German nation."

The book opens with a conference of Russian ministers in the Imperial Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. At this conference the world policy of England is considered and condemned. The Archduke Michael leads off by declaring that

> the Government of the Czar is convinced that we owe the attack of Japan to the enmity and intrigues of England. From the China Sea through the whole of Asia to the Baltic England places difficulties in our way, in order to rob us of the fruits of our work of civilisation. Everywhere throughout the world where our interests are in question we meet with this open or disguised antagonism of England.

Then the War Minister, Kuropatkin, unfolds his plan of campaign against India. A despatch from the Russian Minister in Paris is read, stating that M. Delcassé has given the most binding undertaking on behalf of his Government that France will declare war on England the moment the Czar sets his armies in motion against India. M. Delcassé is made to say that he holds it no Utopian idea to suppose that the German Emperor will join the holy alliance against England. It is admitted that William II. is "the great sphinx of our time," that he preaches peace and professes friendship for England,

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but it is felt that he will not hesitate to strike her when the favourable occasion presents itself. Pages are devoted by this German Anglophobe to prove that it is the duty, the Christian duty, in the interests of humanity, of Germany, France, and Russia to sink their differences, forget their jealousies, and let bygones be bygones in order to join in a mighty crusade by land and sea against the intolerable burden of England's greatness.

WAR WITH RUSSIA

This story of our downthrow opens at Chandigot in India, where a Lancer regiment is stationed. The officers are described as engaged in their usual evening occupation of drinking whisky and gambling for high stakes. Two foreigners are present, pretended merchants, but really officers, one of the Russian and one of the German army, who have been sent to study the military organisation of the country while enjoying the hospitality of our officers. The German officer, Heideck by name, who is represented as the soul of honour, falls in love with the beautiful but badly-used wife of a Captain Urwin. This impossible English lady puts herself under the protection of her German admirer, and becomes so infatuated that she in the end betrays her country by disclosing the plans of the British Admiralty—but this is anticipating events.

It is soon evident to these foreign spies, from the hurried movement of troops towards the north-west frontier of India, that war with Russia is expected. Our whisky-drinking gambling officers think nothing of disclosing the British plan of campaign to these travelling merchants, who in private make no concealment of their contempt for our military methods, and of our reliance on the loyalty of the native troops. The first blunder we are supposed to commit is the hurried collecting together from all parts of India of regiments taken from all kinds of different corps, thus destroying their tactical union and organisation. It was evident that the aim of the Goverment was to send forward at all costs, and as quickly as possible, strong

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bodies of troops to the frontier where Lieut.-General Sir Bindon Blood was collecting a great field army at Peshawar. Viscount Kitchener and the staff officers in India, as well as the Viceroy and the cabinet in London, seemed to take it for granted that the English army would be victorious from the outset, and did not dream of its being compelled to fall back on the fortified places of the north-west provinces. The contempt with which the officers in Chandigot spoke of the Russian army and of the Afghans was typical of the general feeling of the English,

The Russians having entered Afghanistan, in reply to representations from the London Cabinet as to their object, said the Amir had asked for their help as he was fearful of British designs on the independence of his country. On this Great Britain declared war, and General Blood was ordered to march into Afghanistan by the Kyber Pass with all speed. Lieut.-General Hunter, in command of the Bombay Army Corps, was ordered to march from Quetta on Kandahar. Simultaneously, so it was said, an English fleet was to be despatched from Portsmouth, and it was known that England was also arming against France. Only as regards the intentions of Germany was there wanting any trustworthy information in regard to this threatening world-war.

RUSSIA INVADES INDIA

While the Lancers under Colonel Baird at Chandigot are preparing to join in Hunter's advance to Kandahar, an officer from General Blood arrives and informs the colonel that all the plans of advance have been altered, and that instead of going to Quetta he is to march with all speed to Moultan.

"What is the reason for this change of plan?" asked the colonel.

"The Russians are coming down from the Hindu Kush. They are marching down the Indus Valley in the rear of our army, and General Blood is retirin southward to avoid being cut off. I am sent by him to direct our troops t concentrate on Moultan."

"But surely there must be some mistake? How can the Russians have crossed the Hindu Kush?"

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"I have myself seen Russian Infantry in the defiles of the Indus Valley. The Russian advance on Herat and occupation of Kabul by General Jwarrow is mainly a demonstration. Jwarrow is advancing towards the Kyber Pass with 20,000 men supported by 20,000 Afghans, but the chief Russian advance is from the Pamirs towards Rawalpindi and Lahore."

"Rawalpindi?" said the colonel. "If the Russians descend along the Indus they must reach Attock and that strong fort will delay them long enough."

"It is to be hoped so, colonel, but we cannot count too much on that. The strength of the Russian army is at present unknown to us. But its advance has evidently been most admirably prepared for. The pioneers must have worked wonders in the difficult passes of the Hindu Kush, and the Russian soldiers seem made of iron."

"Well," said the colonel shortly, "we shall show them that we are made of steel."

An exceptionally fine and dry spring favoured the advance of the Russian army over the mountains, and then across the wide plains of the Panjab. It seemed as though the fortune of war favoured them from the outset, for they effected the dreaded and difficult crossing at Attock with unexpected ease.

FIRST RUSSIAN SUCCESS

The English commander of this elevated fortress had orders to blow up the bridge over the Indus as soon as General Blood's army, which should have held Peshawar and the Kyber Pass, had passed in its retrograde movement.

The bridge at Attock, built very high over the narrow bed of the raging torrent of the Indus, is reckoned among the marvels of engineering skill. It is built in two stages, of which the upper one carries the railway and the lower a road for ordinary traffic and foot passengers. On each bank is a fortified gateway. The English commander relied on the strength of the fort perched 800 feet above the river, and imagined that the Russians were still far away. In the meantime the Russian advance had crossed the Kabul River above Attock (where it joins the Indus), and arrived in the vicinity of the fortress almost at the same time as General Blood's army,

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of which the greater part had safely crossed to the south side of the Indus. By one of those strokes of fortune, which occur occasionally in war, the Russian troops arrived at the head of the bridge unnoticed in the early morning mist; the crossing of the British had been interrupted through some faulty disposition of the troops, so that the Russian general had nothing to do but seize the bridge thus left at his mercy. The British rearguard of 5000 thus cut off was attacked by General Jwarrow, whose army had advanced through the Kyber Pass, and 2000 British, with their 3000 Mohammedan comrades, fell into the hands of the Russians. When the victors assured the Mohammedan soldiers that they fought against the infidels for the true faith, the Indians without further to-do joined the Russian army.

Before continuing their successful advance the Russian commander waited near Attock while the troops coming from the Hindu Kush, which had crossed in small detachments, arrived and swelled his army to over 70,000 men.

It was a blood-stained road along which the Russian army followed the retreating English. Over it Alexander the Great had invaded India, and it had been the scene of some of the greatest battles of Indian history.

CRITICISMS ON OUR INDIAN ARMY

The movements of the Russian army had upset the plans of the English commander. The troops concentrated at Moultan were hurriedly set in motion towards Lahore directly it was clear that the Russians intended to advance to the south-east. The time required to enable General Jwarrow to unite his troops at Attock enabled the English to reach Lahore before he did. At Lahore the English found their army greatly increased by the strong garrison of the place, and every day fresh regiments arrived from Delhi and Lucknow, thus increasing the strength of Sir Bindon Blood's army to 100,000 combatants.

Heideck, the German spy, was a keen and deeply interested

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observer of the English preparations for a decisive battle, and was little impressed by them. It seemed to him that the troops were neither well led nor showed any particular aptitude for fighting. They often appeared helpless in bivouac and in camp, and suffered great privations, in consequence of the absence of necessary supplies, including food, the commissariat department being in hopeless confusion.

Heideck found himself in an army which knew nothing of war on a great scale, indeed nothing at all of war against regular troops. It was true the English were used to fighting, as they were obliged continually to come to blows with wild or semi-wild peoples. They had made costly expeditions and earned dearly bought victories. But it had always been irregular brown or black hordes that they had had to do with. The experiences of the Boer War had not yet passed into the flesh and blood of the troops. The personal bravery of each individual had nearly always been the factor which told in their success, and this accounted for the fact that the English officers were filled with self-confidence. They looked with contempt on all foreigners, because in their wars they were accustomed almost invariably to defeat a numerically superior foe.

With amazement Heideck found that execution of tactics and military instruction in the British Army were often in absolute opposition to the conditions required by modern armaments. The infantry was still taught that the highest form of war was to let off their rifles steadily and simultaneously at word of command, and then in dense masses to charge with the bayonet. Proud Albion clung to the idea that English methods must be right, and considered anything new or foreign unworthy of attention. Or were the English afraid to employ the open fighting formation because they feared if they did they would be unable to manage and control their Indian troops?

As the English were hampered rather than helped by their native troops with their immense following of non-combatants,

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so also were they distracted by anxiety for their womenfolk; the lines of railway leading to the great seaports were monopolised by the military, and there was nothing for it but to let the women and children await, in the already overcrowded city, the result of the coming battle with the Russians, now only a few miles away.

THE BATTLE OF LAHORE

The German observer, Heideck, who had been requested by Colonel Baird to look after the ladies, did not fail to note the terrible danger to which they were exposed. He saw what he thought was half-heartedness among the best of the native regiments, and heard rumours of mutiny among the Mohammedans. To add to the difficulties of the English commander, he had found it necessary to alter his plan of battle almost in sight of the Russians. The battle once begun, it soon appeared that on hearing the cries of "Allah!" resounding from the ranks of the Afghan and Turkestan troops in the Russian Army, the Mohammedan Indian troops refused to fight or openly joined the enemy in spite of the entreaties and threats of their English officers, who in some cases were attacked and killed by their own men. Then the ancient enmity between the Hindoos and the Mohammedans broke out, and instead of fighting the Russians these troops in many cases fell to fighting among themselves.

General Blood and his officers did their best, the white regiments fought superbly, but the British artillery being silenced by the superior numbers and weight of the Russian guns, the British general was obliged, chiefly owing to the treachery of the Sepoys and other Mohammedan native troops, to retreat with the remnant of his army, leaving Lahore to its fate.

And what a fate! At the first rumours of disaster the native population and the thousands of camp followers had assumed a threatening attitude towards the white non-combatants; as their numbers were increased by the arrival of

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thousands of renegade native soldiers from the battle they became bolder, and after setting fire to the hotels, began to re-enact on the defenceless white women and children the horrors of the Indian Mutiny.

By this time Lahore was surrounded by the Russians, and their general sent squadrons of Cossacks through the streets to quell the massacres and burnings and restore some sort of order.

GERMANY AND FRANCE DECLARE WAR AGAINST ENGLAND

This period of Russia's first triumphs in India was chosen by the Emperor of Germany as the time to declare war with England, now fighting France and Russia. It was evident that an invasion of England was contemplated, Germany occupied the Netherlands, France invaded Belgium, so that between them the two Powers had the whole coast opposite England at their service.

There was a meeting of the Cabinet in London to hear the news that their best general had been defeated in a battle before Lahore, in which the whole of the Sepoy regiments had deserted to the enemy. The Viceroy reported that the Commander-in-Chief was at Delhi with an army of thirty thousand men and would defend the town. The Sepoys in his command were obedient, as they were kept imprisoned in the fortress and unable to run away.

THE BATTLE OF DELHI.

Re-inforcements for India are shipped in feverish haste, and then comes the news that the Russians are again victorious in a great battle before Delhi, in which the English lose 8000 men, twenty guns, and many standards. "England has lost India, and Russia consoles herself for the loss of East Asia by taking the Indian Empire, which gives her access to three great ports, and will enable her to build a war fleet in accordance with her needs. If the English Ministers thought

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that Japan would fight for any one but herself they were strangely mistaken."

In the English Admiralty divided counsels exist. The fleet is divided into three sections, one to meet the French fleet, one the German, and one the Russian, but nothing is done except that the country is denuded of regular troops in order to make good the Indian losses.

HOW ENGLAND WAS INVADED

In the German and French ports great preparations for invading England are being made. At Kiel are collected sixty great Atlantic liners drawn from the fleets of the North German-Lloyd, the Hamburg-American line, and the Stettin Company. To escort them are the battleships *Baden*, *Wurttemberg*, *Bayern*, and *Sachsen*, with three first-class and six second-class cruisers, and a strong torpedo boat division.

On the declaration of war by his country Heideck, the German spy and officer, returns to Germany to take up active service. He is now affianced to Mrs. Urwin, whose husband was killed in India, and she goes to stay with friends at Dover until the war is over and they can be married.

While at Dover she gets possession of an important Admiralty paper, which she gives to her lover, in which the British design to make a crushing attack on the German fleet on a fixed date is exposed. The German fleet is lying off Flushing, and the German Prince Admiral sends to the French Admiral at Cherbourg news of the intended British attack, and begs him to reach Flushing early on July 15 with the strongest battle fleet he can muster. In the Admiralty paper all the British war ships destined to take part in the attack are mentioned. Knowing how and where the British Channel fleet is to be engaged on July 15 the Germans select that day for the attempt to invade England. The sixty transports with their protecting warships leave Kiel early on July 15, on the evening of the 16th land is sighted, and a few hours later the whole fleet is at anchor in the Firth of Forth.

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Not a warship or vessel of any kind was met with on the voyage, and the two cruisers found in the Firth of Forth at once haul down their flags in face of the superior German force. Then the good people of Leith and Edinburgh are astounded to see over 60,000 German soldiers of all arms with artillery and horses landed near Leith by the electric light from the German warships.

The garrison of Edinburgh surrendered without striking a blow, being too weak to think of resistance. The two German army corps after a rest began their march southwards towards London.

DEFEAT OF THE BRITISH NAVY OFF FLUSHING

It was, we are told, with secret anger that Admiral Sir Percy Domville read the *Ordre de bataille* sent to him from London, a copy of which, by the treachery of an infatuated Englishwoman, was also in the hands of the foe . . . The British Admiral had more than once endeavoured to prove to the Lords of the Admiralty the dangers involved in having to carry out strict written orders, evolved from the strategy of the green table, which can take no account of the unforeseen circumstances attending naval warfare. But he held in his hand proof of the folly of supposing that Lords of the Admiralty would admit that plans evolved by their wisdom could possibly fail. He must, of course, obey, although had he been able to foresee the full consequences of the great tactical blunder underlying the task allotted to him he would probably as a patriot have sacrificed his career to save his country; for the proud British nation had more at stake now than ever before in any sea battle. It was a question of England's prestige as the world dominating sea power. All-powerful Albion, the dreaded mistress of the seas, was to fight for honour and existence. A great battle lost might well mean a fatal wound from which the British lion could never recover.

It would occupy too much space to give in full this

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German patriot's stirring account of the terrific naval battle of Flushing.

The British Fleet in two divisions consisted of seventeen battleships, twenty-two cruisers, nineteen destroyers, four torpedo boat flotillas, and, among the officers who fought on that most fateful day, were Sir Percy Domville, in chief command, on the *Bulwark;* Lord Charles Beresford on the *Majestic;* Vice-Admiral Lambton on the *Magnificent;* Vice-Admiral Walker on the *Bacchante.* A squadron under the command of Commodore Prince Louis of Battenberg on the *Implacable* was to remain in reserve in case of the approach of a French Fleet. If that occurred then the reserve squadron was to unite with the first division of the fleet under Sir Percy Domville and immediately attack the French, leaving the second division to deal with the German fleet. The latter, under the command of the Prince Admiral on the *Wittlesbach,* consisted of ten battleships, six first-class and seven second-class cruisers with a large fleet of destroyers and torpedo boats.

The German Admiral's plan was to divide his fleet into two parts, the battleships in the eastern arm of the Schelde, the cruisers with a strong torpedo boat flotilla in the western mouth of the river, his aim being to make the British Admiral think he had the whole fleet before him.

This plan succeeded and the English Admiral suddenly found his rear attacked by the squadron of the Prince Admiral, while the cruisers and torpedo boats of the other German division bore down on his advance. The English commander was completely surprised by this double attack and several of his ships were so severely damaged by torpedoes as to be rendered unmanageable. In the confusion which followed, the *Formidable* rammed and sank the battleship *Renown* and injured her own bow so severely as to detract greatly from her fighting power.

A general engagement followed this disheartening blow to the English, and the great superiority of Krupp guns and

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German marksmanship soon made itself felt. The English Admiral giving up all hope of carrying out his orders to capture and not to destroy the German warships, gave the order to ram them. But the Prince Admiral foiled this attempt by a manœuvre quite unknown to the English. Instead of waiting for the attack the German squadron divided itself into two halves, the first division of which, swinging in behind the flagship, together with her, made "left turn," while the second division, also making "left turn" ranged behind the other flagship.

The English Admiral's plan was completely foiled by this rapid and clever evading manœuvre and he found his advancing ships under a terrific cross fire from the two German lines with the result that two of his ships were put out of action and one of them sunk. Although in spite of their great inferiority in numbers, thanks to their superior technical knowledge and skill, the Germans had so far had much the best of the fight, the odds were still heavily against them, when suddenly from the south-west a fresh and apparently very strong fleet came into sight. If it was the British Reserve Squadron the victory must remain with them, but after a few anxious moments, it became clear that the rapidly approaching fleet was commanded by the French Admiral Courthille. Admiral Domville, seeing all hope of victory was lost as he could not hope to cope with ten large battleships and many smaller ones in addition to the German ships, gave the signal to retreat and made off to the north-west before the French could join in the fight.

THE HUMBLING OF ENGLAND

While the German columns were marching on London, a great French army, with a regiment of the Imperial Russian Guards, had landed at Hastings. The invaders met with no serious opposition in their march on London; the British volunteers fought bravely, but, without skilled leaders, knowledge, or training, their efforts were fruitless. The victories of the Russians in India, the defeat of the British fleet at Flushing,

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and the presence of two foreign armies marching on London, convinced the British Government and public that further resistance was useless. The Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, was empowered to sue for peace, the preliminaries of which were signed by him and by the Lord President of the Privy Council, the Marquis of Londonderry, at Hampton Court, where the German Chancellor, von Grubenhagen, the French Minister, Delcassé, the Russian State Secretary, Witte, with Count Lamsdorff and a whole staff of officials were assembled, the French and German armies being quartered at Aldershot.

As a result of her defeat in this World War England was compelled to give up India to Russia, Egypt to France, which also took Belgium, while Germany contented herself with Antwerp, Zanzibar, some ports in South Africa, and sundry conditions which secured her the preponderating position in the trade of the world.

Peace was declared, and at the head of the allied armies his Majesty the Kaiser entered London.

With all its wild improbabilities, Herr Niemann's book is well written, and some English publisher would do good service by publishing a translation of it, as it contains useful lessons for our people, not the least of them being the fact that an alliance of Russia, France, and Germany against us is not so improbable as some people imagine—whether we should fight alone, or whether the outcome would be what German dreamers dream, is another matter.

R. B. Marston.

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THE CASE OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA

THE resignation of Sir Charles Eliot has given that personal flavour to the question of the future of British East Africa by which the public mind is most strongly attracted; and it would be a thousand pities if both the personal and the general interest were to die away—even in the excitement of Russian seizures and Government closures—before the considered strength of the Commissioner's action had elicited an equally purposeful enunciation of our East Africa policy.

It was the writer's fortune to disembark at Mombasa towards the middle of April, when, as we now know, those despatches were on their way to Lord Lansdowne, in which Sir Charles justified his tendered resignation of March 4. During these months of March and April the aspect of land settlement had been most dramatically reversed. Until the railhead had reached Nairobi the possibilities of British East Africa for good or for evil remained undeveloped, for on this side Nairobi the country is either waterless or tropical, and in either case not well suited for permanent European colonisation. Even Mr. Alexander Whyte, an agriculturist of tropical experience, and obviously something of an enthusiast, could not deny in his report on the Sea-coast Belt, which was presented to Parliament in May 1908, that an occasional trip to Europe must prove a necessity to the white planter.

With the arrival of the railway at Nairobi such difficulties

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disappeared, and the settler can now reach in twenty-four hours from the coast that white man's paradise, which Sir Harry Johnston brought so forcibly before our eyes, when as yet it was a province of the Uganda protectorate. No reader of his book could doubt that before many years that part of the British dominions would present itself for settlement in both senses of the word. Depression in South Africa furnished the occasion, and the occasion was enforced by a glowing letter to the *Johannesburg Star* from Mr. Bowker, a Cape colonist of long standing and strong local influence, and reinforced by the enterprise of Messrs. Chamberlain and Flemmer. Hitherto the few settlers had been drawn chiefly from the ex-employés of the old East African Company and of the Uganda Railway Construction, and these had occupied plots of land round Nairobi, Kikuyu, Naivasha, and the various hill stations up to the Mau escarpment.

But even this small band had their effect, and their warning for the alert-minded, and the necessity of defining, restricting, and regularising the occupation of the country was recognised in the "Settler's Ordinances" of 1902 and 1903. These ordinances can only be read as pledging the Government to the policy of a white occupation; although, in view of the strong claims of the natives to be considered, a wide freedom of restriction was retained. The settler could within ascertainable limits choose for himself an agricultural homestead of 160 acres and reserve a right to take up a further area of pre-empted land not exceeding 480 acres—this for the modest sum of 2 rupees (2*s.* 8*d.*) an acre, or 2 annas (2*d.*) per acre for sixteen years. Or, again, he could take up acres of grazing land from 1000 to 10,000 acres at a rent of half an anna per acre. Such rules can hardly be taken otherwise than as a direct encouragement to the individual colonist.

Nor had Parliament been unmindful of the dismal history of the concession system in Africa. A return was presented to both Houses in June 1908 "showing the names of the firms or individuals to whom concessions have been granted in East

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Africa or Uganda; the exact nature and terms of those concessions; and the exact localities and areas of their operation."

Accordingly, under the heading "East Africa Protectorate," are set out a concession of 10,000 acres of agricultural and grazing land to the Italian Trading Company; concessions for tram lines, cocoa-nut plantations, and pearl fisheries to a Mr. Anderson; and lastly, two concessions granting the exclusive prospecting right for six months, with power to take in exchange during those six months a mining lease of lands not exceeding forty square miles, within the area: first, of 100 square miles round Lake Magadi to the south-west of Nairobi; second, of four separate areas (not exceeding 500 square miles each) to be selected by the company within six months of the date of agreement.

By what means, it may well be asked, was the option of a forty square miles mining lease converted into a general lease of 500 square miles, together with the option to buy outright these 500 square miles at any time during the remainder of the lease, after the completion of the survey and the stocking of the five farms, for £50,000, *i.e.*, three shillings and three halfpence the acre.

In the Foreign Office paper presented to Parliament in July last it is stated that

> Only two large land concessions were granted in 1903, namely, to Lord Delamere and the East Africa Syndicate; and it is not the present policy of his Majesty's Government to grant further very extensive areas for grazing or agricultural purposes in one block. . . . At the time when applications were first received for the two concessions in question, difficulty had been experienced in attracting attention to the capabilities of the Protectorate.[1] Lord Delamere was an early pioneer and settler, and the East Africa Syndicate was held to have earned special consideration by the strenuous efforts it made in 1902 and 1903 to ascertain the geological and mineral possibilities of the Protectorate. It proved to his Majesty's Government that it had spent over £30,000 for this

[1] Sir Charles himself admits that up to June 1903 he was ready to lease the 500 square miles in return for an expenditure of £10,000, but without the option to buy.

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purpose, and it has communicated to them the information obtained, which is of considerable value.

The grant of these two large areas will enable his Majesty's Government to judge whether the country can best be developed by wealthy capitalists or by persons of smaller means.

In another paragraph we are told that

the search for gold and other minerals has not fulfilled expectations. A large soda deposit has been found, but it is doubtful whether it can be worked at a profit.

Surely this is the first instance of a profit-seeking association in search of gold and valuable minerals being rewarded on the ground of their public spirit!

Possibly the failure of their search was held to prove their disinterestedness. But supposing the ordinary settler abandons work on his homestead for a year of prospecting, will he, too, be rewarded with square miles of land in proportion to his failure, while a grateful Government falls on his neck for the information that their country is minerally worthless?

However, "it is not the intention of his Majesty's Government to grant further very extensive areas for grazing or agricultural purposes in one block." In fact, the Foreign Office admit their mistake. In which case was it very wrong of Sir Charles, when he realised the blunder, to interpose objections to this grant of 500 square miles to an exploitation company, who, as things now stand, pay on demand one peppercorn during the first seven years of their occupation of the said 500 square miles, and during the remaining eighteen £500 a year.

True they must thoroughly equip within the seven years at least five farms of 5000 acres, each of which must be controlled by at least one resident of British origin. But as to the remaining 295,000 acres, there is no stipulation whatever beyond that of survey.

More light on this ominous change is imperatively required —ominous because the conversion allows a wholesale confiscation of land, some part of which is almost certain to fall within

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the native area of occupation, or, at least, the grazing range of the Masai tribe. As a fact, the territory of the syndicate is described as lying in Gilgil, which is the name of a river flowing into Lake Naivasha, and the Naivasha plains have always been the favourite haunt of the Masai.

This is hardly the moment to enlarge on the peculiar constitution and habits of the formidable Masai, who subsist entirely on their flocks and herds, and who, until twenty years ago, successfully barred the way into the interior.[1] It will, however, be remembered that it was precisely because of the danger of interference with the Masai that Lord Lansdowne, on the advice of Messrs. Bagge and Jackson, refused to grant two blocks of 32,000 acres to Messrs. Chamberlain and Flemmer.[2]

It was then just during the months of negotiation with the East Africa Syndicate that the inevitable tide began to flow, and a steady stream of emigrants poured out from Delagoa Bay.

Can we feel surprise that Sir Charles wrote on February 2, "I should like to see the syndicate obliged to settle at least ten farmers within one year. I think terms offered too easy and the time limit too large." Lord Lansdowne defends himself by saying that "it is only fair to observe that by this time we had, with Sir Charles Eliot's full knowledge, so far committed ourselves to the syndicate that it would have been difficult to withdraw our offer." Then why had they so far committed themselves in face of the Settlers' Ordinances and the policy therein set forth of an occupation by yeoman farmers? It is this indecision of purpose, or ignorance of the subject-matter, whichever it be, that is so much more dangerous than the lust for conquest which Mr. Gladstone sternly rebuked in our generals of the 'forties and 'fifties.

Meanwhile, boat after boat discharged at Mombasa its

[1] *See* Hinde, "The Last of the Masai."

[2] In his letter to the *Times* of August 9, Sir Charles points out that by the draft agreement with Messrs. Chamberlain and Flemmer, native rights were very strictly protected, and but 10,000 acres could be converted into freehold after the expenditure of £5000 within five years.

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quota of expectant immigrants, a new town, dubbed "Tent-fontein" by the wits, sprang up at Nairobi, and the offices of the land officer were beset by the eager crowd of applicants for land. Even with the rich promise of the dark black soil before them, and the poignant contrast of the sandy veld behind, much disappointment was in store for this restless tribe of pioneers. Too late to stop the rush, a semi-official notice had been published in the South African papers emphasising the need for at least £500 of capital. Men had smiled then, either in the happy consciousness that their £500 was already lucratively and busily employed in South African business or in the eagerness of the mind wound up to go and not unaware that new lands are not often broken by decent capitalists. Now, however, they found, tramping the country, where transport is human and the settler is not allowed to shoot his natural meat until confirmed in the occupation of his homestead, was an expensive enough business. Still more expensive is life in the newest of tin towns, while claims are weighed and registered by the harassed yet courteous officials.

The labour question offered its problems here too. Would the Wakikuyu come out in their thousands to work, when land in plenty was reserved for their own peculiar use? How much, too, of the land was already taken up in native reserves and game reserves? It was hopeless to go too far from the railway, and the pink expanse that had loomed so large on the map began to dwindle down to extremely limited proportions. Yet each fresh band of arrivals must march further and further. Even the unoccupied lands round Nakuru and towards Fort Hall grew less and less. More discouragement must await those who yet lingered in the Transvaal, delayed in the winding up of their affairs or by the terms of their employment. Indian competition cut off the possibility of trading on a small scale with the natives, the accustomed refuge of the hard-up in South Africa. Government officials said plainly that they could not afford to pay for white labour. And last of all, as the countryside began to be mapped out over the bar counter

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in Rayne's Store or the Hotel Stanley, and the packing cases drawn together in a ring of growing sympathy, men were surprised and irritated to discover how much of the good land near the railway was in the hands of syndicates and persons of influence at home. Neither capitalists nor aristocrats themselves, they yet felt that in them lay the advancing energy of the British race, and were hurt to find the fire of their eagerness so early played upon by a Government which they had expected to find whole-heartedly British. Why, indeed, should they be thwarted? Of South Africa we have now a fair working knowledge, the fruit of a long and bitter experience. Must we wait for similar misfortunes to develop our intelligent interest in the East?

GODFREY PHILLIMORE.

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WAR UNDER WATER

IN naval warfare there is now, as there has always been, a school which desires to attain great results without a corresponding expenditure of men or money. In our own naval history we have prominent instances of this in, for example, Elizabeth's scheme of war at sea by limited liability company, in a proposal by Sir Walter Raleigh that hoys and petty craft should be constituted into a flotilla for use in home waters, and above all in the introduction of fireships and infernals. Each and all of these devices, together with many more of like nature, have been greeted at their introduction by flourishes of trumpets. Each and all have failed to revolutionise naval warfare, and have speedily been consigned by the stern test of war to the subordinate position best fitted to their nature. The youngest of the children born to this school are the locomotive torpedo and the submarine. Of these inventions the former may be said to be approaching maturity; the latter is still in need of careful fostering.

In approaching the subject it is very necessary to clear the mind of prejudice and misconception. To do so is not easy. The locomotive torpedo, even after an existence of a quarter of a century, has not yet fully emerged from the cloud of myth which has enshrouded it since its birth; and, as to the submarine, it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the public regards it as a warlike equivalent of the sea serpent, and possesses but little more reliable information concerning it.

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That this should be so is, of course, largely due to the temptation which so mysterious an instrument holds out to the sensational writers whose facts and fancies flood the daily press and cheaper magazines. It is also due in part to the fact that the few men qualified to speak with expert knowledge on the subject are still controlled by that great rule of silence which is so loyally respected in the Royal Navy. So it happens that the submarine has as yet almost no literature of its own in England. One or two volumes, indeed, have recently been devoted to the subject, but what utility they might have possessed for the general reader is more than counterbalanced by their journalistic and imaginative tendency. The mere possibility of constructing a vessel navigable under water has much taken the popular fancy, which, after according due recognition to the fact, has proceeded, naturally enough, to transfer to the submarine of fact many of the attributes of the submarine of fiction. Decidedly there are beliefs here which a latter-day Sir Thomas Browne might include in his "Pseudodoxia Epidemica"; and false beliefs contain a certain spice of danger.

It must not be forgotten that there is a great difference between submarine navigation and submarine warfare. That considerable advance has been made in the former direction is well known; and it has been shown that the submarine boat has so far overcome many of the difficulties which beset it that it has already, for certain purposes, a definite commercial value. But the difficulties in the way of mercantile success are as nothing compared with those which must be encountered if the submarine is to be of use in war; indeed, the conditions are so widely different that it is safe to predict that there will in the future be as great a divergence between the warlike and the peaceful types of under-water vessels as there is to-day in surface craft. At present the only submarine built for a non-warlike purpose is the Lake boat, whose object is to search for, and to salve, property lost in sunken ships. If any other peaceful method of using submarines is to come to the fore, it

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will consist presumably in the conveyance of passengers for short distances. This could be done now, if it were worth while. It would, for instance, be quite feasible to run an under-water service from Dover to Calais, and details of such a scheme have been worked out. That it is not carried into effect is due seemingly to the fact that even the sea-sick majority are not yet prepared to trust their lives beneath the waves.

The primary difficulties which have to be removed are in respect of speed, vision, stability, diving, and armament. When all these are overcome it will be possible to construct an effective submarine man-of-war. In the case of an effective passenger-boat not one of these considerations need enter, for such a vessel might have her propulsive power outside her, and be worked like an electric tram; and, if this were so, she would have no greater need of vision than has a train running in a tunnel.

But for the man-of-war boat the analogy of the tram will not serve; she is more directly comparable to the motor-car. As to speed, however, she is as yet very severely limited, and will continue to be so until some engineering development of a revolutionary nature takes place. The popular belief that the man-of-war submarine runs below water, seeing but unseen, is very far from the truth. Her normal condition is awash. To be effective she must be more or less visible, and as soon as she goes out of sight she becomes all but innocuous. But her only protection lies in her power to vanish completely. She is not in reality a submarine proper at all, she is a submersible. The submarine pure and simple is even more strictly limited in point of speed and vision than the submersible, and has been relegated by experience to the functions of harbour defence. The result of this amphibious disposition is that the submersible needs two sets of engines, one for use on the surface, the other for use beneath it. The surface engine will not serve below water; and to use the below-water engine on top of the water is out of the question on the score of economy. As it is, the crux of the matter is that the only known power which is satisfactory for submerged work is derived from electric accumulators.

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Accumulators are accountable for the fact that there are practical submersibles at all, but an enormous disadvantage of them is that their weight is quite out of any reasonable proportion to the power derived from them. The greatest possible submerged speed is at present only about eight knots at the best. Working on the surface with the gasoline-motor used for that purpose a speed of about twelve knots can be attained; but even this is contemptible enough when compared with the twenty-five knots of the latest type of torpedo boat, and the thirty knots of the destroyer.

However, it is at least conceivable that an improved method of propulsion may be introduced which will give the necessary increase of speed. There are, indeed, those who profess that the time will come when the submarine will draw her motive power from an outside source by means similar to wireless telegraphy. This would indeed solve the riddle, but at the expense of the submarine herself. She would then cease to be a boat: all that would be necessary would be a glorified Brennan torpedo, dirigible from a position either ashore or on board a big ship. But though such a device has long been spoken of, and though numerous rumours have been floated concerning it, there is not a particle of evidence that it is as yet within any measurable distance of actuality.

This being so it is necessary for practical purposes to confine the attention to the submersible of to-day, which in addition to being very slow is very blind. Great sacrifices have been made in order to gain a reasonably good power of vision, but the only method that answers at all well is to fit the submersible with a high conning tower, such as proved so vulnerable in the unfortunate A 1, and to work her with that rising above water. Obviously this method sacrifices invisibility, and cannot be followed in the near neighbourhood of hostile ships. The attacking submersible approaches with her conning tower above water as near as she dares, then she sinks down till only the periscope remains visible, and relies upon that. The limitations of this instrument are well known:

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it reveals only a small sector of the horizon, it makes it impossible to judge distances, and it is liable to be obscured by spray. But, such as it is, it is small and gives the submersible a reasonable chance of getting within torpedo range without being discovered. Once discovered there is nothing for her to do save to dive completely below the surface, where all is darkness.

Other difficulties there were, such as the power to keep to the desired depth, the power to pass quickly from the awash to the submerged condition, and even the power to fire torpedoes with impunity. But all these have been definitely overcome, and the submersible is fit to take her place in the ranks of fighting ships as a possible substitute for the torpedo boat. The important questions that remain are as to whether her poor speed and limited power of vision handicap her so severely as to render her innocuous. Opinion is certainly divided on this point. Many hold that there is nothing that she could do which could not be done as well, or better, by the surface torpedo boat. Others again believe, with the First Lord of the Admiralty, that she has already attained to some practical utility. But both classes of observer are in favour of a continuance of experiments, either in the hope that some radical improvements in speed and vision may transform her into a really formidable instrument of war, or in the faith that the moral menace held out by this form of attack will make it worth the risk to life and the cost in money which it entails. Sceptics, of course, exist who maintain that the moral menace could be conveyed without the practical risk, and that all that would be necessary would be to post at desirable points a few big notices to "Beware of the Submarines." It is likely, indeed, that in war, as has already been done in manœuvres, means will be found by ingenious officers to magnify the existing threat; but it is improbable that any Power known to be entirely devoid of these weapons—and no Power has succeeded yet in building one without the secret leaking out—would succeed in inspiring awe in an opponent by a simple exhibition of bogus conning towers and counterfeit

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periscopes. Fraud, no doubt, will supplement the available supply, but it will not prove an absolute substitute for it.

Such, in terms of navigation, are some of the limitations of the submersible. It remains to consider the vessel with reference to the weapon which it is designed to use.

The locomotive torpedo, after a history of more than a quarter of a century and repeated use in warfare, has definitely confirmed itself in a position of importance afloat. It is not necessary to refer at length to the performances of earlier models in former wars, to the negative results given by the war between Spain and the United States, or to the recent Japanese successes, with the more perfect weapon. All experience tells the same tale,—that the torpedo, if it hits, is irresistible. No device hitherto discovered will palliate its effect. There has accordingly been no attempt to add to its destructive capacity, and attention has been centred upon increasing its accuracy, range, and speed. Thanks to the gyroscope its accuracy is now incontestable, and it has of late been possible to direct efforts towards adding to the range. Probably by far the greater number of torpedoes still in service both in our own and in foreign navies range but 800 yards; but the newer models can run for a considerably greater distance than this, and it is reasonably certain that in the next great war effective torpedo range will have been extended to 8000 yards or even more. The Whitehead itself is, like a ship, a thing of compromise. Large additions to any of its qualities become possible by sacrificing others in an undue proportion. All calculations have to start from the consideration that the weapon has reached its maximum weight, and that the present explosive charge is adequate. A constant of 1000 lbs. remains for the shell, the complex machinery, and the motive power. It is only since the introduction of the gyroscope that any addition to the range was thought of; for up to that date sufficient accuracy could not be obtained to make full use of the range then available. But with the discovery that, instead of running true for a bare 800 yards, the torpedo could now be

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made to run straight for as long as the motive-power lasted, there came the desire of extending its radius: and an addition to the store of compressed air used as a propellant was found to be possible. It is not necessary to expend this extra power in largely increasing speed, for the present service speed of some 80 knots is sufficient: it is therefore possible to maintain the present extreme speed over longer distances than hitherto, and to increase the range very largely. Such is the weapon of to-morrow, which will be in use when the submarine first goes forth to war.

This paper is concerned solely with the torpedo in its relations to its handmaidens, the torpedo boat and the submarine; and it is not proposed to touch upon the use of torpedoes in fleet actions. A remarble fact about this ingenious, and now most accurate, weapon is that down to the present war there had been no instance of a ship under way being struck by a torpedo. All its victims had been caught at anchor or were otherwise stationary. And, from the best information available, the same thing has happened between Russia and Japan. Now the question arises, if the torpedo boat, which has power to catch the hare, cannot cook him, how is the cooking to be done by the submarine, which can neither see him nor catch him? The design certainly is to use the submarine against ships under way to replace the torpedo boat, which cannot act in daylight. And it is an open question, which experience alone can decide, whether it will be easier for a submarine to catch the hare by day than it has hitherto proved for the torpedo boat to catch him by night. Certainly enthusiasts will be by no means satisfied if the submarine proves capable merely of attack on ships at anchor.

But how then is the catching to be done? It is proved satisfactorily by a simple diagram that a submarine moving at eight knots, its extreme speed submerged, cannot hope to reach a big ship steaming at double that pace, unless the submarine when she first sights the ship is about eight miles distant and not more than two points on her bow. If the

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distance is less, the danger angle is very considerably reduced. In this case the boat, if unperceived, could sink to the submerged condition and, by heading the ship off, could approach to within half a mile, that is, to within torpedo range under existing conditions. With the long-range torpedo the case alters somewhat. The submarine, if three points on the bow of the ship at first sighting, has still just a possible chance of getting within one mile and a half of her, that is, to extreme torpedo range. In the former case the danger zone for the ship is four points, and in the latter is but six points, out of the thirty-two. The initial odds therefore are heavy enough against the submarine's getting a shot at all. But even these odds fade into insignificance when it is remembered that they presuppose a ship steaming on a straight course and taking no precautions whatever against submarine attack. But her captain would know if he was in waters likely to be infested by submarines, and would take measures accordingly. He would, for instance, alter course constantly; a thing which of itself would be likely to baffle the submarine in view of its utter lack of speed. It has been suggested that, as a further measure, a couple of destroyers a short way ahead, one on either bow, would prove effective both in discovering and in destroying submarines. But this raises the question as to how the destroyer is to damage the submarine. Her guns would do no hurt, and she could not afford to run it down, even if it were not sunk below her draught. Various devices have been suggested to meet the case; a spar torpedo used by the destroyer, a big Whitehead exploded by a time-fuse, a hawser towed between two destroyers, and finally nets similarly used. The former of these suggestions appears to have been already shelved, and the netting devices would presumably stand a chance of success only in narrow channels. A plan suggested by the present writer was for the introduction of a small quick-firing torpedo. Such a weapon could probably be used with effect by surface torpedo craft against submarines either in connection with, or independently of, the hawser device. The

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essence of it is simple, and hinges merely on whether it is possible to construct a reliable torpedo of small dimensions.

The present service weapon is 18 in. in diameter, 16 ft. 8 in. long, is over half a ton in weight, and carries a charge of about 200 lbs., which is enough to disable the biggest ship afloat. With this weapon a rate of fire of one a minute is accounted good in favourable circumstances, and on board a destroyer the conditions would not be favourable. But quite apart from the slowness of fire there is the enormous waste of power to be considered. To use such a weapon against a small submarine would be breaking a butterfly upon the wheel with a vengeance. But if the dimensions of the big torpedo be halved, we arrive approximately at the following proportions: Diameter 9 in., length 8 ft. 4 in., total weight 150 lbs., explosive charge 25 lbs., speed 21 knots. Two questions are suggested by a contemplation of these figures: could the thing be constructed, or does it lie in the same category as Horatio Oliver Hampden's cocoa-valve? Secondly, at what rate could it be discharged?

The suggestion has been well spoken of in the service press, and may be held to be, at first sight, within the bounds of possibility, and it will be interesting to see if any developments in this direction take place. Probably such a torpedo would be sufficiently powerful, and it is not unreasonable to presuppose for it a rate of fire six times as fast as that of the full-sized weapon. It would be snap-shooting at close ranges, and probably the gyroscope, even if possible, would not be necessary. But there is the secondary consideration, that if the surface torpedo craft could carry such weapons for use against submarines, the submarines in their turn could carry them for use against torpedo craft.

The surface torpedo boat revolutionised the gun, but the gun cannot be used against the submarine. It is not unlikely therefore that this type of vessel will in like manner revolutionise the torpedo, the only weapon which can be employed against it.

But, conceding to the submarine a modicum of effectiveness,

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it is still debatable as to how far it will prove of use to the weaker power and how far to the stronger. As to its uses in attack or defence, in breaking up or maintaining blockades, in attacking ships at sea or ships in harbour, all this is on the knees of the gods. That it might prevent such indirect long range bombardments as Port Arthur has been subject to is obvious; but its functions will be many, and will postulate different types of craft. Different types are being evolved, but all as yet are subject to the heavy disabilities indicated above. The removal of these disabilities may come early or it may come late; but if its advent is not immediately followed by the rise of some new weapon able to neutralise the threat held out, then let there be no more faith in the history of navies and of human inventiveness.

L. G. Carr Laughton.

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PHYSICAL TRAINING AND NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

THERE must have been many interested readers of Mr. W. Beach Thomas's recent article in the MONTHLY REVIEW,[1] wherein he traces, from his point of view, some causes for the national degeneration now exciting considerable uneasiness. He dwells on the superior energy and resourcefulness of the country man, and advocates with force and eloquence the absolute necessity of organised daily training of the young in the precepts and practice of hygiene. To organisation he pins his faith, and no doubt stimulus is derived from this method. Personally, I feel profoundly grateful to him for demanding from his own sex first a knowledge of health laws, referring to its necessity for women merely at the conclusion of his paper. I am convinced that it is only by the co-operation of men and women, of boys and girls, that the practice of hygiene will reach the high level to which its theoretical status has long entitled it. But surely the results of country life upon the labouring classes are painted in too roseate a hue. The revelations of the Rural Housing Association and the economic conditions, exposed by published inquiries into wages and their purchasing power in country districts, demonstrate the existence of prevalent insanitary methods and of an often debilitated and far from quick-witted population.

Undoubtedly in intelligent adaptation to environment,

[1] June, 1904.

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whether in town or country, is to be found one important element of success in life. Experience of rural and urban conditions has taught me that energy, though undeniably affected by "air and exercise," is pre-eminently a personal quality, inherent in the individual. I doubt ability to prove that a higher percentage of villagers possess more energy than their town brethren. The man or woman endowed with that nervous spring we call energy is not peculiar to any district. Ignorant habits and unwholesome environment may sensibly weaken, but cannot wholly break or dissipate this innate power; it rises superior to discouragements, and contributes largely to the display of that tactful adaptability to circumstances which the Americans call "resourcefulness."

In the consideration of all social problems allowance must be made for the influence of numerous and complex factors. To generalise on insufficient data is universally accepted as a grave error. To condemn all town workmen as deficient in resourcefulness on the strength of even the most carefully recorded observations of one individual lends itself to classification under this head. How much of the regrettable want of interest in work to which Mr. Beach Thomas refers results from poor nutrition or physical disabilities it is hard to say. The low standard of duty, the omission to realise that wages paid must be earned by faithful devotion to the master's interest, the exaggerated absorption in sport and betting, are all elements which must be taken into account. The want of interest in his occupation, which leads the workman to dawdle and gossip at the expense of his employer's pocket, may be in part attributed to the absence of a sense of personal responsibility, which some call honour and others honesty; and also to a lack of comprehensive outlook upon life, which might be defined as inability to view his own work in relation to the general scheme of national productiveness. The history of labour troubles affords, unfortunately, too numerous illustrations of my point. To the wise and consistent development of the faculty of imagination, that is, of the power of projecting oneself into

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another's place, I look for a partial solution of this problem—a work to be fitly undertaken in schools of all grades. At the same time the vigour of redundant health, when disciplined by judicious training, sheds a radiance upon work and play alike, never dimly perceived by the stunted, underfed weakling.

Happily there are many women in England who are giving their best powers to the promotion of that instruction in the details of daily home life from which Mr. Beach Thomas justly anticipates such beneficial results; but the influence of their efforts has been largely minimised by the indifference to their aims of the more favourably situated classes of the community, as well as to a regrettable want of funds adequately to carry on the work.[1] The sense of active duty to their poorer neighbours is sadly dormant among the well-to-do. I do not deny that much strength and money are expended upon the hospital bazaar, or that much time is lavished on attendance at drawing-room meetings organised to procure support for convalescent homes and fresh air funds. But the conception has barely dawned on the directing classes of to-day that the remedy for the ills these are designed to cure lies ready to hand in the form of the unexciting task of attention to the practical improvement of the people's homes. For instance, to take some of Mr. Beach Thomas's points. Food *can* but be bought from hand to mouth when the only provision for storage is a dark, ill-ventilated cupboard, perhaps the receptacle also for the gas meter. Overcrowding cannot be avoided where rents run at fancy prices. Long hours of work in confined postures are unavoidable when orders are placed and demanded at the shortest notice. Tastes are inevitably depraved where foul air and insufficient water supply diminish the already low standard of health.

[1] It is probably known to few, for instance, that, on the score of expense, the food prepared by girls in elementary schools is not eaten and enjoyed by the young cooks unless they purchase it; a false economy on the part of the authorities concerned, whether viewed from the educational, hygienic, or economic standpoints.

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Unfortunately, the commonplaces of physiology are as frequently unfamiliar to the majority of the rich as to the masses of the poor. The recognition that with our existing knowledge constant deviations from health are actually a disgrace is as absent from the mansion as from the cottage. The responsibility of civic duties and of rightly regulated altruism needs impressing on all classes alike. It is true that at the present moment considerable uneasiness exists as to the quality of the web of national life. Do the flaws it exhibits reflect upon the warp of the wealthy or the woof of the masses? is the thread of our national stock at fault? are the shuttles of training carelessly thrown? are the looms out of date? At the first glance it might appear that the faulty threads are to be found wholly among the unskilled labourers or the industrial classes. It cannot be contradicted that the infantile mortality rate may be taken as a sure indication of overcrowded locality or of maternal occupation. The thousands of children who fall victims annually to want of care when suffering from measles or whooping-cough are undoubtedly chiefly resident in the slums of our great cities or in the cottages of our rural districts. The drunkard, the degraded, the defective are all popularly classified as units among the great unwashed, and as the principal sources of menace to England's prosperity. Less superficial observation will, however, reveal other contributory agents to the growing dependence of our population of all ranks upon the continual supervision of the medical profession, which may be in part, by no means wholly, looked upon as an indication of diminished vigour and sound health. Crowded as are the hospitals and dispensaries for the poor throughout the country, the proportion of ailing or debilitated among the paying population can be but little smaller. It is true, surgery can now afford relief to minor as well as to major ills, where formerly passive endurance was the only course; but, apart from this laudable aid to human needs, will not every doctor frankly confess to the demands upon his time made by the carelessness and

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inexcusable ignorance of the well-to-do? Underfed or overfed children; errors of dress in infancy which lay the seeds of future suffering; neglect of adequate light or ventilation in nursery or schoolroom; insufficient normal exercise; late hours; over-stimulation of already excitable brains: these are but a few of the needless handicaps too often laid upon the children of the wealthy. They can indeed be ameliorated, perhaps remedied; but at what cost of irritation, disappointment, suffering, and money, not to mention diminished powers of resistance, and perhaps permanent scars! Neither are these sins of commission or omission confined to children. Dyspepsia and shaken nerves; unsymmetrical figures or defects concealed by the wiles of art; premature loss of power or eccentricities which verge on insanity, are present among adult dupes to fashion's vagaries or wealthy slaves to self-indulgence, where not the excuse of even a crumpled roseleaf can be raised in extenuation of the thoughtlessness or wilful ignorance which are their promoting causes.

The attempt to condense in one general term the source from which may be sought a remedy for this national ignorance and resultant suffering is sure to bring a heavy penalty of exceptions; but it is worth the risk. In training—judicious, practical training—in a knowledge of the human body, its functions and their needs, its requirements and dependence for perfect development upon its predispositions and environment, lies, in my opinion, the solution of one of our most momentous social problems; and that training must not be confined to one age, or to one section of the population. The theory and practice of human hygiene must be inculcated by precept and example from early childhood onwards; it must be linked with habits and must influence actions; it must accentuate responsibilities and stimulate reforms among all classes.

Not to waste words upon the ignorance which conveniently relieves itself of undesired responsibility by describing hygiene as a fad, there is still a recognisable percentage of the more intelligent who limit its aims to the purely personal and domestic,

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and its claims to women only. Its actual scope has been admirably expressed by Professor Royet Collard—"Le monde entier," he writes, "est de son domaine, car rien de ce qui est humain ne lui est étranger, et l'histoire de l'homme est celle de l'Univers."

The demand I make is no new thing. It may be assumed with tolerable certainty that the birth of hygiene coincided with that of civilisation. Certain contrivances, to which Professor Boyd Dawkins calls attention in his description of the centres of population in the pre-historic age, were probably constructed from a recognition of mutual life interests. Early Brahminical teaching indicates a very clear perception of the value to the individual of bathing, rest, diet, and self-control; the tenets being closely linked with religious ceremonial, and indicating an acquaintance with the effects of climatic conditions on the health of the community. There seems good evidence to support the assumption that "the wisdom of the Egyptians," to which the Hebrew race owes so much of its admirable sanitary code, was largely concerned with hygienic practices based upon sound principles.

That which is more immediately to my point, however, is the evidence which can be gathered of the systematic training of young people during school life in the elements of hygiene, as applied to the formation of good habits and to the physical culture of their bodies. Training in bodily exercises would appear to have occupied a large proportion of the childhood of a Greek lad in the time of Plato, with "the idea of promoting general serviceableness for the ends of life," and of fostering a race of strong, well-balanced, worthy citizens. The control of the body by the mind, in such a degree as is evidenced by grace of carriage and movement, was recognised as well nigh god-like, and as such systematically enforced; the conception of temperance, proportion, or harmony was discovered and utilised as a sure guide in Greek educational methods.

Dr. W. T. Harris, United States National Commissioner of Education, brought out this idea when he wrote of the

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"repose of voluntary self-restraint" shown in the best Greek sculpture; not the relaxation of rest, "but the repose of considerate purpose, grace itself, the acme, indeed, of self-control."

Among both Greeks and Jews this coercion of natural physical inclinations by the power of education was well appreciated. The close connection of the right care of the whole being, body, mind and spirit, seemed fairly well conceived by all the early Eastern civilisations. In Assyria and Egypt, in India and Greece, the priest-teacher exemplified a perhaps scarcely formulated conception of education as "an atmosphere and a discipline, affecting heart and mind and body, and neglecting none of the three." A similar idea was clearly present in the minds of English educationists more than fifty years ago, when national education was taking on a new life. To it the eyes of progress were at once turned, as a means by which the personal and public practice of hygiene could be "wrought into" the people. To a few thinkers it was given to anticipate the recently expressed conviction of Professor M. E. Sadler, that "a national system of education involves implicitly, or explicitly, a definite theory of the right ordering of national life."

The fact that for the majority of the population the time necessary for such study and definite instruction is limited to their early years prompted the presentation of a memorial on the importance of school instruction in hygiene to the President of the Committee of Council in 1858, signed by sixty-five leading physicians and surgeons. A too intimate acquaintance by the laity with what Locke described as our "clay cottage" was considered of questionable reverence and decency half a century ago; consequently far greater importance attached to the following decided expression of opinion on the part of the scientists of that date than to a somewhat similar memorial presented a few weeks since.

"Our opinion having been requested as to the advantage of making the elements of Human Physiology or a general knowledge of the Laws of Health a part of the education of youth," so runs the memorial, "we, the undersigned,

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have no hesitation in giving it strongly in the affirmative . . . and we are convinced that such instruction may be rendered most interesting to the young, and may be communicated to them with the utmost facility and propriety in the ordinary schools by properly instructed schoolmasters."

In the concluding words of my quotation the memorialists touch on the crux of the whole matter; given "*properly instructed schoolmasters*," then children's minds *will* follow their natural bent and deal gladly with the concrete facts of daily existence, to which a new attraction is lent by skilful guidance into observation of the "reason why." But teachers were as much, or even more, disposed to "inform rather than to train" in 1854 than in 1904. Certain remarks in the Fourth Report of the Education Department (1857) bear witness to the fact that the art of memorising had then, as now, attained a higher degree of development and popularity than that of observation. It is first set forth that "the sciences of observation, such as zoology, botany, and physiology, are more suitable to the children of primary schools than the abstract physical sciences (mechanics, physics, or chemistry), which are better adapted for secondary schools;" their Lordships are then invited to consider whether it would not be desirable to introduce an increased study of the sciences of observation in the training colleges. There is little indication, however, that any official effort was made to adopt the expert advice of either the medical profession or the school inspectors. This is the more remarkable in that reiterated testimony as to the national importance of hygiene and to its fitness for educational purposes was given by men whose judgment in such a matter was, and is, unassailable in its integrity. Huxley, Spencer, and Charles Kingsley, for instance, plead with one voice for a suitable and systematic, though necessarily general, introduction of the subject into schools. So numerous are the allusions to this matter contained in their writings that to attempt quotation would prove wearisome. Religion, sociology, economics, all furnish forth incontestable arguments that the right conduct of life should be inculcated upon physical as well as upon

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spiritual grounds. For fifty years our Medical Officers of Health have raised the same cry. Sir John Simon embodied eloquent appeals for a riper national education in one after another of his classical reports.

> Education, in the full sense of the word [he wrote] is the one far reaching true reformer—not the mere elementary school business of reading, writing and arithmetic, but the education which competes for self-help and for social duty; the education which teaches standards of moral right and wrong . . . and applies its own hygienic discipline to . . . life.

And in the fulness of time the long-expected moment has come. Widespread attention has been called to the new spirit animating this year's Board of Education Code for Elementary Schools.[1] The school is henceforth to afford to children every opportunity for the healthy development of their bodies. The wise American method is to be adopted; that is to say, their intelligent co-operation is to be secured in the execution of physical exercises and in the maintenance of hygienic conditions by "instructing them in the working of some of the simple laws of health." They are to be furnished with a reason for the faith that is in them. Of even better import, by example and influence they are to have implanted habits of self-control, purity, consideration and respect for others; while parental interest is to be enlisted to assist in the production of useful members of the community.

The patriot is filled with hopeful satisfaction as he reads these instructions; but his next concern will be to inquire by what means teachers are prepared to fulfil duties so onerous. Of the high morale, the devoted self-sacrifice of our great army of elementary teachers there can be but one opinion. But their opportunities for self-preparation in a subject of such vast scope have hitherto been decidedly limited. So far as I can trace the movement for its study has been retrograde rather than progressive in the Training Colleges.[2] A short theoretical

[1] *See* "Revolution at the Board of Education," by Cloudesley Brereton, MONTHLY REVIEW, June 1904.

[2] Considerable impetus should result from the Regulations for the Training of Teachers, issued in July by the Board of Education, which lay wise stress

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course in School Management contains allusion to the subject, it is true; but hygiene in its entirety, correlated as it should be with physics, chemistry and physiology, does not appear; while the always despised domestic economy has dropped out from King's Scholarship Examinations for girls. General elementary science, including optional biology, occupies the field; and though no one will deny its right to this position, if man's place in nature be but fairly recognised and included in the scheme of study, it is surely desirable that more impetus be given to the needs and habits of the highest work of creation than is contained in the suggestion that acquaintance with elementary general hygiene should not be "wholly omitted" by candidates for the Acting Teacher's Certificate.

The application of scientific principles to the world's industries has resulted in benefits so manifest as to be universally acknowledged; but, so far, few realise the equal gain to the community which would as inevitably follow a similar employment of known principles in the complications of daily life. The elements of this knowledge (now securely based on the foundation of proof, theoretical, experimental, statistical, and practical) are indispensable to the complete training of young people in the science of home life, and in the duties and responsibilities of good citizenship. They are to be obtained from a study of hygiene, in the most comprehensive significance of the term. Hitherto this subject has been ignored in all grades of schools, or its scope has been limited to its purely theoretical or personal aspects; consequently its intimate bearing upon every relation and condition of life has been overlooked. It is yet sparsely recognised that the principles of hygiene can be applied in every case to the daily and familiar experience of young people; the home, school, and workshop providing ample illustrations and a wide field for useful, practical exercise.

upon the acquirement of hygienic habits by students during their training, and furnish alternative schemes for a detailed study of School Hygiene, which can be only adequately realised if based upon a broad, practical, and scientific study of its general principles.

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It is to be hoped, therefore, that parental as well as scholastic interest will be aroused by the recently issued Board of Education Regulations for Secondary Schools. Interspersed among the sections devoted to the functions and work of these schools suggestive references may be found to the fundamental principles of the education which it is their duty to impart. For instance, the training of our boys and girls is to be general, "physical, mental, and moral." It is to keep in view the development and exercise of *all* the faculties; and a "solid basis" is to be laid for the duties of later life. Ample time is allotted to systematic physical exercises for both sexes, while those interested in the well-being of the population will take heart when they observe that the elements of housewifery is suggested as a suitable subject for the instruction of girls. This is consistent with the further intimation that school curricula should be planned with "due regard to the differences inherent in the nature of the two sexes." In Section 12 of Chapter 1 the domestic arts are specified under the head of manual instruction for girls, while their brothers are to acquire skill in the manipulation of wood and iron. Although it is a much debated point whether cookery, laundry work, dairy work, and needlework can justly be so classified, it is nevertheless a matter for sincere congratulation that the Board of Education should thus set its seal of official approval upon the general introduction into secondary schools of these subjects. They not only possess high educational value, but also sorely need raising to that honourable status, to which their bearing upon health and their susceptibility to advanced scientific treatment justly entitle them.

It is remarkable that though throughout these Regulations wise emphasis is laid upon due attention to sanitary conditions in schools, no indication appears of any opening for arousing in scholars a sense of their hygienic duties. Not merely should these be exercised in the form of loyal co-operation in the maintenance of such conditions in schools, but good habits should be intelligently acquired, such as will conduce to the

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right fulfilment of personal, domestic, industrial or social responsibilities in subsequent years, if a really "solid basis" is to be laid for the duties of later life. The subject of personal hygiene can fitly be introduced to both boys and girls in connection with physical exercises. A quarter of an hour's talk twice or thrice a week on the objects of these exercises will suffice for this purpose, if linked with practical teaching of the elements of human physiology, to which the nature-study course forms an admirable introduction. Sufficient general acquaintance with domestic sanitary appliances can be gained by properly directed employment and care of school fittings. As regards other and equally important branches of hygiene, I have dwelt at length, in various published addresses, upon the valuable medium offered by "Civics" for training boys in a recognition of their share in the promotion of public health, whether in the capacity of employers, employés, or householders. I have also repeatedly drawn attention to the fact that general hygiene constitutes the basis of housewifery, the details of which assume a fresh interest and acquire a new dignity when perceived to be the application of scientific laws. Its entire omission from the curriculum suggested in these Regulations is therefore to be regretted.

But antecedent to the repair of this omission it is apparent that a fairly exhaustive study of hygiene must form an integral part of a secondary as of a primary teacher's professional equipment; short theoretical courses would not suffice; only by experimental and observational work can the real educational value of the subject be estimated. To this end a more dignified status must be assigned to it by educational authorities, and facilities must be increased for its intelligent pursuit in colleges and technical classes attended by both sexes. For some years past the County Council of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and more recently that of Sussex, have led the way in this respect. Staffordshire is following suit, while such important cities as Manchester and Birmingham are organising courses of training for the coming session. But hitherto

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attendance has been confined to elementary teachers, and has been of a purely voluntary character, no additional pecuniary or other advantage accruing therefrom. The Sanitary Institute has also endeavoured to stimulate the right method of study by the type of test it has initiated; its examination for school teachers demands proof of practical ability to apply intelligently that which has been acquired theoretically; the result has amply justified the means employed.

This preparation in the right conduct of life is the kernel of social science. Twentieth-century civilisation demands for its social reformation intelligent self-activity on the part of its individual units; without this assistance what Professor de Chaumont described as the "ideal period" in the hygienic history of a nation cannot be attained. In England, do we not recognise "rational freedom" as the goal towards which we aspire—can we deny that progress is hampered by preventable race deterioration, selfish class interests, inexcusable indifference to the lessons of history and the revelations of science? To correct our defective perspective in social and educational ideals, with the consequent disappointment in their anticipated realisation, shall we not enlist the assistance of the highest scholarship, and ask of it that guidance and honourable service recently described by the President of the Columbia University, New York City? After referring to the unity of effort between church, state and scholarship "to produce a reverent, well-ordered, and thoughtful democratic civilisation in which the eternal standards of righteousness and truth will increasingly prevail," Dr. Murray Butler proceeded:

> But a university is not for scholarship alone. In these modern days the university is not apart from the activities of the world, but in them and of them. It deals with real problems, and it relates itself to life as it is. The university is for both scholarship and service; and herein lies that ethical quality which makes the university a real person, bound by its very nature to the service of others. To fulfil its high calling the university must give, and give freely, to its students, to the world of learning and of scholarship, to the development of trade, commerce, and industry, to the community in which it has its home, and to the state and nation whose foster-child it is. Every legi-

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timate demand for guidance, for leadership, for expert knowledge, for trained skill, for personal service, it is the bounden duty of the university to meet. It may not urge that it is too busy accumulating stores of learning and teaching students. Serve it must, as well as accumulate and teach, upon pain of loss of moral power and impairment of usefulness. At every call it must show that it is

"Strong for service still, and unimpaired."

The study of hygiene in England needs promotion in a double sense: promotion by diffusion, promotion by exaltation; and this latter, not merely by recognition, but by the opening up of opportunities for advanced study to the laity. All honour is due to Bedford College (London University) for its attention to this subject; but the great resources of all our leading universities should be available to students of hygiene. At present the Diploma of Public Health is open only to members of the medical profession, surely an anomaly. The preservation of health is the concern of all; it is the cure of disease, which is wisely confined to a close corporation. College courses in sanitary science have been established in universities of high standing in the United States, and have amply justified their position. It will be a day of good omen for this country when popular opinion secures a similar step. The promotion of national efficiency prompted this action in America; it may well serve as a worthy motive to Great Britain too. National efficiency depends upon the well-being of the people; statesmen, philanthropists, philosophers and physicians, realise the extent to which the public health is suffering from ignorance, indolence, insanitary habits and conditions; evils by no means confined to one class, but dependent to a large degree upon complex social obligations. In education lies one means for amelioration. The units of the population must be persistently and intelligently trained in "intellectual thoroughness, practical efficiency, and moral vigour" by well qualified and interested instructors, whose own training should, indeed must, include a study of the underlying ideals of national life, which "are involved in all reforms worthy of the name."

ALICE RAVENHILL.

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SUGGESTIONS ON THE ORIGIN OF THE GOSPELS

I. ST. MARK

THE first question which meets any student who desires to take up in a scientific spirit the study of our canonical Gospels, is that which goes by the name of "the Synoptic problem." Even the most careless reader can hardly fail to notice the singular resemblances and coincidences which exist in the narratives of the first three Evangelists; resemblances which are to be found not only in the general plan of the whole story, or in the particular incidents and discourses which have been recorded, but also in the actual words, the turns of the sentences, and even in the connecting particles which are used. Nor are these coincidences the result merely of imperfect translation. The resemblance is even closer and more striking in the original Greek than it is in the English or the Latin; the effect of translation has been to obscure rather than to increase its force. Whole chapters are found to be contained substantially in each of the three gospels, while instances can often be found in which for two or three verses together there is scarcely the smallest discrepancy, even verbal, between the three narratives. On the other hand, there are considerable differences and variations which are no less difficult to account for, and which are to be found not only in the actual words themselves but still more in the framework and

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the general contents of the narrative. To find a solution which shall satisfactorily account both for the resemblances and the discrepancies, which will tell us why certain paragraphs are contained in one gospel and omitted, apparently without any reason, in another—this, in a word, is "the Synoptic Problem" which has occupied the labours and baffled the ingenuity of numberless scholars, especially in Germany and in England, for more than a hundred years, since it was first raised by Griesbach and Eichhorn in the last decade of the eighteenth century.

It will tend to clear our thoughts if, at the outset of our inquiry, we take a passage which may be considered typical of those which occur in all of the three first gospels, and print the three versions side by side in parallel columns, breaking up the paragraph in each case into short sentences. By these means we shall see at a glance how very great the resemblance is between the three narratives, and shall also get an idea of the kind of way in which they are differentiated one from the others. The murmuring of the Scribes at Capernaum at the claim of our Lord to forgive the sins of the paralytic man will provide us with a suitable example. The quotations are from the Revised Version, as that most nearly represents the original Greek, and therefore brings out the resemblances and differences with the greatest accuracy and fairness.

St. Matthew ix. 2–8.	*St. Mark* ii. 1–12.	*St. Luke* v. 18–26.
And behold they brought to him a man sick of the palsy lying on a bed	And they come bringing to Him a man sick of the palsy, borne of four . . .	And behold men bring on a bed a man that was palsied . . .
And Jesus seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven.	And Jesus seeing their faith, saith unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins are forgiven.	And [Jesus] seeing their faith, said, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee.

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St. Matthew ix. 2–8.	*St. Mark* ii. 1–12.	*St. Luke* v. 17–26.
And behold certain of the Scribes said within themselves:	But there were certain of the Scribes sitting there and reasoning in their hearts:	And the Scribes and the Pharisees began to reason, saying:
This man blasphemeth	Why does this man thus speak? He blasphemeth. Who can forgive sins but one, *even* God?	Who is this that speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God alone?
And Jesus knowing their thoughts, said,	And straightway Jesus perceiving in His Spirit that they so reasoned within themselves, saith unto them,	But Jesus perceiving their reasonings, answered and said unto them,
Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts? For whether is easier to say,	Why reason ye these things in your hearts? Whether is easier to say to the sick of the palsy,	What reason ye in your hearts? Whether is easier to say,
Thy sins are forgiven; or to say: Arise, and walk?	Thy sins are forgiven; or to say: Arise, and take up thy bed and walk?	Thy sins are forgiven thee; or to say: Arise and walk?
But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then saith He to the sick of the palsy),	But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (He saith to the sick of the palsy),	But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (He said unto him that was palsied):
Arise, and take up thy bed and go unto thy house.	I say unto thee, Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thy house.	I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go unto thy house.
And he arose and departed to his house.	And he arose, and straightway took up the bed, and went forth before them all.	And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his house, glorifying God.

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Now the remarkable thing which at once strikes us about these passages is that the verbal identities are not confined to our Lord's actual words or to those of His opponents, but that they extend to the way in which the story is told. It is conceivable that our Lord's words may have been preserved with scrupulous accuracy and handed down without suffering any change of any kind, but it is surely quite impossible that any two independent narrators of the incident should both have fixed upon so awkward and unusual a form of speech as is involved in the use of the parenthesis, "then saith He to the sick of the palsy." When we find that not two only, but all three, have preserved the same words here in the same order, the conclusion that the narratives at this point are not independent, but must be in some way connected with one another, becomes impossible to avoid.

There are two main families into which the possible explanations of this phenomenon naturally fall. Either one of the Evangelists wrote independently, and the other two, writing later, had access to what he had written, or else all three are indebted to some earlier document, portions of which they have incorporated into their own work. In our own day, and with our modern ideas, we should be inclined to give a hard name to either of these processes, and to call it plagiarism, but this was not so in those days in the East. There was no copyright and no idea of property in literary productions. Books were frequently made by thus incorporating whatever had been well said by others on the same subject. In any case, the object of the Evangelists was not to win money or fame for themselves by their work, but to provide their converts with an absolutely full and faithful portraiture, so far as was possible, of the Master's life. And from this point of view the incorporation of all earlier and trustworthy material, unchanged except in merely verbal matters, became not only a right but a positive duty.

Although we have now arrived at the conclusion that inter-relation of some kind must exist between the Synoptic Gospels, it is evident that we are still very far from having arrived

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at any satisfactory answer as to what that relation actually was. Either of the two families into which the possible solutions may be sorted is sufficiently large to admit of many variations. For instance, any one of the three may have been the first to write, and the one who wrote last may have seen both or only one of his predecessors' books. Or again, if the common source is to be found outside of the actual Gospels as we have them now, it may have consisted of a single document, or of two or more, and these documents may have been in Aramaic or in Greek, or may perhaps never have been committed to writing at all, but may have been handed down exclusively by oral tradition, which crystallised at last into a fixed form of words. If all these various possibilities are taken into consideration, it will be seen that there is a very large number of possible permutations and combinations among which we have to choose. Almost every one of these has found some able supporter in the course of the last century, who has put forward on its behalf all that could possibly be said in its favour, but, in the general discussion and criticism which has followed, one after another has been shown to be untenable, and the number of possible theories which still remain open has in consequence been very materially reduced. The battle between the supporters of oral tradition as the common source and those who felt obliged to postulate a written document has continued even to the present day. In 1888, when Dr. Abbott wrote his well-known article on the Gospels for the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the division of opinion seemed to him to be "almost national," the German critics being unanimous in demanding written sources, while the English, on the other hand, were almost equally unanimous in holding that oral tradition was by itself sufficient to account for all the phenomena. This unanimity among English writers was due to the commanding personality of a single great teacher, the late Dr. Westcott, but since his influence has been removed English opinion has tended more and more to coincide with that which has all along been held in Germany, until now Dr.

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Arthur Wright, one of Dr. Westcott's pupils, stands practically alone on the other side. The oral hypothesis accounts well and easily for the discrepancies in the three narratives, and in any case must be accorded a prominent place among the influences which were at work, but it is now almost universally agreed that it altogether breaks down when it is attempted to explain, by its aid only, such constant and minute coincidences as are also found. Some kind of documentary connection is absolutely demanded by the circumstances of the case.

For several years past practical unanimity among all critics has been secured as to certain broad outlines. It will, perhaps, be convenient to put down these main points of agreement, together with one or more of the reasons which have led to the adoption of each. It must be understood, however, that the reasons here laid down are by no means the only ones available, and that the conclusions have been reached as the result of many converging lines of argument, linguistic as well as critical.

(1) It is agreed that St. Mark's Gospel is, if not the earliest of the three in point of actual date of composition, at least the one which has most faithfully preserved one of the original sources.

(2) St. Mark has not seen either of the other two. If he had, it is inconceivable that he should not have included something of what they relate, but he omits. We cannot conceive, *e.g.*, that St. Mark had the record of the giving of the Lord's Prayer in writing before him, and yet, while borrowing other matter, did not think it worth while to give it to his readers.

(3) Both St. Matthew and St. Luke may have seen St. Mark's Gospel, for almost the whole of that Gospel seems to be contained in one or other of them, but they were neither of them in possession of what the other had written. The omissions would be inexplicable on any other hypothesis, and the two narratives of the Sacred Infancy may be taken as the best example. Neither could have been written as a complete

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account had the Evangelist had the other story before him as a trustworthy record when he was writing.

(4) Both St. Matthew and St. Luke had, besides the Marcan document, access to another written document, which there is very much less reason to suppose that St. Mark had seen. This follows from many instances of coincidence between these two Evangelists in portions of the narrative which are not found in St. Mark.

These four conclusions, which constitute what is known as "the Two Document theory," are now held by practically all competent scholars. Even Dr. Wright, though he would demur to the use of the word "document," is quite in accordance with the rest on every other point. Those few scholars who still hold out are not agreed among themselves, and have not won much acceptance from others for their views. It is not too much to say that "the Two Document theory" holds the field alone, and that no other theory has at present drawn to itself enough support to demand any special consideration.

We can add certain other points on which there is a good deal of agreement, though as yet they do not command the same degree of consent as do those we have already mentioned. For instance:

(1) The Marcan document used by St. Matthew and St. Luke, although it must have very closely resembled our present Gospel of St. Mark, both in its arrangement and its contents, yet was not identical with it. For many of the special vivid touches and expressions which form the great charm of our present Gospel are to be found in neither of the other two. It is easy to account for either St. Matthew or St. Luke having omitted any one of these. The Evangelists were not trying to make a vivid picture, but to hand down a narrative that should be substantially true. But it is almost impossible to conceive that both should with such singular unanimity have fixed on precisely the same points, to us almost the most valuable and interesting of all, as being of no value or interest to their readers, and therefore not worth transcribing into their own

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narrative. This difficulty seems much greater than the alternative one of the complete disappearance from history of this earlier document without leaving a trace of its existence behind. It disappeared because it was so nearly identical with St. Mark's Gospel, and because it was indeed wholly contained in it, so that its separate existence had become needless.

(2) It will explain a great many points which are now obscure if we can allow that there were, not one only, but two such earlier documents, each of which had very much in common, and was, indeed, in the main, identical with our present St. Mark's Gospel—so as to be practically two earlier and less complete editions of that Gospel. The earlier and shorter of these will then be the source on which St. Luke depended in these portions of his narrative, and the second and longer will be the authority used by St. Matthew. This theory has only lately been put forward as an explanation of the circumstances, indeed it has not been put forward at all as yet in precisely the form in which it is here given. It has not, therefore, yet been sufficiently discussed to enable us to say whether it will win general acceptance. But to the present writer it seems to explain almost all the difficulties which remain, and to be a most valuable suggestion, one of the most valuable indeed that has been made for several years. It has all the advantages of the *Urmarkus* theory of the German critics without any of its difficulties, and may very possibly prove an important step towards the final solution of the problem.

But, for the present, it seems as if criticism based on the internal evidence of the books themselves has reached its limit, so far as any such elucidation of the problem is concerned. Practically no advance of real importance has been made for many years past, in spite of the great number of acute and able minds which are engaged upon the study in every country of Europe. Every by-path of knowledge which offers the vaguest hope of supplying any further clue to the mystery has been explored to the uttermost, but without any substantial result being attained. Every possible theory, it has been said,

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has been brought forward in turn, has been advocated by writers of ability and learning, only to draw the fire of others upon itself, to be drawn out for dead, or laid aside. It almost seems as if the long-wished for solution, when it comes at last, will come rather as the revival of a theory which has been laid aside, than as anything entirely new and unexpected.

Under these circumstances, since there is so little to hope for from the criticism of the actual text and the internal evidence which the books afford, there is still one obvious course remaining. We turn once more to the external evidence, to the writings of authors of the earliest ages, in the hope of finding in the witness of tradition something which may help to shed a further light upon this difficult question. If we examine it again, and subject it once more to a careful scrutiny, and especially if we are careful while we do so to keep in our minds those few conclusions which seem to be firmly proved by the internal evidence, it may well be that some valuable hint may be detected which will go far towards unravelling the problem. If not—if tradition fails us as completely as internal criticism,—we may well begin to wonder whether any final and absolute answer to the question can ever now be reached, for we shall have exhausted all the evidence at our disposal, and can then only hope that some lucky find in Egypt or elsewhere may clear the matter up.

It is indeed nothing less than extraordinary to notice how absolute has been the neglect of this other source of evidence among the critics of recent years. In former days, of course, this was necessarily the case, for the very object of Ferdinand Baur and of the whole Tübingen school was to show that tradition was quite untrustworthy, and that the Gospels, instead of being written, as had been supposed, within the lifetime of the Apostles, were only documents of the latter half of the second century. But of late years, in which the tendency even of Rationalistic critics has been so markedly to return, as Harnack has confessed, "in the direction of tradition," it seems strange that the old prejudice should have been strong enough to

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prevent any real and careful analysis of what tradition actually has to say. Certainly this side of the evidence has not received one hundredth part of the labour which has been given to the study of the text, and it may well be, therefore, that some hint may still remain in the various traditions of the early centuries, which has till now been overlooked, and which yet may provide a key which will unlock for us some of the problems which have proved so difficult and so complex.

We begin then by simply writing out, without note or comment, the actual words of the various early writers who have touched upon the subject, using where we can translations already published by competent scholars, so as to avoid, on the one hand, quoting the original languages, which are unsuitable for the pages of a review for general reading, and, on the other, the suspicion of any attempt to twist a translation to support any private view or theory of our own. For the present we confine ourselves to the notices of St. Mark.

The earliest writer is PAPIAS, who wrote about A.D. 185 and is giving us the testimony of an unnamed "elder," whom we understand by the context to have been either one of the Apostles, or at least one of that generation, who had himself known the Apostles and had lived with them. The passage is therefore of peculiar importance, and runs as follows:

> This also the elder used to say, Mark having become Peter's interpreter, wrote accurately all that he remembered; though he did not record in order that which was either said or done by Christ. For he neither heard the Lord nor followed him, but subsequently, as I said [attached himself] to Peter, who used to frame his teaching to meet the wants of his hearers, but not as making a connected narrative of the Lord's discourses. So Mark committed no error, as he wrote down some particulars just as he recalled them to mind. For he took heed but to one thing, to omit none of the facts that he heard, and to make no false statement in [his account of] them.

The next witness is IRENAEUS. (*c. Haer.* iii. 1. 1.) A.D. 180.

> Matthew published his Gospel . . . while Peter and Paul were preaching and founding the Church in Rome. After their departure (*cf.* 2 Pet. i. 15) Mark, the disciple and interpreter of Peter, himself also has handed down to us in writing the things which were preached by Peter.

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CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. A.D. 190. (*Hypotyp.* vi.) This again is given as "the tradition of the elders of former time."

It is said that when Peter had publicly preached the word in Rome, and declared the Gospel by the Spirit, those who were present, being many, urged Mark, as one who had followed him for a long time and remembered what he said, to record what he stated; and that he having made his Gospel gave it to those who made the request of him; and that Peter, when he was aware of this, was careful neither to hinder him nor to encourage him in the work.

Also in another place (*Adumbr. in Pet. Ep.* i.); the Greek is lost:

Mark, the follower of Peter, when Peter was openly preaching the Gospel at Rome in the presence of certain horse-soldiers from Cæsarea (*equites Cæsarini*) and was putting forward many testimonies of Christ with a view to what he said being retained in their memories, wrote down out of the sayings of Peter the Gospel which goes by his name and is called that according to Mark.

ORIGEN. (*Comm. in Matt.* i.)

I have learned by tradition . . . the second Gospel is by Mark, who made it as Peter guided him.

Most of these various testimonies were collected by EUSEBIUS, and are now known to us only by his quotations, since the original books have all perished. We come now to Eusebius' own witness on the matter. (*Hist. eccl.* ii. 15.)

So greatly did the splendour of piety illumine the minds of Peter's hearers that they were not satisfied with hearing once only, nor were content with the unwritten teaching of the divine Gospel,—but with all sorts of entreaties they besought Mark, a follower of Peter, and the one whose Gospel is extant, that he would leave them a written monument of the doctrine which had been orally communicated to them. Nor did they cease until they had prevailed with the man, and had thus become the occasion of the written Gospel, which bears the name of Mark. And they say that Peter, when he had learned through a revelation of the Spirit of that which had been done, was pleased with the zeal of the man, and that the work obtained the sanction of his authority for the purpose of being used in the Churches.

Later testimonies can be put more shortly. EPIPHANIUS says that St. Mark wrote his Gospel in Rome, and, when he had written it was sent by St. Peter to Egypt. ST. CHRYSOSTOM stands alone in asserting that he actually wrote his Gospel in

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Egypt. The Chronicle of Eusebius puts his arrival in Egypt in the first year of Claudius, about A.D. 41, while the "Paschal Chronicle" puts it as early as A.D. 39—and the accession of his successor, Annianus, is put at A.D. 62. Eusebius and Jerome both say explicitly that St. Mark took his Gospel with him when he first went to Egypt.

The general impression given by these traditions is one of confusion and incompatibility one with another. Two points stand out strongly—that the Gospel was written at Rome and that it embodies St. Peter's preaching. Now when trustworthy authorities seem to disagree, it is a sound rule of criticism to try to find a way in which they may be reconciled. Are they, for instance, all referring, as they seem to be, to precisely the same event, or have two similar events been confused? It is the extreme of unscholarly and uncritical conduct to throw over any statement by an ancient writer until every effort has been made to explain how it may be true, and in what way it has come to be misleading. These writers none of them wrote as they did without what they thought to be sound and trustworthy authority, and such trustworthy evidence was easier for them to obtain in the first and following centuries than it is for us in the twentieth. Every word that they have written is worthy of the most careful study at our hands.

Now in this case, may not the theories which have been reached on critical grounds be of assistance? Is it possible, for instance, that there was more than one edition of the Gospel, and that some of these passages ought to be referred to the earlier? Is it possible, again, that the strong tradition that the Gospel was published at Rome has caused some writers to transfer a tradition to that city which really belongs to an earlier edition at some other place? We go back to the passages in question and read them over again from this point of view. At once our attention is arrested by the second passage from St. Clement of Alexandria. What were horse-soldiers (*equites*) from Cæsarea doing at Rome? Cæsarea was not near to Rome; it was in Palestine, on the coast

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between Joppa and Carmel. The word is not *Cæsarianus*, which might mean a dependent of the Emperor, but *Cæsareanus*, which must be connected with the town. Who can these soldiers from Cæsarea possibly be? And then at once the solution comes to us. It is not at Rome but at Jerusalem that the incident really happened—and the episode is that which is recorded in the tenth chapter of the Acts. It is Cornelius and his friends who are thus designated, and who were the true originators of the Gospel of St. Mark. And if so the original writing of that Gospel—the foundation of all the three Synoptics—took place not at Rome in A.D. 67 or later, but at Cæsarea in A.D. 42, or perhaps even earlier, within a dozen years of the death of Jesus Christ. St. Clement is in that case responsible for the mistaken references to Rome. The suggestion certainly is not lacking either in interest or importance.

The supreme test of such a theory as this comes when the new assumption is brought into relation with other and cognate records. If it is true, it is almost certain to explain something else which, up to then, has been obscure. It, on the other hand, it is false, it will only make the confusion which already exists more involved and hopeless than it was before. We proceed then to apply this test, and to re-write the history of St. Mark in the light of this new idea, so as to see whether the total effect is now to clear things up, or to confuse them more.

St. Mark was a native of Jerusalem, the son of Mary (Acts xii. 12). His mother was a woman of some property, and lived in a rather large house in Jerusalem. Some rather late but very interesting traditions say that it was at her house that our Lord ate the Last Supper, and that the Apostles were gathered together at the time of Pentecost. St. Mark himself has been supposed to be the man with the pitcher of water (Mark xiv. 13) and also the young man who fled naked (Mark xiv. 51). He was then but a stripling, and had not himself been a follower of our Lord so as to have any first-hand knowledge (Papias). St. Peter, however, was well known at his mother's house, and it is thither that he went at

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once on being freed from prison (Acts xii. 12). It is by no means improbable, judging from the narrative in the Acts, that St. Peter actually lived in the house. In any case, he was intimately known, so that even the servant at once recognised his voice, and the house was a common meeting-place of the Christians in Jerusalem (Acts xii. 12-14). This again helps us to understand why it was that St. Peter many years afterwards speaks so affectionately of St. Mark as "Marcus my son" (1 Pet. v. 13). The church in Jerusalem was bi-lingual, and there were many who spoke Greek only (Acts vi. 1), so St. Peter, whose knowledge of Greek at this period was probably very slight, was wont to use St. Mark as an interpreter (Papias), to translate what he said, and in this way St. Mark came to have a very intimate knowledge of the Gospel story. After twelve years or so, when we may suppose St. Mark had come to be about thirty years of age, comes the episode of Cornelius, the first Gentile convert. St. Mark, we may suppose, was as usual the vehicle by which St. Peter's instruction was conveyed (Acts x. 34 *seq.*). His hearers, desiring to keep at Cæsarea some record of these facts on which their faith was to be founded, begged of him to write down the story for them so that they might have it always by them. St. Mark acceded, and so the first draft of the Gospel came to be written (Clem. Alex.) But the story, regarded as a personal record, was one-sided and incomplete. It was accurate so far as it went, and a very faithful record of St. Peter's preaching, but naturally it lacked the fulness and precision which such a record ought to possess (Papias). St. Peter, therefore, when he heard what had been done, withheld any definite approval, and the Gospel was not actually published, but Cornelius retained the writing and preserved it (Clem. Alex.).

Shortly after this St. Mark was sent by St. Peter to preach the gospel in Egypt. He landed there somewhere about A.D. 41-43 and was the first to preach and to found the Church at Alexandria (Epiphanius, Eusebius, Pasch. Chron.). After

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some years he came back to Jerusalem and joined Barnabas and Paul on the first missionary journey. Before leaving Egypt we may suppose that, according to the tradition preserved by St. Chrysostom, he re-wrote his Gospel—but this time in a rather fuller form, and left it there when he went away, so that the record of these all-important events might not be lost when he was no longer there to teach them with the living voice. We shall be able to produce a collateral proof that this really was what happened, at a later stage of the argument. After his union with Barnabas and Paul had come to an end St. Mark probably went back to Alexandria and may very likely have stayed there till A.D. 61, the date given by tradition for the appointment of his successor.

After A.D. 61, we find St. Mark at Rome[1] and in the company once more of St. Peter (1 Pet. v. 13). The old affectionate and intimate relations have been resumed, and it is very probable that St. Mark once more took up the old work of an interpreter, though it is most likely that St. Peter by this time had a far more extensive and practical knowledge of Greek than he had possessed in the old days at Jerusalem. In any case, St. Mark could constantly have been present at his master's preaching, and it is in this period that he noted down all the little vivid touches which are the special feature of the Gospel as we have it to-day, and the absence of which in the two other Synoptics is so incomprehensible on any other theory. Finally, he put forth his Gospel in its finished form at Rome, possibly in St. Peter's lifetime and with that apostle's approval, as Eusebius asserts, but much more probably after the martyrdom of the two great apostles had left the Romans once more destitute of the living voice of one who had been an

[1] It does not seem necessary to discuss here the question whether St. Peter was ever at Rome. Practically all scholars now admit the fact. It may suffice to mention Lightfoot, Westcott, Ellicott, Gore, and Farrar among English writers; and Harnack, Hilgenfeld, Renan, Thiersch, and Ewald among non-Catholic writers on the Continent.

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eye-witness of the Gospel history. In that case Irenæus has preserved the true tradition.

Now here is a story which could hardly be simpler or more likely to have happened. It does not conflict at any point with any fact that is otherwise known. On the other hand, it is attested in every detail by some ancient and trustworthy witness, and is, indeed, almost wholly made up out of their statements, not one of which is left out as impossible or untrue. Such a story is, surely, at least not unlikely to represent the facts as accurately as they can now be known.

But, further, this story, which has been drawn up from tradition alone, does fit in most astonishingly with the conclusions which have been arrived at by the internal criticism of the books themselves. We have only to suppose that the first draft of the Gospel, which was given to Cornelius, passed at some later time into the hands of St. Luke, and the longer form drawn up at Alexandria into the hands of St. Matthew, and that these documents were by them used carefully and incorporated into their own writings—to obtain a solution that is entirely adequate and satisfactory of all the larger questions which have been raised. How far this is probable or not we must leave for discussion in connection with these other Gospels, for the question belongs to them rather than to our present subject. Meanwhile, if any one is sufficiently interested to care to know roughly what were the contents of each of these successive editions of St. Mark, the answer is not difficult. The portions in St. Luke which are also in St. Mark, represent roughly the document given to Cornelius, the first germ of the Gospel, the true *Ur-markus*. Similarly the portions in St. Matthew, which are common to that Gospel and to St. Mark, represent the second and larger edition published in Egypt. Lastly, the bits which are found only in St. Mark represent the extra touches which were added to the Gospel at Rome after fresh experience of St. Peter's teaching. Looked at in this light they will be found to be of exceptional interest. We may rough out the three documents somewhat as follows:

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1. *The Cornelius Document.*—St. Luke, iii. 2–4, 16, 21, 22; iv. 1, 2, 14, 31–2, 33–44; v. 12–15, 18–39; vi. 1–19; viii. 4–18, 22–56; ix. 1–50; xviii. 15–43; xix. 29–38, 45–48; xx. 1–47; xxi. 1–36; xxii. 1–19, 39–57, 66–71; xxiii. 1–3, 18–26, 38–39, 44–56.

2. *The Egyptian Gospel* (*principal additions only*).—St. Matthew, iii. 4–6, 13; iv. 18–22; xii. 46–50; xiii. 31–32, 53–58; xiv. 2–12, 22–32; xv. 1–29, 32–39; xvi. 1–11, 22, 23; xvii. 9–13; xviii. 6–9; xix. 1–9, 15, 30; xx. 20–29; xxi. 18–22; xxii. 34–39; xxiv. 21–25; xxvi. 6–13, 21–24, 31–38, 41–46; xxvi. 59–63, 67, 68, 71–75; xxvii. 12–14, 27–31, 46–49.

3. *Principal Roman Additions.*—These are mostly little more than verbal, and rarely amount to an entire verse. The longest are St. Mark, iv. 26–29; vii. 31–37; viii. 22–26; ix. 49–50; xiii. 34–37; xiv. 51–52.

It must be understood, of course, that this list does not aim at being more than an approximation to the truth, and that no notice has been taken of what are apparently verbal alterations or short additions made by the later Evangelist.

ARTHUR STAPYLTON BARNES.

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THE ROMANCE OF COINAGE

"WHOSE IMAGE AND SUPERSCRIPTION IS THIS?"

IT is usually of the commonest objects that our ignorance remains most dense. The atmosphere in which we live, the daylight of a summer afternoon, the weather of to-morrow morning—these things are as inscrutable to us as the pulse of our own heart's blood, or the working of our neighbour's brain. We "take them for granted"; and are content with lesser matters, with more abstruse and limited interests, on which to bestow the privilege of our research and knowledge. So I make no excuse for taking as my theme the one common possession without which civic life is impossible, the one piece of portable property which is identical in the pocket of millionaire or 'bus-conductor: the coin of the realm.

I shall refuse to enter upon the fascinating study of money considered as wealth, and shall even deprive my readers of the happiness of a disquisition on bi-metallism; for my modest aim is merely to point out that coins may not only be serviceable as a medium of exchange, but may also be a delight to the eye and a worthy attribute of national taste and refinement.

It is to comment, from this point of view, upon our English coinage, and incidentally upon some English medals, that I have brought together here for your impartial consideration a few typical illustrations of the coins and medals of this and of other countries. In my illustrations I have enlarged some of the originals, and reduced others, with the general object of

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giving a fair average chance to the merits of each design by showing them all as nearly as possible on the same scale.

It was a long time before what can be defined as a true coin made its appearance; but Ægina dealt her most successful stroke of opposition to the obscurantist policy of the Spartan Kruger when Pheidon, King of Argos, stamped his first metal bean, or oval bullet, with the signet of the State to guarantee its purity. By that time all the Mediterranean coasts and islands knew the rounded pieces of pale yellow Ionic gold which was formed out of electrum from the Pactolus. The iron or bronze bars formerly used in Argolis, and utterly unsuited to foreign trade, soon disappeared when Pheidon boldly adopted in 670 B.C. both the money and the weights which the Phœnicians and Lydians had instituted on the Hellenic coasts of Asia Minor. The Eastern talent, a fixed unit both of weight and money, containing sixty minas and one hundred drachmæ, provided the standard for the new money coined in Euboea and Ægina, stamped with the tortoise of Aphrodite, the Phœnician Goddess of Trade and of the Sea. Rude as they were, and showing on the reverse the hollow square of the spike or anvil on which the workman had held his hot metal when he hammered down the stamp, these primitive coins were the beginning of a series which rapidly reached perfection, and which has never, in sheer beauty of workmanship, been surpassed. As soon as Solon had changed the old ox of Euboea upon the Attic type to the head of Athene, the real artistic advance began.

It may be said that the first improvement of the early mints was the discovery that by placing a second engraved die upon the anvil, one stroke would give a design in relief upon both sides of the coin. At the present day, when an essential distinction of the coin is that it must be machine-made, it is no less essential that it should be completed with a single blow; and his Majesty's Mint can now turn out one hundred and ten a minute. This is one reason why it would be unfair

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to make too close an artistic comparison between coins and medals, for the latter take more blows in proportion to the amount of metal used. The large gold Coronation medal took three blows. The South African War medal needed four blows in a machine-press locked by hand. The gold Jubilee medal of 1887 took about forty blows. The new Great Seal of King Edward VII.'s reign took no less than four hundred blows and over one hundred annealings. It is also essential that current coins should be capable of standing in upright piles, and of being packed closely into "cartridges" for the convenience of bankers and others; but I have only mentioned such technical details in order to obviate any accusation of an unfair ignorance when I compare modern work with ancient art.

In the symbols of the tortoise, the ox, or the head of Athene, upon the earliest Greek coins, we can trace the first stage in a development of these original works of art which records both the successive phases of national attainment and the local varieties of tribal culture, as no other monuments could do, from the seventh century B.C. onwards. The smallest in bulk, the widest in range, they provide the most authoritative evidence for mythology, for historical portraits, for political and constitutional occurrences, for ancient alphabets, for relative values of metal or standards of weight, and for the great lines of Mediterranean commerce. The value they are to us at the present time is but one among many other warnings of the care that we in our turn should take to make our own coins worthily representative of our country, of our political position, and of the personalities of our ruling dynasty. These earliest coins of Hellenic sea-trade bore religious symbols stamped upon them because the highest divine authority was invoked as the oath and testimony of their true value. In many such cases they may have actually been struck by priests at those great temples where offerings were always pouring in, where property was often stored for safety, and whence the accumulated sacred

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hoards were frequently sent out for the assistance of a new colony or for the completion of some great public work. Nor were the civic powers slow in recognising the convenience and resources of a mint; but when they took the right of issuing coin, they kept for long the sanction and the symbols of a religion that was an integral part of ancient life.

Thus, after the death of the great Alexander, it was as those of a god that his features were stamped upon the coinage by Lysimachus of Thrace. A far smaller man, Ptolemy Soter of Egypt, was almost the first to put his own face, in his life-time, on his coins. Even then it was as divinities that both he and his Queen Berenice appeared upon the currency of later reigns. That mighty brigand, Demetrius Poliorcetes, appears as Dionysus, and those who know the marvellous "Victory of Samothrace," upon the great staircase of the Louvre, will know that it was recognised from one of his coins as the greatest religious masterpiece in marble of his time. Frank realism was naturally slow of growth; but in the huge, fat face and heavy jowl of the Eunuch Philetaerus we can trace the founder of the Attalid dynasty of Pergamus, as he lived, and as he ate and drank. The portraits of Mithridates seem unidealised as well. Upon a coin of Ascalon is a marvellous portrait of Cleopatra, that seems true to life, for the eyes are eager and wide open, the nose prominent and slightly hooked, the mouth large and expressive; the hair, bound with the royal diadem, is simply dressed, as it might be when she sat to the artist of this Mary Stuart of the Nile.

As in the case of the greatest cathedral-builders, few indeed are the artists of the finest coins whose names are known. But one of them was Evaenetus, whose signed work has been found at Syracuse, at Camarina, and at Catana. In all antique gems or medals, in the "Maenad" of Scopas, for instance, in the British Museum, you will notice at once that the figures, in spite of their small size, have a good balance, an air of magnificent proportion, a proud interpretation of Nature, which is very different to a cold copy of her. They seize upon the

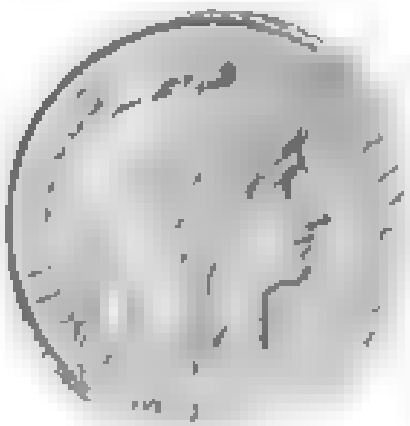
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Plate I









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typical character, the generic accents of human or divine existence. They show that greatness, being a quality of the mind, is independent of the dimensions in which it is expressed; and because they had no space for details their general style is all the more emphatic. Nothing is so difficult as the portrayal of intelligent life, and only by the selective processes of the keenest artistic intelligence can it be portrayed at all. The coin reproduced in my first plate is a dekadrachm of Syracuse, by Evaenetus, struck in gold in about 400 B.C. (Fig. 1). Upon it he has made the magnificent head of Persephone, crowned with the cornleaves in her curling hair, while the dolphins of the sea of Syracuse swim round her, and on the other side is the victorious chariot of her armies on the land. This head seems full of detail when you look for it; the necklace and earrings are as carefully modelled as the lobe of the ear, the full, open eye, the gently swelling neck, healthy and full-blooded, or the splendid brow; yet it is the large majesty of the whole conception that is the most striking part of it. Though but her head is seen, she moves and breathes a goddess, the mighty guardian of a mighty State. One hundred and fifty years later comes the portrait, Philistis, wife of Hiero II, upon a Syracusan tetradrachm (Plate I., Fig. 2). Not, as I think, so noble a conception as the Persephone, this head has yet the wonderful humanity of the best thirteenth-century Gothic work, and I have seen many a Saint and Virgin in the Ile de France which might have been inspired by this unknown Greek workman. The coin is struck somewhat more roughly than its splendid predecessor, but you may still see the delicately beautiful shadow under the eyebrow, the kindly smile of this well-born princess, the gently curling hair beneath her royal coif.

The coin-artists of Syracuse were influenced, no doubt, by the gem-engravers of Sicily and Magna Graecia; but they were great, original artists too, who never lost their large, free treatment through having studied other methods. Not until the strongest manifestations of the Italian Renaissance do we find anything worth comparison with this Hellenic workmanship,

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and even then it is only with medals, cast in bronze or lead, and usually chased by hand, that Pisano himself can compete with the beauty of the old Greek coins.

Upon my second plate are two examples by this artist: the first, a portrait of Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, who died in 1468 (Plate II., Fig. 3). Here is a Lord indeed, and a right strong one. Look at his mouth, and those wonderfully modelled lips that betray the domineering cruelty of the unquestioned tyrant; look at the bull's neck above the armour, and the cold, disdainful eye. Portraiture perhaps; but art as well: art in its highest form of the idealised expression of character, by means of the acute perception of personality, and the vigorous selection of the essential. Here in the bronze breathes a living man that can appeal to living men, a soul evoked by the great soul of the artist. Of Alfonso V., King of Arragon and Sicily (1442-1458), I have chosen the reverse (Plate II., Fig. 4) as a fair comparison with some of the mythological subjects of Greek coinage. "Venator Intrepidus" says the legend. A huge wild boar, the very descendant of that fateful beast of Calydon which Atalanta hunted, is pressing forward with a dog holding to one ear, and yet another (whose curved tail, bristling with excitement, shows above the creature's back) worrying his right shoulder. A naked man, armed with a dagger only, mounts on the brute to strike it to the heart. I know not why it is, but the nakedness of a man shown stark beside some animal which he subdues invariably produces a peculiar effect on the beholder. Watts knew it, when he modelled the naked rider on his mighty steed. Others of the greatest among "makers" have done the same. The inadequacy of the human animal, the unlimited courage of the human brain and heart—this may be the contrast that stirs the ancestral fibre in every man who realises it. Pisano has realised it here. In the small circle of his medal he has immortalised it—more, under such conditions, were impossible.

Next to my first Greek coins I have placed the French sou and the English penny that were struck many more than two thousand years after them. That juxtaposition may be a little

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Plate 41



Bust of Nero



Bust of Poppaea



Medallion of Sta Francesca Romana



Medallion of A Pope

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ruthless, and it must be remembered that the conditions of modern currency are very different from those of ancient Syracuse. Yet it is obvious which of these two modern coins is the nearer to the old ideal. The head upon the penny (Plate I., Fig. 3), modelled by G. W. De Saulles, shows very careful study in the outline of the skull, the growth of hair, and the drawing of ear and nostril. But take the design as a whole. The letters and the insistent rim, rather overwhelm the light relief of the head, in which the ear is the only part as high as the rim in the whole coin, which is, of course, a new one. And can it be said that, to those unbiased by personal affection and racial loyalty, this design conveys the idea of the ruler of an empire upon which the sun never sets—depending, as it does, wholly upon the treatment of the head without a single symbol or attribute of royalty or dominion? It is, no doubt, better to leave these symbols out if they are wrongly treated. Men are still living who can remember not only the welcome accorded to Wyon's first design of a crowned Victoria, but also the indignant comment aroused by the suggestion of a laurel wreath, an ineptitude first introduced, I believe, by James I., in imitation of the deified presentments of the Roman emperors. Yet, with a few exceptions, this uncrowned penny has been contentedly accepted, which seems to indicate a certain growing carelessness about matters of artistic and suitable coinage which was not so noticeable fifty years ago. In 1848, for instance, there was a perfect hurricane of indignation when Mr. Sheil, then Master of the Mint, ordered Wyon to omit the words DEI GRATIA from the legend on the florin, words which were first placed on the large gold and silver coins of England by Edward III., on all those coins by Henry VIII., and on the copper coinage by more modern monarchs. They have not been omitted now, though "Britt: Omn:" and "Ind: Imp:" are much later, and perfectly appropriate additions; but they are additions which only emphasise the absence of the royal symbol, and cannot excuse the general weakness of the whole design.

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I have already implied that the French coin is nearer to the Greek ideal than the English, in the examples here compared. This hardly needs further emphasis by any one who has eyes to see; and our inferiority has not the excuse of national shortcomings, for in the long roll of Engravers to the English Mint an English name is the exception. A republic is under no necessity to blazon a list of dynastic titles on its coins, and Dupuis has therefore taken full advantage of having only a small amount of lettering. It needs a coin-engraver, born and bred, to do the best for lettering, and to enjoy its embodiment in his design. It was an obvious hindrance to all the sculptors who were invited to send in designs for our Jubilee coinage; and it may well be that Dupuis himself would not have dealt with it quite satisfactorily. But, having settled the terms of his problem, he certainly solves it with sufficient success (Plate I., Fig. 4). His rim is well proportioned, and not emphasised by a circle of small, inner dots. His design fills the whole space, and here again he possibly enjoys the advantage of having an ideal head instead of a portrait to compose. It is in his large treatment of his theme, in his modelling of hair and headgear, in his artful branch of laurel, in the beautiful shadow beneath the brow, that he recalls the Greek. His relief is even lighter than that of the English penny, and the surface of his sou feels quite smooth to the finger; yet he has light and shade and poetry in that small fraction of an inch, for he has had a true conception of the dignity of coinage.[1]

As a link in the portraiture of coins and medals I have placed two Roman brasses on my second plate, above Pisano's work. Both were struck and used as coins, both probably owe what excellence they have to decadent Greek workmen. The first is evidently a portrait-study of Nero;

[1] The saddest example I know of the way an artistic nation may suddenly fail is the appalling Reverse on the new 25-centime French coin. The smaller denominations have always been a difficulty; but this solution is even worse than Belgium's return to the prehistoric methods of ring-money formerly confined to China.

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the strong, sensual head of the man, his fat face, his self-willed chin, are all treated on the most realistic lines (Plate II., Fig. 1). The laurel-wreath alone proclaims the Emperor who died in A.D. 68 at the age of 31. The head of the elder Faustina is of rather rougher workmanship and shows her bust draped, with the hair elaborately plaited and arranged so as to terminate in a knot on the top of the head (Plate II., Fig. 2). She was born in A.D. 105, and became the wife of Antoninus Pius, in the third year of whose reign she died, after a somewhat unedifying career. Her daughter, the younger Faustina, became the mother of Commodus, of whom we shall hear later. It does not, I think, need much perception to observe a distinct falling off in Art in the eighty years which separate these brasses; and that gradual diminution in power continues, with only occasional exceptions, until the Renaissance, and until such men as Petrarch and his friends the Lords of Carrara turned their attention to the artistic possibilities of coins and medals. Petrarch left his collection to the Emperor Charles IV. and the royal fashion of collecting coins began. Such attempts to revive a noble art as that of the Hohenstaufen Emperor Frederic II., who engraved his gold coins after antique models, remain isolated because they were misunderstood. It was not until the great artists of the Italian Renaissance realised the Greek spirit that it could be again embodied for the enjoyment of the world. That Alfonso of Aragon whose medal by Pisano I have described always carried his Greek coins with him in an ivory cabinet. To Maximilian I. is owing the nucleus of the Imperial collection at Vienna. Henri II., whose portrait we shall examine later, was as ardent a dilettante in these matters as Francis I. or Charles IX.; and that broad-minded monarch, Henri Quatre, honestly avowed his determination to improve contemporary artists by directing their attention to the older models. The best present the Abbé de Camps could give Louis XIV. each New Year's Day was a classical gold coin; and the taste which our own Charles I. displayed throughout his life in coins and

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medals is pathetically concluded with his gift, on the very scaffold, of the gold medal to Bishop Juxon which is now in the British Museum.

No finer epitome of the Civil War could well be imagined than the contrast between the portraits of Charles I. and Cromwell which I have placed together on my third plate. They are evidently good personal likenesses; but they are much more than this, for they typify the Royalist and the Puritan ideal. The medal of Charles I. in armour (Plate III., Fig. 1) was struck after the designs of Nicholas Briot, who worked with Thomas Rawlins for the King while Abraham and Thomas Simon worked for the Parliament. The original dies of the Cromwell medal, struck as a military reward after the battle of Dunbar, in 1650, were discovered in pulling down Sir Thomas Heathcote's house at Hursley, Hants, where Richard Cromwell had at one time lived. Four days after the battle of September 3, the Commons resolved that a medal should be given, and on February 4 Cromwell wrote, suggesting the design (Plate III., Fig. 2), from Edinburgh, whither Simon was immediately sent to begin his modelling. Thomas Simon[1] was certainly one of the greatest of English engravers, and he was fortunate in having men for his models who shook England to her very heart, men of iron mind and mould; and in his metal he has had the art to reveal the greatness of his opportunity and of their desert.

The two French medals beneath this Cromwell, with his charging Ironsides, represent respectively Henri II. (1559) and Pierre Jeannin, the secretary and treasurer of Louis XIII.

[1] He studied engraving under Briot, but was a true Englishman, born in Yorkshire in 1623. His masterpiece is the "Petition Crown," and he usually chased and engraved the designs modelled by his elder brother Abraham, who went to Holland and to Sweden before he worked in England. Thomas died in 1665 in receipt of an annuity, and on the 9th July, 1656, a payment is recorded in the Commonwealth Accounts "To Tho. Symon as chiefe engraver of ye irons and for the mony of his Highness xxx*l.* per ann: payable quarterly, and commenceing from the 25th of March 1655, and as meddall maker to His Highness 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* payable and comenceing as afores."

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Plate III

Four Medallions



1. Charles 1., 1648



2. Oliver Cromwell, 1658



3. Henri II., 1559



4. Louis XIII., 1643

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(1618). Both are cast (Plate III., Figs. 3 and 4), and almost certainly hand-chased. They need no detailed description; but they are placed here as an indication of the foreign schools which influenced so much of the medal-work in England, where it is foreigners who almost invariably set the style.[1] The modelling of the "Henri II." may be especially compared with the style of modern French work; but the example of a full-face bust is not a profitable one to be followed upon coins. The pure profile is far preferable for currency.

My last plate resumes some indications of the present state of medal-work. The two lowest are athletic medals, chiefly of heraldic design, and some fifty years old (Plate VI., Figs. 3 and 4). To my mind we have not improved upon their dignified simplicity and their well-cut lines. The most modern of the four is the medal commemorating the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign, which was modelled by Brock and engraved by De Saulles. Again I place next to the English design the contemporary French workmanship of Dupuis. In the last instance I compared two coins. Here are two medals (Plate VI., Figs. 1 and 2). The superiority of the foreigner is, I think, even more obvious than before.

By the ingenious Sir Thomas Browne it was discovered that the coins of the Iceni, the earliest inhabitants of the district of Newmarket, displayed, by a curiously prophetic

[1] *e.g.*, Mercator, Jacopo, Trezzi, Primavera, and Stephen Holland, to begin with. After the national interlude of the Simons, who were contemporary with Briot, we find Varin, another Frenchman, a whole dynasty of Roettiers, and Blondeau. Then come Dutchmen like Jan and Martin Smeltzing, or Jan Boskam; then Jan Crocker of Dresden, who succeeded a Roettier at the Mint. Later come Daniel Haesling and Dassier, who was also at the Mint; and so we reach Lawrence Natter, the famous gem-engraver, Richard Yeo, of the Culloden medals, Thomas Pingo, whose Jacobite Britannia I have reproduced, and John Kirk. Of these last not one was the equal of their predecessors, and the best that can be said of them is that they were better than the Westwoods, Gosset, Mills, or Parkes, or Tassie. Pistrucci came to England in 1815, and his George and Dragon are worthily with us to this day. The Wyons were the Roettiers of the nineteenth century; and after them we reach the work of men still living.

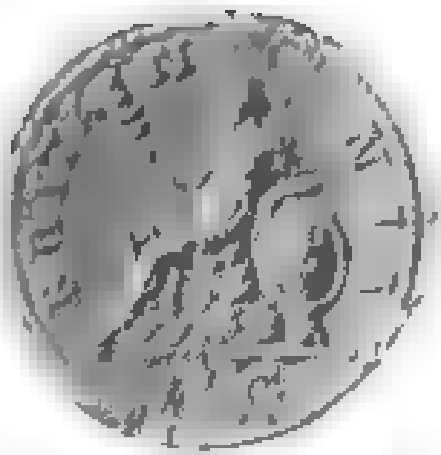
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appropriateness, the figure of a horse on the reverse; and in many other cases the study of coinage opens up interesting bypaths of romance to the judicious wanderer. One of the most delightful little chapters in the story of our English coins is to found in the origin, development, and perpetuation of the figure of Britannia. One or two popular myths in connection with this story have almost become embodied in the folk-lore of the nation; but though the poorest of our fellow subjects has occasionally had a penny in his pocket, the great majority, even of the richest, are quite unaware that the figure symbolising his own island on that coin has a history as old as the Roman occupation of this country, a history full of surprising gaps, and still more surprising accidents, but still a continuous history older than that of any other symbol or figure upon the coinage of any nation in the world; and I have therefore chosen it as a typical example of what may be involved by loyalty to good traditions on the one hand or by forgetfulness of high ideals upon the other. On my fourth and fifth plates will be found some traces of the development which the original "Britannia" has undergone, and of the sad fate that has attended any conspicuous variation from the primeval type.

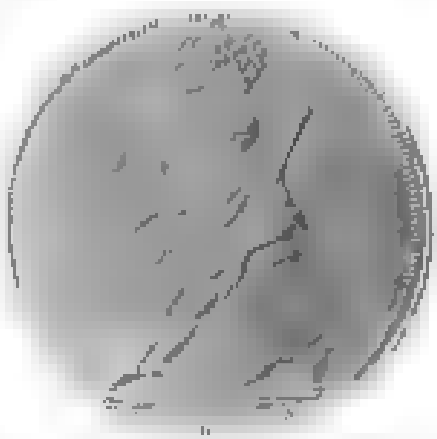
It must not be imagined that the two Roman coins at the top of my fourth plate are the only ones in which reference is made to British affairs in the legend. The earliest of these occurs on a gold coin of Claudius in A.D. 48, which shows the letters DE BRITANN across the top of a triumphal arch. After the arch of Claudius there is almost as long an interval in mentions of Britain upon Roman coins as there was in the visits of Roman Emperors to British soil; and the next occurrence of the word after the reign of Hadrian is on a brass of Antoninus Pius (A.D. 86–161), which shows a female figure, helmeted, clothed and seated on a rock holding a javelin in her right hand; her left hand reposes on an ornamented shield by her side, and her right foot rests on a globe. Round the coin is inscribed IMPERATOR II. and BRITAN

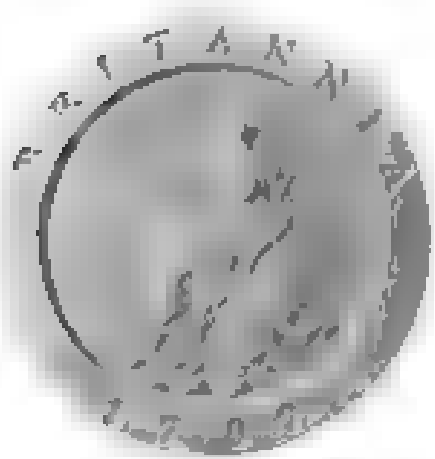
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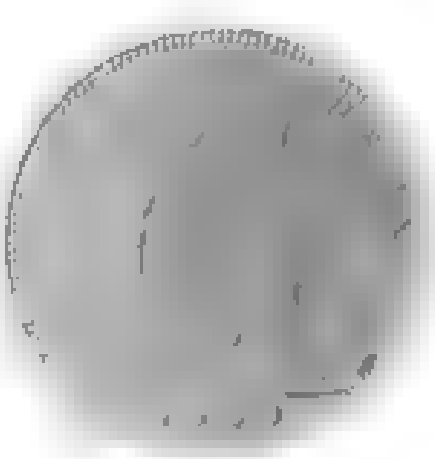












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is written across the field. Though it differs from all the coming series, this is a very noteworthy design, and the figure without doubt represents the personification of Rome triumphant. But it is a second coin of the same Emperor which is of the greatest interest. On the obverse is the laurelled head, with the legend ANTONINVS PIVS PPTRPCOSIII. On the reverse are the letters S.C. in the exergue, which show that this is a coin struck by the Senate, and not a medal. Above them a female figure sits to the left upon a rocky island, with a standard in her right hand; her left rests from the elbow on a buckler by her side. Around the figure is the one word BRITANNIA. This is the one reproduced as No. 2 on Plate IV.

Three other brasses of Antoninus Pius contain references to Britain in the legend, but the sixth, struck in A.D. 145, and often found in England, bears the word BRITANNIA COS IIII., and shows a female figure dejectedly seated on a rock, while before her are a large oval shield and a standard. These are only interesting as steps in the development. For a vital contribution to the series we must pass to the reign of Commodus (161–192). The first of his coins showing the word BRITTANIA is the rare and large brass in the French National Collection, on which a male figure is depicted on a rock holding a standard in the right hand and a javelin in the left, the shield at the side being inscribed with the letters SPQR. But on a splendid and unique medallion of Commodus, which was sold for £75 in 1848, we find a type which happily combines the old models of Antoninus with a brass of Hadrian (*circ.* 131) that shows a female figure seated full face on a rock, and the word BRITANNIA on the exergue. This medallion of Commodus, which displays a fine bust of the Emperor on the obverse, shows on the reverse the legend BRITTANIA PMTRPXIMPVIICOSIIIIPP. Within is the figure of Britannia Romana, Britannia as she was to be found 1700 years afterwards upon the English penny. Wearing a short tunic, mantle, and "braccae," she sits to the left upon a rock, holding a standard in her right hand, and a double-pointed spear in her left, while her left forearm

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rests upon an oval shield, in which the letters SPQR are replaced by a spike, and a helmet supports it. This is No. 1 on Plate IV.

In several other cases the words signifying Britain are found on coins of Hadrian, Commodus, Septimus Severus, Geta, and Caracalla. But in none of them is the same type of that far-off rocky island so boldly personified. It is almost incredible that for fourteen hundred years that fine symbolic figure never reappeared upon our English coins. It was another foreigner who brought her back, one of the many Roettiers who made their name as engravers.[1]

A Roettier modelled the head of Charles II., which Pepys so much admired when he met Mr. Slingsby of the Mint at dinner with the Lord Mayor in March 1662–3, where he also saw the head of Cromwell by Simon, which is reproduced in these pages, and other new pieces "made for the King by Blondeau's way." A Roettier was again responsible for the pleasure given our delightful diarist in February 1666–7, when "at my goldsmith's," he writes, "did observe the King's new medall, where in little there is Mrs. Stewart's face as well done as ever I saw any thing in my whole life, I think; and a pretty thing it is that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by." The lovely Frances Stewart had caught the impressionable heart of Pepys before, "with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*"—all of them considerations which

[1] Two were named James, of whom one became goldsmith to Louis XV. and the other (born in 1663) was at the Mint in London from 1690 to 1698. John, the eldest son of an Antwerp goldsmith, was at the Mint till 1697, and died in the Tower, a younger brother, Joseph, having worked at the Mint in London till 1672, when he went to Paris on the same business, and died in 1703. John had two sons, Joseph Charles, who was at the Paris Mint in 1727, and Norbert, who was at the Mint in London till 1690, and then succeeded Joseph in Paris in 1727. Two more yet remain: Philip, John's youngest brother, who was at the English Mint till 1678, when he went to Flanders; and Philip's son, who lived in Brussels, and died at Antwerp. The name of Rotier still stands among the highest of the medallists of modern France.

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have no doubt influenced every artist in his choice of a model for Britannia, even to the very latest instance of the figure on the florin.

Frances Theresa, eldest daughter of Walter Stuart, third son of the first Lord Blantyre, married the fourth Duke of Richmond in April 1667 and died in 1702. She must have been one of the few maids of honour at the Court of Charles II. for whom the arguments of Progers had no charm, and the King loved her as he never cared for any other woman, because she was impregnable. It was indeed "a pretty thing that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by"; and though Lord Braybrooke suggests Philip Roettier, the authorities of the British Museum prefer (with greater probability) John Roettier as the artist entrusted with this delicate and interesting commission; and from John Roettier's representatives Mr. Young bought another medal, showing the bust of Frances Stewart draped, which is now in the Museum.

The figure of Britannia which John Roettier modelled from Frances Stewart is the first Britannia to appear in the English coinage since that upon the famous medallion of the Emperor Commodus. It was first seen in a gold "pattern" struck from the dies made for a new farthing in 1665, the date which is shown beneath the head of Charles II. on the obverse of the coin I reproduce. (Plate IV., Fig. 8.) It was modelled, therefore, when the lovely Frances, "la plus jolie fille du monde," was in the first flush of her beauty at Court, two years before her marriage to the Duke of Richmond. It is, in my opinion, impossible to compare it with the Commodus medallion without believing that Roettier deliberately took the Roman design and treated it in his own way with a new model. There are many resemblances, but the slight differences are even more convincing. The Roman standard becomes an olive branch, the spear is slightly more upright, the helmet beneath the shield becomes a heraldic flourish, the bosom is even more undraped than in the first design for the

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medal of two years later, which was struck to commemorate the Peace of Breda.[1]

It will be noticed that the dominion of the seas was announced in the new farthing with the legend "Quattuor Maria Vindico." It is, therefore, quite intelligible that these farthings did not widely circulate in 1665 and 1666; for not only did Louis XIV. openly express his annoyance at this bombast, but the Dutch sailed up to Chatham and burnt our ships at anchor. After that the motto became discredited. "I hear of no supply," says Lord Lucas somewhat bitterly, speaking in the House in 1671, "except it be of copper farthings, and that is the metal that is to vindicate, according to the inscription on it, the dominion of the four seas." Another criticism that might be made is on the somewhat inelegant posture of the undraped right leg. This Roettier altered both in the two designs for the Breda medal, and in the halfpenny of 1672, 3, and 5; though the farthing of those dates preserves both the bare leg and the sorry boast about the navy which so annoyed Lord Lucas, and which was omitted in the higher values.

The slight variations in the farthings and halfpennies of James II., William and Mary, and William III., are of more interest to the numismatist than to the general reader; and the fact of the leg being draped or undraped remains the leading subject of controversy. Queen Anne, whose halfpenny I reproduce, boldly proclaimed her partiality for the undraped lower limb, and in the alterations introduced for her Majesty by Jan Crocker in 1714, we find a crown placed above

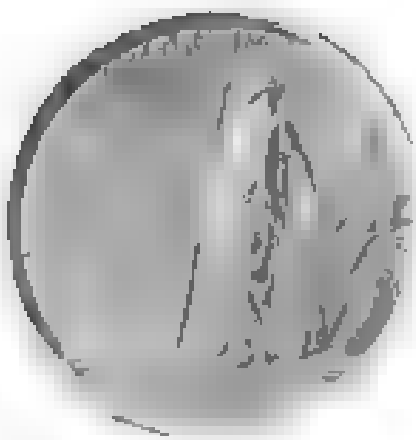
[1] It is possible, I think, that the researches instituted in connection with this new design may have come to Sir Thomas Browne's knowledge; for in 1658 he wrote, in "Hydriotaphia," "the supinity of elder days hath left so much in silence, or time hath so martyred the records, that the most industrious heads do find no easy work to erect a new *Britannia*." Even if this was originally written as a political reflection, it applies very appositely to our present subject. The medal of Commodus itself presents striking resemblances, in the treatment of the seated figure, to a fine Greek coin of Lysimachus, so the design may have an even longer pedigree than I have suggested.

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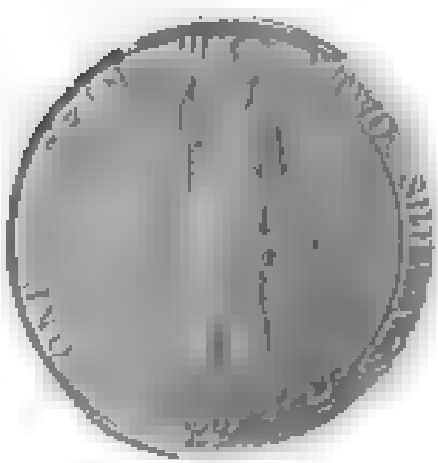
Plate V



1. Penny, obverse.



Proof. Obverse.



Proof. Reverse.

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Britannia, and her olive branch blossoming into a Rose and Thistle growing on the same stem (Plate IV., Fig. 4).

Queen Anne was evidently full of fancies on this subject, and whether she merely wished to change the design, or whether she desired her loyal subjects to imagine their sovereign transfigured as the impersonation of her country, she certainly "tried Britannia fairly high," as she might have said of her own racehorses. The lady is shown on one coin, for instance, under a classic portico; on another in a two-horsed chariot. But a rare and interesting farthing of 1718 shows Britannia helmeted and standing, with an olive branch in her right hand and a spear in her left. This standing variety I may as well deal with at once, for it recurs in one of our most modern designs, and whether it was suggested by the Roman Victory of the Imperial coins or whether it was an original error of the designer in each case, it has never proved successful on a coin. This farthing is the first modern instance of which I am aware. The next is a penny, designed by Lewis Pingo in 1788. Britannia stands full-faced, a spear in the right hand and a laurel in her left, while a shield and a globe are on either side of her. A far finer realisation of a similar idea upon a medal is the design of Thomas Pingo, in 1745, of Britannia standing on the sea-shore eagerly looking towards the fleet in which the Young Pretender is supposed to be sailing to his own again (Plate V., Fig. 2). Her body faces you, but the head swings nobly round to show the profile. Her uplifted right hand grasps a spear, and the left leans easily upon a shield that bears the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George. Several points in this fine composition deserve closer attention and comparison; but for the moment I will only record the brave words it inspired in Prince Charles when, in 1748, these medals had been distributed all over France during the negotiations at Aix-la-Chapelle. The Prince de Conti had pointed out that Britain's fleet just then was no friend to the Pretender.

> That may be [said the Prince], but I am nevertheless the friend of the

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fleet against all its enemies. The glory of England I shall always regard as my own, and her glory rests on her navy.

It is only by comparison that we can ever educate our taste. So I have placed next to Pingo's figure on my fifth plate the latest standing Britannia on the florin of 1902 (Plate V., Fig. 8), a design which is faulty enough, as I think, without the untrue charge of a sloping sea being brought against it in addition. The effect of that slope in what is really a straight line is produced by the lilt of the classical galley at the bottom of the coin. A far better variant of the same standing figure was designed in 1895 by De Saulles for the British dollar in Hongkong and Labuan, which circulates with the Mexican dollar throughout the Eastern markets. In this a line-of-battleship is introduced, with fine effect, behind the trident.

That trident only takes the place of the Roman spear in the last years of the eighteenth century. Ever since Queen Anne, or perhaps Jan Crocker, began a slight deterioration in Britannia's figure, that process of gradually demeaning the nobility of the type went steadily on. New symbols were introduced without improving the general effect. Moore, for example, in 1788, placed his Britannia on a four-cornered stone, with a lion's head showing behind it; her left hand holds a cornucopia, and the right points to a large ship, the whole being surrounded by a wreath of wheat. A penny of 1797 might have had "Si vis pacem para bellum" as its motto, for the lady who holds out an olive branch is seated on a gun-carriage. As usual, it was a foreigner who helped us out once more; and it was Birmingham—of all places—which initiated the improvement. Messrs. Boulton and Co., who did a considerable amount of coinage at the Soho Mint, first sent for M. Droz from Paris, who did three fine patterns from 1788 to 1790, one of which showed a nude figure. But they were more valuable as evidence of possible improvement than as actual contributions to the national currency. The man who used the best of the old consecrated themes, and gave them a new dignity and appropriateness, was Küchler, who brought

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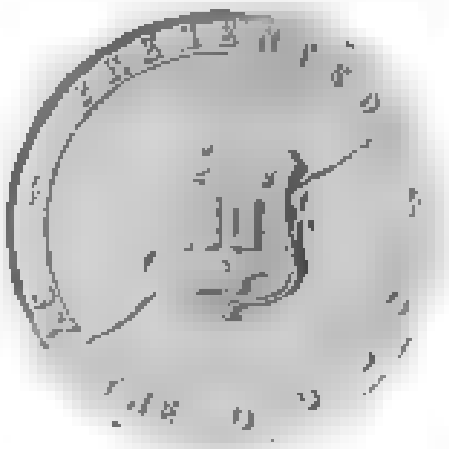
Plate VI



1. Medal of the French Republic



2. Medal commemorating the fiftieth year of Queen Victoria's reign



3. Oxford University Medal (Third English)



4. Worthing College Medal (Rowing)

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back the Roman figure seated on a rock amidst the sea, among whose distant waves a line-of-battleship is sailing. In her left hand is the trident of her naval empery, slanting above the shield that bears the Union Jack in right heraldic colours. This is the penny of 1797 which I have reproduced in Plate IV., Fig. 5. Inspired, no doubt, by this conception was the Britannia on Leonard Wyon's coin of 1860, which closes my fourth plate. On either side of her are the lighthouse and the ship that are the fitting emblems of the mistress of the seas (Plate IV., Fig. 6). The absence of these two splendid symbols is, to my mind, the chief loss of the finely modelled coin of 1901, which is on the upper half of my fifth plate; but it will be noticed that this work is good enough to stand very considerable enlargement (Plate V., Fig. 1).

The degeneration of symbols on coins or dies may be curiously traced in the stamp of Britannia that was used by the Bank of England in the seventeenth century. That Bank was founded on July 27, 1694, by royal charter, "whereby power was given their Majestys to incorporate certain persons who had contributed a sum of £1,200,000 for the purpose of carrying on the war in France, and were entitled in respect of such contribution to be paid a yearly sum of £100,000." Very properly the Britannia which the Bank stamped upon its ledgers, and which shows every sign of being copied from the Queen Anne coins, was depicted as guarding the heap of money which was due to these patriotic citizens who helped on "the war in France." But in course of time the significance of this was lost. And now "the old lady of Threadneedle Street," an even more degenerate copy of Wyon's Britannia, has at her sandalled foot—a beehive, "representing industry."[1]

It may be well if even the few facts and symbols I have

[1] The "heap of money" has become a beehive by 1804, at latest; for this appears on the five-shilling Bank of England token of that date, together with a cornucopia beneath Britannia's shield. The whole design is stamped over a Spanish dollar, the coin which was used for the same economical purposes by the native princes of India.

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here collected are kept in mind by those who care either for the national coinage or the national taste. I like to think that in the Britannia of 1901 there is, in spite of her empty sea and coast, more than a chance resemblance to that lovely model of the seventeenth century, for whose sake Charles once sculled down the river alone from Whitehall, and climbed the walls of Somerset House. Her dazzling complexion, light and luxuriant hair, and slender, well-proportioned figure must have looked their best in the straw-coloured satin which Lely chose as her attire. In his famous painting of her you may trace in the movement of the arms the suggestion which appealed to Roettier as well. Put a trident in one, and a shield beneath the other, and the likeness is complete. Kings may come and kings may go upon one side of our coins. But whatever king may reign, let there be "On the reverse our Beauty's pride"; let the ideals first inspired by Frances Stewart still animate the presentment of the guardian genius of these commercial realms. Good coins are not merely an instrument of commerce for the living. When we are dust they shall remain as the sensible rhetoric of the dead; for our coins will survive not our wealth only, but all our greater monuments, either of splendour or catastrophe.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

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CAPTAIN MARRYAT AS A NOVELIST

WHILE engaged in gossip the other day on the fascinating subject of novels, it happened to me to say that if one could conceive a first eleven of British novelists Captain Marryat would be worthy of a place in the team, though he would be one of the lag choices, not a star like Miss Austen, Scott, Fielding, Thackeray, or Dickens. My friend expressed complete dissent, and said that Marryat supplied capital reading for boys, but that was all. I venture to maintain, however, that this opinion was unjust, and at all events, though we may differ widely about Captain Marryat's merits and powers, we must all of us be pretty well convinced that of immortality he is secure. The principal subject with which his works are concerned is one of which his fellow countrymen can never grow weary, since he has painted in true lifelike colours the British Navy of his day, the men who won Trafalgar and who made England indisputable mistress of the seas. Such pictures can never lose either their charm or their value.

Would it be fair or unfair to say that Marryat as an author was blessed with good luck? Did he select his subject knowing that he had it in him to do it justice, or did he stumble into literature by some happy chance? He was a sailor long before he tried his hand at writing, and accident rather than design may quite possibly have been his guide. In any case he was well inspired, since the tasks which he under-

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took were exactly fitted to his capacities, and he achieved them in a manner that has left him entirely without a rival. Indeed, Marryat's descriptions stand out by themselves, and convey to his readers the idea of the Navy, its officers, petty officers, and able-bodied seamen, with a clearness and a force that have never been used in portraying any other profession. Deep is the debt of gratitude that we owe to him, though it may be confidently hoped that we have always been ready to recognise the obligation.

Like most people, Marryat in his writings reveals much of his own character, and no one will be surprised that in his boyhood he should have been a sturdy rebel, and should have run away from school upon several occasions. At length he seems to have gained his end, and in 1806, at the age of fourteen, he was entered on board the *Imperieuse*, under the famous Lord Cochrane, whom, according to the common belief, he reproduced as Captain Savage in "Peter Simple." If so, it is pleasing to think that the stormy lad must have been very fond of his first commander, for Captain Savage is a splendid fellow, and is drawn with a most sympathetic hand.

But it is with Marryat's writings that we are engaged, and if he was fortunate in his introduction to sea life it can hardly be said that he was equally fortunate in his introduction to literature. "Frank Mildmay, or The Naval Officer," with which in 1829 he commenced his career as a novelist, is not an agreeable book, nor is it constructed with any artistic skill. It consists of a series of adventures piled one on the top of the other, and its realism would seem to be its only virtue. None of the characters claim much attention or excite our interest, and when we learn that the tale brought no less a sum than £400 into the pockets of its author, we are inclined to open our eyes in wonder.

It would, however, be easy to indulge in many speculations as to the causes which have led some great writers to give us of their very best in their earliest works, while others have mounted the ladder of fame by gradual steps. Scott with

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"Waverley," Dickens with "Pickwick," Thackeray with "Vanity Fair" are in the one class; but in the case of Fielding, "Joseph Andrews" preceded "Tom Jones," and with Miss Austen—but which *was* the first of Miss Austen's novels? If we simply judge by the dates of publication the answer is "Sense and Sensibility," but "Northanger Abbey" and "Pride and Prejudice" can put in their own claims for precedence, and we cannot therefore speak with decision about the queen of fiction. The subject is so enticing that one might gladly pursue it through many pages, quoting such instances as Henry Kingsley, who, in consideration of "Geoffrey Hamlyn," must be placed in the same list as Scott, or, on the other hand, Wilkie Collins, who wrote several almost forgotten stories before he attained the high level of "The Woman in White" and "The Moonstone"; but one must not yield to the temptation. Suffice it to say that Marryat did not write "Peter Simple" or "Midshipman Easy" or "The Dog Fiend" until he had served a sort of apprenticeship to his trade.

To readers who desire to gain instruction as well as pleasure from their reading, every novel which Marryat wrote about life at sea may safely be recommended. His events are events which really happened, and of which Marryat was cognisant; this characteristic never fails to impress one, and it supports the books that do not abound with humour or plot. I cannot pretend that I particularly enjoy "The King's Own" or "Percival Keene" or "Newton Forster," but I know that in them I find men (I am dubious about the women) who actually lived, and whose acquaintance I am glad to make. This is certainly no small matter. Still, as with all artists, Marryat's fame must depend upon the best of his works, and of these I should be inclined to place six in the very foremost rank: "Peter Simple," "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "The Dog Fiend, or Snarleyyow," "Jacob Faithful," and the two most enchanting children's books that the world ever saw, "The Children of the New Forest" and "The Settlers in Canada."

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In "Frank Mildmay" there is a large amount of savagery; "The King's Own" abounds with horrors; but when Marryat grew skilled in his art he relied far more upon wit and geniality to attract, and he made vast improvement in the delineation of character. It would be almost impossible to name a hero for whom we can entertain more thorough sympathy than the gay, gallant O'Brien in "Peter Simple." He is always capable, always brave, and I think it may be asserted with strict truth that he is never exaggerated. His captivity in France, ending with his brilliant escape from prison, strikes one as absolutely real, and it is told with a masterly arrangement of details, not too many and not too few, "part seen, imagined part." This happy power over details is perhaps one of Marryat's most conspicuous merits. For the other two leading personages in the book, Peter Simple himself and the inimitable Mr. Chucks, we cannot exactly claim a total absence of exaggeration, but they are unsurpassed representatives of their respective types, and if their pictures are somewhat highly coloured the colouring in no way spoils the effect; indeed, it probably has the very opposite result. No boy may ever have said or done all the silly things that are attributed to Peter Simple, but it is hard to conceive how a story of the conversion of a lad not overburdened with sense or brains into an excellent officer could be told in a manner more convincing. And Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, with his two natures! We can only mourn that the exigencies of the service forced Captain Marryat to leave him in the command of a Swedish instead of an English frigate. Of his celebrated speeches, which were said by O'Brien to resemble the siren of the poet, being very fair at the upper part of them, but shocking at the lower extremities, I may give one mild example. Mr. Chucks is addressing an unfortunate man who has stumbled against him, and then excused himself with the plea that the ship had lurched:

"The ship lurched, did it, and pray, Mr. Cooper, why has Heaven granted you two legs with joints at the knees except to enable you to counteract the horizontal deviation? Do you suppose they were meant for nothing but to

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work round a cask with? Hark, sir! did you take me for a post to scrub your pig's hide against? Allow me just to observe, Mr. Cooper—just to insinuate that when you pass an officer it is your duty to keep at a respectable distance, and not to soil his clothes with your rusty iron jacket. Do you comprehend me, sir, or will this make you recollect in future?" The rattan was raised and descended in a shower of blows until the cooper made his escape into the head. "There, take that, you contaminating, stave-dubbing, gimlet-carrying quintessence of a bung-hole."

There is another petty officer, Swinburne, who deserves a laudatory notice, and who is made to give an account of the battle of St. Vincent, in which he was engaged, such as rouses the blood. It seems to let one into the very inmost interior of a naval fight, and, above all, it shows how very hard victory was to win, except when a ship could be carried by boarders. This last impression is also conveyed by other descriptions of contemporary conflicts at sea, notably by Fenimore Cooper in his fine novel, "Miles Wallingford," wherein the history of the encounter between the *Black Prince* and the *Speedy* with the *Cerf* and the *Desirée* is as minute as it is vivid. But Swinburne is perhaps still better. His narrative, commencing with "The first I heard of it was when old Sir John (Jervis) called out to Sir Isaac (Coffin), 'Who killed the Spanish messenger?' 'Not I, by God,' replied Sir Isaac, 'I only left him for dead,' and then they both laughed, and so did Nelson, who was sitting with them," down to its close where Nelson stands on the deck of the *San Josef* and receives the swords of his enemies, is about as racy and spirited as a narrative can be. Once read, it cannot be forgotten.

Southey wrote good prose, and it may be of interest to compare two somewhat similar passages, each of which contains an account of the order to board the *San Nicolas* towards the close of the action. Captain Marryat can well bear the comparison. Here is Southey in his "Life of Nelson":

The *San Nicolas* luffing up, the *San Josef* fell on board her, and Nelson resumed his station abreast of them and close alongside. The *Captain* (Nelson's ship) was now incapable of further service either in the line or in chase; she had lost her foretop-mast; not a sail, shroud, or rope was left, and her wheel

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was shot away. Nelson therefore directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and, calling for the boarders, ordered them to board.

And here is Marryat:

The *San Nicolas*, knowing that the *Excellent's* broadside would send her to old Nick, put her helm up to avoid being raked; in so doing she fell foul of the *San Josef*, a Spanish three-decker, and we (*i.e.*, the *Captain*) being all cut to pieces and unmanageable, all of us indeed reeling about like drunken men, Nelson ordered his helm a-starboard, and in a jiffy there we were all three hugging each other, running in one another's guns, smashing our chain-plates and poking our yard-arms through each other's canvas. "All hands to board," roared Nelson, leaping on the hammocks and waving his sword.

It may be that "Mr. Midshipman Easy" is not quite equal to "Peter Simple." In boisterous fun and in dashing adventure it excels, but certainly there is no O'Brien, Jack himself tends to the grotesque, and his servant, the valiant Mesty, is not wholly unsuited to melodrama. Still, there is no doubt about the fun and the adventures. The inimitable triangular duel where the combatants fire with the sun and the gunner gives the word as if he were exercising the guns on board ship: "Cock your locks! take good aim at the object! Fire! Stop your vents," is a truly priceless possession. Jack also is very great when he rescues Gascoigne from his insane desire to take a Moorish maiden to wife, and in the process of the rescue finds it needful to carry off the British Vice-Consul in the clothes of a woman. Especially pleasing is the discomfiture of the outraged official when he fails to obtain redress for his wrongs:

Mr. Hicks was too impatient to tell his wrongs to care for being in his sister's clothes; he came on board, and, although the tittering was great, he imagined that it would soon be all in his favour, when it was known that he was a diplomatic. He told his story and waited for the decision of the admiral which was to crush our hero, who stood with the midshipmen on the lee side of the deck. But the admiral replied, "Mr. Hicks, in the first place this appears to me to be a family affair with which I have nothing to do. You went on board of your own free will in woman's clothes; Mr. Easy's orders were positive and he obeyed them. It was his duty to sail as soon as the transport was ready. The boat is alongside, sir." Mr. Hicks, astonished at the want of respect paid

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to a Vice-Consul, shoved his petticoats between his legs and went down the side amidst the laughter of the whole of the ship's company.

Then we have some splendid fighting both on sea and land, notably in the engagement between the *Aurora* and the Russian frigate *Trident*, and in the defence of Don Rebiera's mansion against the galley-slaves with their atrocious leader. Delightful, too, is Sir Thomas, the Governor of Malta, with his boyish heart and his ardent love for the yarns which Jack, out of his own experiences, was always able to supply. And there is a touch of true pathos in the history of poor Martin, who had waited long for well-earned promotion with hopes that ever dwindled, and who died of a wound received in the action which would at length have secured it to him. One may suppose that "Peter Simple" and "Mr. Midshipman Easy" are Marryat's two most popular novels and that they are likely to remain so.

"Jacob Faithful" is not a story of the sea, but it is a story of our most famous river, and nowhere else shall we find such descriptions of life on the Thames or of the quaint population that formerly dwelt by the waterside. After the lapse of two generations, we still like to read of Marables and Fleming, though we do not imagine that in these days barges are used by burglars to conceal their plunder, and we still rejoice in Old Tom, and Young Tom, too, though we know that lighters are no longer controlled by men who had sailed under Nelson and his fellow captains, and who never missed a glass of rum, or an opportunity of fighting their battles once again over their favourite liquor. We cannot hope to run across the wherry of deaf Stapleton with his peculiar knowledge of human nature and his weakness for prize-fighting, but in Marryat's pages he will always be welcome; there is, in fact, a wonderful lot of "go" about most of Jacob's comrades. In Jacob himself, Marryat reverts in a minor measure to the temperament which he has described in "Frank Mildmay," and shows us a man in whom circumstances can easily raise a savage and revengeful spirit. But with Jacob Faithful we are generally in sympathy.

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He does not outrage our feelings, whereas Frank Mildmay is, to speak quite candidly, rather a brute. Then Mary Stapleton, the old boatman's daughter, is worth a word. Marryat's most devoted admirers would hardly maintain that he was strong in his delineation of womankind. His lady heroines, Agnes, Celeste, and the rest of them, are faint, uninteresting creatures, who exist because Jack Easy, Peter Simple, and others must find some one they can marry, since marriage only can put an end to their histories. But Mary Stapleton is much superior to these conventional puppets, and I think she affords us the best piece of petticoat work that Marryat ever executed. She somehow contrives to retain our sympathy, though her powers of flirtation were exercised in a manner most indiscriminate, most worthy of fault-finding, and though she did desperate, almost irreparable harm. And, at any rate, when she and Jacob, as boy and girl, exchanged lessons in love and Latin, she must have been in her own robust style an attractive sort of mistress or pupil.

> Now tell me, what is Latin? Latin is a language which people spoke in former times, but now they do not. Well then, you shall make love to me in Latin, that's agreed. And how do you mean to answer me? Oh, in plain English to be sure. But how are you to understand me? replied I, much amused with the conversation. Oh, if you make love properly I shall soon understand you. I shall read the English of it in your eyes. Very well, I have no objection, when am I to begin? Why directly, you stupid fellow, to be sure, what a question! I went close up to Mary and repeated a few words of Latin. Now, says I, look into my eyes and see if you can translate them. Something impudent I'm sure, replied she, fixing her blue eyes upon mine. Not at all, replied I, I only asked for this, and I snatched a kiss, in return for which I received a box on the ear, which made it tingle for five minutes.

The "Dog Fiend, or Snarleyyow" is a very curious novel and quite apart from its fellows; indeed, I know of nothing like it anywhere. Perhaps we may call it a very auspicious effort at an imaginative book by a man who did not usually rely upon imagination for his driving force. Here we have none of Nelson's sailors, but are transported back into the days of William the Third, and although some British sea-

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men appear, the scenes are for the most part laid in Holland, while it is not in their names only that Mr. Vanslyperken, the Widow Vandersloosh, and Corporal Van Spitter are Dutch. Of the nationality of Snarleyyow himself no one may speak. The dog was held to have come on board Mr. Vanslyperken's cutter in a mysterious and supernatural manner, and that is all. Of Smallbones, the lad who was the dog's chief enemy and rival, it may be inferred that he was English, though his parentage was unknown, and he seems to have drifted on to the decks of the *Yungfrau* as a misguided foundling. In the "Dog Fiend," therefore, Captain Marryat was no longer describing familiar objects, and if we allow, as I should do, that in this venture he was really successful, we must own that he was at all events something much more than a mere narrator of stories out of real life, upon whom the fates had bestowed the blessing of an appropriate style.

Saul, as one has read, was enrolled amongst the prophets unexpectedly; Marryat has lately been enrolled amongst the poets—witness the "Lyra Heroica" of Mr. Henley—and it may be that his inclusion in the sacred band has caused surprise. But Mr. Henley was, I think, justified in his selection. He gives four verses only, but they are so spirited that I venture to quote them in full:

The Captain stood on the carronade. "First Lieutenant," says he,
"Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me,
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons, because I'm bred to the sea.
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory.

"That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*
'Tis a thousand bullets to one that she will capture we.
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys, so each man to his gun,
If she's not mine in half an hour I'll flog each mother's son."
Odds bobs, &c.

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough.
"I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff."

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Our Captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to *he*,
"I haven't the gift of the gab, Monsieur, but polite I wish to be."
Odds bobs, &c.

Our Captain sent for us all, "My merry men," said he,
"I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be.
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun,
If you hadn't you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each mother's son."
Odds bobs, &c.

These few lines may almost be said to contain Marryat in microcosm. There is his dash, his swing, his rude sense of humour, his patriotism, all expressed in a manner rough, but singularly effective. There is, perhaps, no suggestion of actual coarseness, but one might guess that the writer could be coarse, as Marryat certainly was at times. No one ever called a spade more emphatically a spade, and when Thackeray declared that no novelist since the days of Fielding had been allowed to describe a real man, he must surely have forgotten such heroes as Frank Mildmay, whose transgressions are told as freely as those of Tom Jones. It is not, however, on account of any coarseness that objection is likely to be raised against the "Dog Fiend," but the horrors with which it is rather amply supplied must unquestionably prove overpowering to sensitive organisations. More robust readers may find compensation in the relieving stream of queer, grim—some might say grimy—fun that pervades the book. At all events, when an author makes an entertaining story out of repellent materials, he gives a proof that he understands his business, and few will deny that in the present instance Marryat has shown great ability. None but himself could so triumphantly have kept up the telling but very peculiar condition of superstitious terror with which Smallbones is regarded by Vanslyperken, and Snarleyyow by the sailors, who could never make sure whether "de tog was but a tog," or whether "de tog is no tog after all."

Captain Marryat had retired from the Navy in 1830, after a very distinguished service. He had been presented with the

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medal of the Humane Society, and had saved some ten or twelve lives at sea, in several cases at great personal risk. He had received due recognition in France as well as in England for meritorious work in science and navigation. In 1837 and 1838, after he had become famous as a novelist, he had paid a long visit to the United States and to Canada, his reception in the United States having been uncertain. In some places, his daughter says, he was feasted, in others he was burned in effigy. What offence he may have given I know not, but the feasting may have been justly due to a comical quarrel with Fenimore Cooper over American food, in which Marryat praised and Cooper found fault. Some account of the matter may be found in "Miles Wallingford."

It was not till 1841, when he was just upon fifty-one years of age, that Captain Marryat wrote "Masterman Ready," the first of those children's books which many people regard as the most charming of all his writings. I have heard it said, truly or otherwise, that Marryat was irritated by the many impossibilities that may be found in the pages of the "Swiss Family Robinson," and that he determined to publish a story of the same kind which should be free from such blemishes. If this were the case I scarcely think that he can be very heartily congratulated. I do not boast that I ever got to the end of the adventures of the Swiss family—if indeed they ever reached any particular end—but the earlier part of the tale, enlivened by an extreme simplicity that is nowhere else to be met with, seems to me much superior to anything in "Masterman Ready." It is only as the forerunner of better things that we can hail Marryat's initial attempt at this class of literature with sincere satisfaction. But it is my fervent belief as well as hope, that as long as there are children of English birth two of "Masterman Ready's" successors, "The Settlers in Canada" and "The Children of the New Forest," will find enthusiastic lovers.

"The Settlers in Canada" came out in 1844, while Marryat's reminiscences of his visit to that country were still

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comparatively fresh. An English family are unexpectedly deprived of their possessions and decide upon emigration as their wisest course. There are the father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, four sons and two nieces; and the youngest son John is a veritable gem. He is very youthful, about ten years old, very silent, and a backswoodsman born. He insists from the outset on having his own rifle and his own fishing-rod, and before the end of the first winter he saves his two cousins from a hungry wolf who attacks them on their way to the cow-house, having first killed Sancho, the faithful old dog who has been accustomed to act as their guardian. The description is perfect. Of the two girls, one has fainted while the other is nearly in the same condition.

If John showed gallantry in shooting the wolf he certainly showed very little towards his cousins. He looked at Mary, nodded his head towards the wolf's body, and saying, "He's dead," shouldered his rifle, turned round and walked back to the house. He was duly questioned on his return, for the family had heard the shot, and he at last stated that he had shot a wolf. "A wolf! where?" said Mr. Campbell. "At the cow-lodge," replied John. "The cow-lodge," said his father. "Yes; killed Sancho." "Killed Sancho! Why Sancho was with your cousins!" "Yes," replied John. "Then where did you leave them?" "With the wolf," replied John, wiping his rifle very coolly. At this all the younger men seized their guns and rushed out. "My poor girls," exclaimed Mr. Campbell. "Wolf's dead, father," said John. "Dead! Why didn't you say so, you naughty boy?" cried Mrs. Campbell. "I wasn't asked," replied John.

John is equally grand when, with overweening confidence, and intent upon fishing, he sets forth alone in the punt which gets carried away by the force of the river. He is fortunately rescued and brought home.

"John, you have frightened me very much," said Mrs. Campbell, "how could you be so imprudent. See what a narrow escape you have had." "I should have been at Montreal to-morrow morning," said John laughing. "No, never, you would have been upset in the rapids long before you could get to Montreal." "Well, mother, I can swim," replied John.

One can fancy how Marryat would revel in depicting this small daredevil.

But it is not in John only that one rejoices; it is in the whole atmosphere of the book. The clearing of the timber,

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the hunting in the snow, the long nights of the winter, the fire in the forest, the bear and the sugar-coolers, with many another scene, all told with that happy mastery of detail to which I have before alluded; the result is entrancing, no less.

I will not do so great an offence, to my own feelings if to no one else's, as to enter into any comparison between "The Settlers in Canada" and "The Children of the New Forest." I made acquaintance with this latter book one day at my private school, a heavenly day when I was kept in bed with no lessons to do as a precaution against an illness which never came. There I read of the ingenious Humphrey, a worthy compeer of the sturdy John, of how he captured the hare in his springe, the wild cow in his pit, and the ponies in the snow-drift. Then, after perusing with careful study the sage instructions of Jacob Armitage, I erroneously believed myself to be capable of stalking and shooting a deer, still more erroneously that I should be able, from its antlers, to decide whether it were a brocket, a staggart, a warrantable stag, or a hart royal. I also fancied that I might with very little practice vie with Alice in cooking a stew of venison. In short, the tale, with all its wonderful mingling of the practical with the picturesque trifles which make up life, laid hold of me with a grasp that can never lose its force. I rejoice still to dip into it on occasions, and now one feature which to a boy passed without notice strikes me as rather notable. In "The Children of the New Forest," which, I think, was the last work published during his lifetime, Captain Marryat once more gives us a hero prone to revenge. Edward Beverley, the elder brother of Humphrey, had certainly wrongs enough, inasmuch as his father had been killed at Naseby, and his house had been burned down by the Puritans either through carelessness or by intention during their search for King Charles the First after his escape from Hampton Court. Edward, with his brother and his two sisters, were saved from destruction by a devoted old forester, Jacob Armitage, who took them to his cottage and brought them up as his grandchildren, allowing the world to believe that the young Beverleys had all perished. That

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Edward, therefore, should desire to retaliate upon his foes was only natural, but his vengeance fell upon quite the wrong people. Mr. Heatherstone, a moderate supporter of Cromwell and a man of much influence, discovered the Beverleys under their assumed names and suspected their identity. He behaved to them, and especially to Edward, with studious and most delicate kindness, but at last, owing to some misunderstanding which might easily have been cleared up, he aroused very unreasonable indignation in Edward's breast. As a consequence, Beverley, though by this time deeply in love with Mr. Heatherstone's daughter, took himself off abroad in a very ungracious and ungrateful manner, and it was beyond his deserts that the fair Patience should ultimately forgive his conduct. The episode leads one to think that Captain Marryat to his dying day must have been uncommonly swift at resenting an injury.

That Marryat's vigour never failed is proved by the fact that in 1847 he applied to the Admiralty to be employed on active service at sea, the application being inspired by the belief that a change of life would be beneficial to his health. The Admiralty sent a refusal, as under the circumstances they were obliged to do, but it is said that the answer was received with a storm of wrath. Captain Marryat died in August 1848, his death being hastened by the loss of his eldest son in the steam frigate *Avenger*.

In this short sketch I have omitted purposely to mention the novels which deal with life on land, such as "Japhet in Search of a Father," "The Poacher," "Valerie," and others, nor have I alluded to that weird production, "The Phantom Ship." It is not that I would quarrel with any verdict, however favourable, that might be delivered on these works, but that I cannot conceive that they play much real part in supporting Marryat's title to eternal fame. That fame surely rests upon two distinct pillars, the children's books of which I have said so much, and still more assuredly on the unique, glowing pictures of the old English Navy.

IDDESLEIGH.

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THE POPULAR POETRY OF SPAIN

THOSE who visit Spain in the present time cannot fail to see that each province produces a race different from the other; that the proud reserve of the natives of Aragon is in vivid contrast with the expansive loquacity of the Andalusian, and the active vigour of the Catalan with the careless indifference of the Castilian. And, indeed, at first sight, Spain appears to contain regions where the people are isolated from other regions by a network of mountains and rivers, and drawn together more closely among themselves by the bonds of a language which is peculiar to their own district. But the further we penetrate into the character of the Spanish people the more we perceive that the whole race presents a grand homogeneity. Notwithstanding the distinct qualities which have been mentioned, and a diversity of characteristics more apparent than real, it has traits essentially common to the whole nation, in its origin, in its isolation, and in its long struggle against a common enemy. The reserve of the Aragonese has been stamped upon him by the severity of the natural scenery by which he is surrounded, by the arid rocks and barren mountains which bound his horizon; the gaiety or the Catalan is but the reproduction of the brilliant sunshine and enchanting beauty of the scenery among which he lives; but all, from the inhabitant of the sierras to the joyous Sevillian, have the same indomitable pride, the same invincible courage,

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the same innate faith, and the same poetic fervour in the depths of their soul, and it is perhaps this poetic temperament more than anything else which holds these people in the same bond, in the same worship of the Ideal—a worship almost fierce—which gives to the Spaniard a character at once ardent and passionate—violent, even, when his sensibilities have been wounded through his affections, his desires, or his honour. There is nothing more dangerous than to touch his illusions: the eyes of his heart and soul, riveted upon his ideals, upon his passions, he allows nothing to exist which runs counter to them. This it is which makes him so tenaciously attached to his Faith, to his country, to his people.

The manifestation of this cult of the Ideal is to be found in all its aspects in the popular songs of the country, known by the name of Cantares. The descendants of those who wrote their laws in verse have not lost their poetic verve, and these songs, entirely original, improvised by the nation in its moments of expansive enthusiasm, constitute the most precious documents in which may be read the soul and spirit of a people. Every country, it is true, prides itself upon possessing a literature more or less beautiful, more or less generally accepted by different classes of society, but, whatever it may be, it is always composed by literary people. No other nation possesses truly popular works—that is to say, works written, not *for* the people, but *by* the people themselves, not by a coterie of literary men, but by the entire nation becoming at the same time the author and singer of its own works. It may perhaps be said that the songs of the Ædes of Greece, the hymns and psalms of the earliest prophets, had this character of spontaneity, that their songs were but an improvisation in which the exaltation of their soul harmonised with the artistic instinct of their nature. Still, these early improvisatores formed by themselves a sort of *élite*, and did not in any way represent the mass of the people.

The songs of Spain, known under the name of *Cantares* or *Coplas*, are simply manifestations of enthusiasm, short poems,

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sometimes contained in a single quatrain, composed in a moment of exaltation or of melancholy—made musical by the sonority of the language, and poetical by the extreme sensibility of the soul of the composer.

It is important that we should not confuse the *Coplas* with the *Romanceros*, also, for the most part, anonymous, and which, gathered from tradition, seem to have a similar origin to that of the Coplas. This, however, is not the case. The most simple composition of the Romancero demands some knowledge of practical composition, be it ever so slight—a previous study, a momentary effort, at least; while that of the Copla demands of the Spaniard neither study nor effort; the labourer returning from the fields, the workman wearied with his toil, the sighing lover who takes his guitar in the evening, and inspired by a feeling of happiness or of sadness draws from the chords of his instrument the feelings which inspire him—these are the spontaneous authors of the Copla.

Las cuerdas de mi guitarra	The chords of my guitar
Mis sentimientos repiten,	My joy and sorrow bear,
Si me ven sufriendo lloran,	They laugh with me in joy,
Si me ven gozando rien.	And weep with my despair.

In short, these innumerable Coplas are nothing but an echo of Castilian sentiment; they bear no signature, but beneath each one may be written, "The Spanish people," for nothing reveals more truly the national character nor the individual traits than these verses—composed without effort, without ambition, without any of the artifices of the man of letters, submissive to the exigencies of his readers. They express thoughts, simple, natural and poetic, sometimes unconsciously profound, always brilliant with local colour and artless perfume; they are sincere, as everything spontaneous is apt to be; they express the feelings of the human soul with the most subtle variations of joy and sadness, of love and desire, of anger and hatred. They are made up of all the sighs and all the exclamations of the Spanish heart; their harmony is like the distant sound of the waves of the sea, with its gradations from joyous

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laughter to sobs of despair, for if the gaiety of the Spaniard is frank and infectious, nothing can be more profound than his sadness, nothing more melancholy than his sighs.

To collect all the Cantares would be impossible: there are thousands of them, but some, more beautiful than others, are guarded by tradition, and constitute the Book of Cantares:

Cantar que del alma sal	There soareth from my soul a song
Es pajaro que no muere;	As 'twere a bird that dieth never;
Volando de boca en boca,	From mouth to mouth it flies along,
Dios manda que viva siempre.	For God hath bid it live for ever.

To what period of history must we return in order to find the origin of these compositions? Would it be reasonable to ask to have them repeated by a people who, in remotest times, made their code of laws into a poem? Can we ask them of those innumerable Romanceros so full of nerve and spirit? This custom of improvisation has not had its birth in any definite period; it is as innate as the Spanish character, and is a part of its joys, its sorrows and its love. But, "flying from mouth to mouth," the greater part of the Coplas have been lost in their course across the ages, and of those which remain it is impossible now to trace the origin. Before the commencement of the nineteenth century no collection of Cantares existed; some of those which are now collected date from the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, as is proved by the arrangement of the sentences and the now obsolete words they contain.

A profound study of this popular poetry helps greatly to the comprehension of the Spanish character; psychologists too frequently neglect it in the analysis of the Castilian mind, for it helps to explain a subtlety of spirit and a poetic facility almost too highly developed by a nervous sensibility which shrinks from putting into stern prose the intimate feelings of the heart.

The Coplas display more than a simple manifestation of enthusiasm or love; one finds in them what can be found in

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the people's songs of no other country—*i.e.*, the popular philosophy of Spain. But before analysing them, let us look beneath their purely literary form, and discover the style common to the different parts of the country, and thus we shall see the accent—the particular stamp—impressed by nature and by history on the different regions.

The most common form of the Cantares is the simple quatrain, of which the composition is relatively easy; this may be taken as the characteristic type, although there are many others consisting of three or of seven lines. These quatrains are intended to be sung with guitar accompaniment to the ordinary measure of the *peteneras*, the *jotas*, the *gitanos*, &c. and especially of the *malaguenas*, and of the *seguidillas*; this latter has the advantage of the classic form. Although the true verse demands seven lines, it is generally sung with the ordinary quatrain, repeating the first and the last lines; it is necessary that the verse should end with the principal idea, although it has to be repeated three times.

The coplas of seven lines demand a little more work on the part of the author, and for this reason many of them are overloaded, the three supplementary lines making them heavy and cumbrous. Those of three lines are of course lighter even than the quatrain, and contain with ease and lightness a thought or an exclamation:

Tus ajos son dos ventanas	Thine eyes are the windows
A donde el querer se asona	Whence Love himself looks out
Cuando nocabe en el alma.	When he o'erflows the soul.

The composition of the quatrain presents no difficulties; the lines are usually eight feet, rhythm comes instinctively to the ear of a people accustomed to it from infancy. As to rhyme, one must not be too severe as long as there is a certain assonance, and this is easily found in a great number of Spanish words ending in sonorous vowels. This assonance is only demanded in two of the lines:

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Dod besos tengo en el alma	I have two kisses within my soul
Que no se aparten de *mi*	Which nought can take from me—
El ultimo de mi madre	The last which I gave to my mother,
Y el primero que te *di*.	And the first which I gave to thee.

However, notwithstanding the simplicity of its composition, the quatrain demands an idea more or less definite, and more or less clearly expressed, a certain choice of words and a certain rhythmical arrangement; these things naturally require a delicacy of sentiment and a vivid æsthetic instinct, and these one is often astonished to find profoundly developed in the mass of the people. Some of these Coplas are true poems; they lay bare a whole life of love, a soul full of the tumult of passion:

Olvide a Dios, por quererte,	I forgot my God, to love thee,
Por ti la gloria perdi;	My glory was vain to me;
Y ahora me vengo a quedar,	And now, behold me lonely,
Sin Dios, sin gloria, y sin ti.	Nor God, nor glory, nor thee.

In what poem of Dante or Virgil can we find expressed in so few words so much love, so many reproaches and so much sadness.

Add to these colourless translations the sonority of the Spanish language and the harmony of the lines, and we get some idea of these Coplas, which spring into spontaneous life each hour, and which are lost again like the flowers of a day or like a song without an echo.

It must be understood that this fugitive poetry is not proper to only a single region of the Peninsula; the whole of Spain is its cradle, even the Basque Provinces, Catalonia, Galicia and Valencia have their own songs in their own dialect; but the two regions where their production is most prolific are Aragon and Andalusia, a curious union, when one remembers the fact that these two provinces are generally quoted as being most opposed in their tastes and character, but this is yet another proof of the homogeneity of the entire race notwithstanding the modifications of temperament. If the Coplas of

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the northern provinces have a more severe and penetrating tone, more abstract perhaps than the tone of exuberant gaiety which characterises those of the south, the same general sentiments animate the entire nation, and the same broad characteristics are found everywhere.

As for the music, it is impossible to pass over it without comment, because it is an integral part of the poetry of which it is at once the support and accompaniment. Although very simple, it is always very sustained and sonorous, each kind of Cantare has a clear rhythm which marks the difference of the melodies; for the dance, the *bandurria* (Spanish mandoline) is united with the guitar, the *seguidilla* is used also for the dance —a reminiscence of the time when the three arts of music, song, and dance were united. The *seguidillas* have a gay and rapid rhythm, there is nothing dragging or hesitating in their notes; contrary to the *malaguenas*, they are light and joyous with an accent of *bolero* or *fandango* in their nature. Upon these airs, more or less classic, the words are improvised. On fête days, at joyous Sunday gatherings, when gaiety reigns supreme and love walks in its train, a poetic enthusiasm animates the people, and when they are weary of the dance, the castanets cease, the tambourines are laid aside, the proud dancer, her hand on her hip, her head high, with a disdainful pout on her carmine lips, comes to captivate some *majo*, to repose after her dance, and to listen to the exclamations of love and the cries of admiration which her supple and willowy figure excite around her. Then the guitar circulates from hand to hand, and each one sings in his turn. With overflowing hearts each arises and expresses, in impromptu verse, the sentiments which he experiences, the thoughts which animate him; he addresses himself to the one he loves, exalts the events of the day or the hero of the fête, and when any one has succeeded in touching the exact note which harmonises with the feeling of the whole assembly, when the vibrations of his soul have corresponded with those of his auditors, then the Copla is repeated, and "flying from mouth to mouth, God

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wills it to live for ever." The greater number of the Cantares speak of love, but many speak of all imaginable subjects, for no matter what the occasion, this poetic people are sure to be able to find some original idea to fit it.

A complete classification of the Coplas would be extremely difficult to arrange, because all the sentiments of the human soul—all the conditions of human life—are expressed in them, but in grouping them largely we must divide them into plaintive and joyous, religious, moral, philosophic and amorous, with all the passions connected with them.

Formerly there existed also the *estudiantina*,[1] but since this kind of corporation has died out, their songs have also become extinct. These were ordinarily comic quatrains upon the conditions of their existence and the poverty of the student life:

Tres meses ha que no como,	Since my last meal, three months ago,
Me tiene abatido el hambre;	I pine with hunger night and day;
Me pongo en las piernas plomo	I've weighted both my legs, lest so
Porque no me lleve el aire.	The wind should blow me quite away

It is curious to note that in this classification there is no place for the introduction of burlesque poetry. They are witty Coplas—"smart," as the Spaniard would call them, but not really comic; the Spaniard is essentially grave; he has not the spirit of buffoonery, notwithstanding the exuberance openly manifested in the Coplas of the south. Descriptive quatrains are also very rare; if the Spaniard rejoices in Nature, it is with inward contemplation; he delights in the warm rays of the sun or the perfume of flowers; it is in the expansion of his own personal activity that he comprehends it; then he sings of his happiness, of the joy of living, of the joy of loving, but without in the least attributing his feeling of well-being to the natural beauties of which he unconsciously feels the charm. In a word, his thoughts are subjective, and concentrate themselves on himself; the objective in him is

[1] Student Songs.

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confused with the sentiments which it is a necessity for him to express openly, and so he sings, as the birds sing in the branches, just as spontaneously and with just as little effort.

The sad and plaintive Coplas are peculiar to the *malaguenas:* their character appears to have been inherited from the Moors. Seven hundred years of domination have not failed to leave their traces upon the Spanish mind, and the lamentations uttered by the Arab upon the sands of the desert still have their echo in Andalusia, in the doleful and lugubrious "Ay" of the *malaguenas.* They begin with modulated and prolonged groans which die gradually away like a long sigh, only to begin again; then, suddenly, the soul which thus groans begins, in a ringing voice, to recount its pains, its complaints, and its bitter griefs, and then once more takes up the long, wailing "Ay" of despair. It is difficult to imagine anything more sad than these plaintive songs when heard in the distance. They grip the heart with an intangible melancholy and weigh down the spirit with a heavy and mysterious sadness.

Al dolar y a la esperanza
Las encontre en mi camino;
La esperanza me dejo
Y el dolar signe connigo.

Lo, Hope and Pain were comrades twain
That met me by the way;
Hope fled afar, and only Pain
Keeps pace with me to-day.

En lo profondo del mar
Noy a sepultar mi pena;
Porque mi pena es tan grande
Que ya no cabe la tierra.

Down in thy depths, O Sea,
I bury all my pain;
Earth is not wide enough
Such sorrow to contain.

A ma piedra en la calle
Le conte mi dolar;
Mira lo que le diria
Que la piedra se partio.

I told a stone beside the way
My grief—and dost thou wonder
What were my words? Behold and see—
That stone was rent asunder.

Tristezas me hacen triste,
Tristezas salgo a buscar;
A ner si con tristezas
Tristezas podre olvidar.

Oppressed with loads of grief,
I still must seek for more;
If so be, sorrows freshly felt
May banish those of yore.

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For rhythm, the *malaguenas* may almost be compared with the chants of the Flamens: they also in some respects resemble the lamentations of the Oriental peoples, although they are certainly more rude, less dragged out, and are sung chiefly by the Bohemians; to preserve their character, they require rough and uncultivated voices, wild and uncivilised sounds.

The coplas inspired by religion, without being very numerous, are, nevertheless, very widespread. These lend themselves especially to the passing of processions and grand religious solemnities; those of the Holy Week offering a great occasion for the outpouring of religious fervour. In Seville, for instance, when from time to time the bearers repose with their heavy load, placing upon the ground the immense *pasos* in sculptured wood (a life-sized scene of the Passion): when the fanfare of the trumpets is stilled, and only the flowers continue to rain from the high balconies upon the Virgin and the Saints, then voices rise from the crowd, and sing to a flamenical air Coplas to the Crucified, to the Virgin, and to the Apostles:

Hermosa como ninguna,	O Beautiful beyond compare,
Purissima Concepcion;	Conceived Immaculate art thou;
A los pies tienes la luna,	The moon beneath thy feet so fair,
Sobre la cabeza el sol.	The sun upon thy brow.

On Good Friday, from 2 o'clock in the morning, when the procession starts from the Macarena, the most popular of all the confraternities, manifestations of enthusiasm begin, which shortly become the true delirium of religious exaltation. I have seen these men of the people singing to the Blessed Virgin, their eyes riveted upon hers, and their faces illuminated with the very ecstasy of love and adoration.

The festival of Christmas also gives rise to these improvisations, which have the candour of the Middle Ages, a simplicity of thought respecting the miracles and the mysteries, joined to the spontaneous effusion of hearts full of faith.

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Lo ha dormido entre sos brazos,
Aquella que lo parió;
Y su canto era tan dulce,
Que pudo dormir a Dios.

He lies within His Mother's arms,
And sleeps upon her breast;
For ah! her singing had such charms,
E'en God was lulled to rest.

Generally the religious quatrains express principally admiration, tenderness and ecstasy, without any profundity of conception or grand intellectual effort. The faith of the Spaniard, sincere and steadfast, attaches itself to external manifestations, to the beauty of forms rather than of principles.

Among the philosophic and moral Coplas are to be found a complete code of counsels and truths, which spread by their means among the people, help them to cultivate the love of truth, beauty, and goodness. The philosophic Coplas address themselves to the faculties of the mind and to the dangers of life; the moral ones show the road to virtue and self-control, as well as the condemnation of vice and passion. Many of them have become proverbs, which are circulated among the people, and repeated continually without the help of guitar or melody.

Is not this the best means of germinating grand and noble ideas, of maintaining in the burning and violent spirit of the Spaniard the cultivation of virtue and morality. I subjoin some quatrains, the result of an analysis of the human soul made by the people, of the constant observation of men among each other; they show how common sense is spread abroad among the common people, how penetrating is the human eye without having studied the profundities of metaphysics, and how little need there is for erudition in order to direct the heart in the only road which leads to truth:

Si a cada cual en la frente
Le escribiesen su afliccion,
Muchos que nos dan envidia
Nos darian compasion.

If men should bear each anxious care
Inscribed upon the brow,
We often should in pity weep
For those we envy now.

Mes amigos me desprecian,
Porque me ven abatido;
Todo el mundo corta lena
Del arbol esta caido.

Since I am worsted in the fight,
My friends think nought of me;
For all the world may cut the wood
From the uprooted tree.

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Nada contiene el mundo
Que sea durable,
Excepto la inconstancia
Que es la constanti.

Nothing is long durable
That the world contains,
Seeing that inconstancy
Constant still remains.

El tiempo y la ilusion
Son dos amigos fieles;
Despiertan los que duermen,
Y duermen los que velan.

Illusion doth with Time
A faithful friendship keep;
The sleepers they awake,
The watchers send to sleep.

Cambinaba la ansencia
Por un camino,
Y el olvido seguia
Sus pasos mismos.

Absence along a narrow path was speeding,
Oblivion followed, in her footsteps treading.

Como las esperanzas
Son los laureles;
Que sin dar fruto a nadie
Siempre estan verdes.

Hope, like the laurel, doth appear
For ever green;
Yet on its boughs from year to year
No fruit is seen.

De las potencias des alma
La memoria es la cruel;
Pues causa el mayal mal,
Recordando el mayor bien.

Of all the Soul's powers, Memory
Is far the cruellest of all;
She brings a greater sorrow nigh,
Since greater joy she doth recall.

Mixed with these philosophic and moral quatrains, which enclose in parabolic form certain truths, there are others more serious which reveal observation more penetrating, and show a great aptitude for sarcasm and satire:

La mujer es un conjunto
De bueno y malo;
En su postrara obra
Dios echo el resto.

Oh, woman is a compound strange
Of things both good and bad;
For in the last of all His works
God used up what he had.

El demomo son los hombres
Segun dicen las mujeres,
Cuantas mujeres desean,
Que el demonio se las lleve!

"Such devils are those men,"
By what the women say,
And if they had their way,
The Devil should have them then.

Mi suegra me quiere,
Porque le guardo el tejado
No sabe la pobre vieja
Las tejas que le he quebrado.

My mother-in-law she loves me so,
"Because I keep her roof"[1] (by token
Ah! did the poor old dame but know
The countless tiles that I have broken!).

[1] "Keeping the roof," *i.e.*, staying at home.

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En el reloj del mundo	The world's a clock
Suena la hora;	From whence the hours are ringing;
Amor es la campana	And love's the bell—
Y el diablo la toca.	The Devil sets it swinging.

Side by side with these simple manifestations of faith and moral principles, the Coplas show still another category of study. They give an insight into Spanish customs; they put us in touch with the manners of the people, and bring into the clear light of day the depth of their heart and intellect. The amorous Coplas are innumerable, and, although the romance of love is common to all humanity, it becomes more harmonious and more ardent under the burning rays of the southern sun, and under skies which remain eternally blue. As love has no laws, and as the most amorous are the most extravagant, I can only select at random some of the numerous Coplas which come from the depths of the heart, for

Es amor una senda,	Love is a path, as all men know,
Tan sin camino,	Yet such a devious way,
Que el que va mas derecho,	That still the further on we go,
Va mas perdido.	The further off we stray.

I have now under my eyes hundreds of Coplas in which love is expressed under every possible form.

Que las nubes lloren,	The sun, the sun must shine,
Que el sol brille;	The clouds weep from above;
Que los viegos se quejen,	The old must sigh and pine,
Y los jovenes amen.	The young, the young must love.

All Spaniards love, and all speak of love and sing of love, whether when alone, and thinking of their *fiancée*, or whether, when night has fallen they go to sing beneath the window of the beloved:

A media noche tus ajos	By night, when from the balcony
Se asomaron al balcon	Look forth those eyes of thine,
Y al verlos canto el serano,	The watchman, seeing them, doth cry,
Es madia noche y hay sol.	"'Tis midnight—and sunshine!"

It would serve no object to quote more of these Coplas;

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there are others besides those which express the ecstasy of love —the exaltation of admiration; for this admiration produces its inevitable parasite—jealousy—that terrible passion born of love and increasing with its increase. No one is more jealous than the Spaniard, because no one can be more violent in his passions or more ardent in his affections, and from those whom he loves he cannot endure the least contradiction nor the slightest degree of coldness:

Besempedrare tu calle	I'll tear the pavement up and strew
Y la cubrire de arena,	With sand the path which leads to you;
Para mirar las pisadas	For whose the footsteps are I'll know,
De los que rondan tu reja.	That venture here to come and go.

In short, side by side with affections so real, ties so strong, and such transports of jealousy and anger, there arises contempt and scorn, and all the other passions which follow in the train of love; now he dashes to the earth that which he but lately exalted to the skies; he seizes in hate that which he rejected in love, yielding himself up a prey to all those follies and contradictions of which this passion is the fruitful cause, follies which even poesie admits among her sweet harmonies, because they proceed from the human heart when stirred to its depths by sorrows and pain.

Later, when civilisation shall have covered the world, when Spain shall be transformed and when the lover shall no longer go forth to brave the inclemency of the weather to watch under the window of his beloved, then on opening the book of the Cantares we shall find the old customs, when love, overflowing the heart, could no longer be controlled, but, impatient and full of ardour, it goes forth to sing in the night, like Romeo or Don Juan to Juliet or Elvira. During my stay in Toledo, I followed with deep interest the romance of the two lovers. Every evening, in one of the streets near the immense cathedral, "he" came, about ten or eleven o'clock, concealed in a long cloak and large straw hat; at first he approached slowly, and then more quickly, gliding always closely under

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the wall, that the clear beauty of the moonlight which flooded the street should not be troubled by his shadow. Sometimes he had long to wait, and walked up and down till at last a light trembling of the casement, and a white hand stealing between the bars, notified him that everybody had gone to bed, and that "she" was ready to hold converse with her love; and long the converse lasted. I could hear the murmur of their voices without distinguishing the words, but in order to know what they said, I had only to open the book of the Cantares, for the words which pass and repass through the bars of the window correspond to those passages in the Coplas which are sung by the whole nation, echo of each individual which becomes the voice of the entire people:

HIM.

My First Love! Thou didst teach my heart,
It learnt to love from thee;
Ah! never teach me to forget,
'Twere labour lost on me.

HE.

Since thou away my heart hast stol'n,
Thou needs must give me back thine own;
For thieves of hearts will always find
The theft must be repaid in kind.

SHE.

If sighs of mine with sighs of thine
Should meet up in the skies,
And sighs could speak—canst thou divine
What were their colloquies?

HE.

If thou in nights of absence drear
Shouldst sounds about thy casement hear;
Think, true Love, that my sighs they be,
Full lovingly saluting thee.

On the nights of his absence I heard in the distance until late into the night an air of a guitar, a melody slow and sad, while

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at the barred window a form stood immovable, listening to that which spoke from afar.

What has become of them? I know not. For two nights "he" did not come, and I went away, far from Toledo and its ancient boundaries, far from its ruins, and the beauties which had ravished me, but I had been a witness of the history of each day, of the romance of each night, carried on in the narrow and sombre streets of poetic Spain.

And soon, when the Spain of to-day shall be no more, when the years, as they flow on, shall carry with them the last vestiges of the individuality of the people and transform them according to the uniform model of modern civilisation; when it shall have become artificial, the slave of gold, and submissive to the maxims which dry up the spontaneous enthusiasms of the heart, then we may seek true and sincere sentiments, and we shall find them written by the hand of an unlettered and ignorant people, in the Book of the Cantares, perhaps then, as is always the case with the things that are past, we shall regret them, for the world is so made that it despises that which it possesses, and regrets that which it has lost.

PEPITA DE SAN CARLOS.

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THACKERAY AT CAMBRIDGE

THACKERAY took up his residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, in February 1829. He avowed that there was much of himself in Arthur Pendennis, but in the description of Arthur's University career he has studiously avoided the repetition of his own. To leave no room for identity he takes the first syllable of Oxford and the last of Cambridge, and carries his hero to Oxbridge. He employs the same device in the title he concocts for the servant who waits on collegians. He is styled a scout at Oxford, and a gyp at Cambridge, and joining the two initial letters of the former term with the two final letters of the second he gets the descriptive appellation, a "skip." The river, by an unabbreviated combination, becomes the Camisis. The author might defy all attempts to fix the scene when his designations belong to both universities and to neither. The names of the colleges are entirely fictitious; but for an additional precaution he adopts, in a different form, his system of blending together things distinct, and where the name points to one college circumstances are introduced which belong to another, as when he says:

> Saint George's is the great college of the University of Oxbridge, with its four vast quadrangles and its beautiful hall and gardens, and the Georgians as the men are called, wear gowns of a particular cut, and give themselves no small airs of superiority over all other young men.[1]

Saint George, and the Georgians, and the four quadrangles

[1] "Pendennis," chap. xvii.

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(Trinity had but three), refer to Saint John's and the Johnians. But Trinity was the greatest college in Cambridge, and it was there that the undergraduates assumed an air of superiority. The gown in Thackeray's day was of "a particular cut," in that it had a resemblance to the gown of a bachelor-of-arts, while the undergraduates of all, or nearly all, the other colleges wore gowns of a mean and uniform pattern. They have since been remodelled. The desire for an alteration was thought by some of the rulers to be a symptom of growing assumption in youth, and when a deputation of students in one of the colleges waited on their Master, not long after Thackeray's time, and begged to be allowed to wear a seemlier robe, he curtly dismissed them with the jest, "Gentlemen, you will change your gown by *degrees*." Neither St. John's nor Trinity was the college of Pen. He goes to a small college, Saint Boniface, which is named, I presume, from the landlord in Farquhar's "Beaux' Stratagem," to denote that it had a reputation for joviality. The object of mixing up places together was to avert the suspicion of personalities. None of Thackeray's old college friends appear in his novel. He was not less careful to exclude Trinity authorities. Pen's tutor, Mr. Buck, whose name is his character, has nothing in common with Thackeray's own tutor, Whewell. Buck was a type; Whewell in every prominent trait was an individuality. The Master of Saint Boniface, who bears the name of the celebrated poet and divine, Dr. Donne, a name which expresses his character when curtailed in its spelling, might represent Dr. Wordsworth, who was Master of Trinity during the undergraduateship of Thackeray, but he might equally stand for most of the contemporary masters of colleges, since they were nearly all Dr. Dons.[1] The unlikeness of Pen to Thackeray is the dis-

[1] Thackeray's relation, Dr. Thackeray, the Provost of King's College, may not have been stiff and pompous in his usual bearing, but if he was he could unbend. Dr. Davy, the Master of Caius College, indignantly told me an instance of his unceremonious behaviour. At the election of a Greek Professor, in which he and Dr. Thackeray were on different sides, much bitter feeling

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similarity which concerns us most. Pen was a sort of admirable Crichton. He was a competitor for Greek, Latin, and English verse prizes; he was one of the most brilliant orators at the Union Debating Club; he was a prodigal collector of rare books, fine bindings, and costly prints; he was a leader of fashion, exquisite in dress and profuse in jewellery; he hunted in pink, and rode well to hounds; he gave expensive entertainments, with the air of a man who was superlatively knowing in wines and cookery; and completed his pretension to be an all-round accomplished man of the world by gambling with adepts in the art, who cheated him. While his reign lasted he was a king surrounded by a court who did homage to him, and imitated him. His rise and downfall are depicted with exceeding skill, the downfall especially. The character had usually its representative in the University, but it was not the character of Thackeray.

Though his vivid portrait of the undergraduate Pendennis is not the record of his own college life, he tells in his novel his impression of this chapter in his history.

> Every man, however brief or inglorious may have been his academical career, must remember with kindness and tenderness the old university comrades and days. The young man's life is just beginning: the boy's leading-strings are cut, and he has all the novel delights and dignities of freedom.

And he repeats once more,

> How pure and brilliant was the first sparkling draught of pleasure! How the boy rushes at the cup, and with what a wild eagerness he drains it![1]

His Cambridge residence was therefore a time of enjoyment to him.

The academic year commences in October, and Thackeray not arriving till February of the year following, the men with

arose between the supporters of the two principal competitors. By a combination with one of the rival parties Dr. Thackeray got a third candidate elected, and this accomplished, he clapped his hands in the faces of his discomfited brother dignitaries, and exclaimed, "We have diddled you, my boys!"

[1] "Pendennis," chap. xvii.

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whom he would have to compete at stated periods in examinations had four months start of him in the prescribed training of the place. The disadvantage did not check his incipient determination to do his best. He attended the daily college lectures on mathematics and classics, he had a private tutor with whom he read classics one day and mathematics the next, and he went duly to the rooms of one Badger, an undergraduate, that they might study Greek plays together. "I find reading," he wrote to his mother, "a hard, hard matter; it goeth very much against the grain"; but soon he reported that he was "getting more and more into the way of it." "I am just beginning," he said a little later, "to find out the beauties of a Greek play." He adopted the plan of reading the Greek without turning it into English, which "added to his pleasure in a very extraordinary manner," and he was sanguine enough to hope that by evading the difficulties of construing he would get "to *think* in Greek." With all that we now know of his tastes and habits, and his rooted aversion to his school course of study, we should confidently predict that the power to follow his inclinations, coupled with the enticements which beset him, would speedily defeat his opening resolves. Any ambition he may have had would have worked against him, for coming late to the competition he could not overtake the many that were a-head of him. Fits of idleness interrupted his reading arrangements, a pleasanter literature superseded his task work, and the fragile efforts he kept up were sure to decrease directly the May examination in his college was over. On that occasion he did the most that could be expected of him. "He was," says his friend, Dr. Thompson, afterwards Master of the College, "in the fourth class, where clever non-reading men were put as in a limbo," and his position truly represented his claims. He was not in the University sense "a reading man," which meant a reader of mathematics or classics, and it is in another direction that we must look for his mental activity.

Even while struggling to persevere in the University course of study, his predilections asserted themselves. He started

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an "Essay Club," which was to consist of ten persons, who were to meet weekly, and every member was to prepare an essay in turn. The Cambridge residence was divided into three terms of about ten weeks each, and his share of essays would be only three a year, "so that," said he, by way of excuse, "it will take up but little of our time." He meditated speaking at the Union, where he had several hard-reading men to keep him company. Some who were highest in examinations turned aside awhile from classics and mathematics to display their powers of argument and rhetoric in that arena. Either there, or in a private debating club, he seems to have delivered a speech on the "Character of Napoleon." The few intimations we possess of his literary efforts at Cambridge tend to show that his mind turned more to questions of present interest than to the antiquated topics in favour at the University. The character of Napoleon was in no way an academic thesis. The mighty contest was too recent for the passions it provoked to be extinct, and Scott's "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," which came out in June 1827, was a text that invited commentaries.

In his second year Thackeray joined a small literary society which had set subjects for debate. Looking back on these discussions, he smiled at the self-importance of the youths who embarked in them.

> Are we the same men now that delivered or heard those essays and speeches, so simple, so pompous, so ludicrously solemn; parodied so artlessly from books, and spoken with smug chubby faces, and such an admirable aping of wisdom and gravity?

But unless the youngsters had taken the business seriously the interest would have gone, and they would have lost the benefit they derived from collecting, shaping, and clarifying their ideas. It was not an unwise instinct which set them aping the wisdom of their seniors. In their limited sphere they were images in little of a bigger world, and the debating club in its place and degree was no bad preparation for their after career. Nobody was more earnest in the matter than Thackeray, and

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the society was kept together by his zeal. "Our debating club," says Dr. Thompson, "fell to pieces when he went."

The first number of a minature periodical, "The Snob," consisting of four small book-pages, was published at Cambridge, on April 9, 1829, and was edited by a fellow student of Thackeray's, named Lettsom. It ran on for eleven weeks, and was stopped, June 18, by the long vacation, which dispersed both writers and readers. A sequel to it, called "The Gownsman," appeared on November 5, 1830, four or five months after Thackeray had finally left Cambridge, and came to an end, February 25, 1831, with the seventeenth number, in term time, its life not cut short by a vacation. One fate awaits all these premature and rickety births—they die very young from the feebleness of their constitutions.

A "snob" in 1829 was a vulgar plebeian. Thackeray, in his "Book of Snobs," extended the application of the word, and included under it persons in every station who were addicted either to vulgar manners or meannesses. Arrogance, ostentation, false pretension, despicable ambitions, trickery, and sycophancy were all qualities that lowered men to the condition of snobs. Formerly in Cambridge, while the word retained its original sense, it was used for a coarse class of townspeople, the rabble, in contradistinction to a gownsman, and this was its signification in the title of the periodical, "The Snob: A Literary and Scientific Journal, NOT conducted by Members of the University." Designing to deal freely with University topics, the editor selected a title to convey the jesting pretence, not intended to deceive, that the satire proceeded from rude outsiders, and not from impertinent young students. The prevailing use of "snob" in opposition to "gownsman" was familiar to Thackeray, and in a letter to the editor of the "Snob," he says, "Though your name be *Snob*, I trust you will not refuse this tiny poem of a *Gownsman*." He had forgotten the distinction when he wrote his "Book of Snobs." "We then used to consider snobs raw-looking lads, who never missed chapel, who wore high-lows and no straps."

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The term was primarily applied to the wearers of "high-lows and no straps" outside the college, and only occasionally to a similar style of men within. The strapless students had usually the stimulus of poverty, and read hard, which earned them respect, unless their manners were obtrusively offensive, and this was rare.

The announcement that the "Snob" was a "literary and scientific journal" was inserted under the notion that it was a stroke of pleasantry to call it what it was not. "The contents," says Moy Thomas, "were scanty and slight, and consisted entirely of squibs and humorous sketches in verse and prose." Thackeray's first contribution, as far as is known, came out on April 30, in No. 4, and was a piece in rhyme, called "Timbuctoo," the subject of the University English prize poem in 1829. The perilous adventures of Mungo Park and his successors had drawn unusual attention to the exploration of the Niger. Timbuctoo, in the Soudan, was the centre of the Mahometan commerce in Africa; and, because no European had succeeded in getting to it, the city had long been invested with the splendours created by imagination. Major Laing escaped the twofold source of danger from the weapons of robbers and the waterless desolation of the vast Sahara, and was the first modern traveller to reach the goal. He performed the feat to no purpose. He arrived at Timbuctoo in August 1826, and in September he was murdered on his return journey, and his papers were lost. He was followed by Caillé, a Frenchman, who, disguising his nationality, got safely to and fro, and informed the world that the rumoured glories of the Mahometan capital consisted of a circle of clay tenements and fragile huts, with rude mosques of some size, but no artistic beauty, in the middle. Caillé was not home till late in 1828, and it may be presumed that his account had not, if published, got to Cambridge when the subject for the prize poem was given out. Those who selected it as a theme for poetry were thinking of the fabulous Timbuctoo, which they took for granted was a true picture of the

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real. The prize poem had not been made public by April 30, nor could it yet be known that its author was Alfred Tennyson. The subject alone was the theme for Thackeray's burlesque. His plan was to dismiss the poetic fantasies which had gathered round the unknown Timbuctoo, to put forward in their stead the disagreeables of African life, and to wind up with the description of the author's love for a blackamoor maiden, and with a prediction that Africa would ultimately be revenged on her oppressors, and would triumph over the armies of Europe. All this he essayed to set forth in the compass of thirty-two lines. The general idea of describing the true Africa was better than the execution. Thackeray's details are crude and ill-chosen. The misty satire has not any perceptible purpose, the humour is feeble, and the conception, as a whole, is very youthful. His knowledge of Africa was not superior to that which the public had of Timbuctoo. He believed that the tiger was an African beast of prey, and there is a strange confusion between the staple commodities of the country and the sugar and rum which were products of African slave labour in the West Indies. A facility in the flow of the verse, and in the language, is the principal merit in these and other early rhymes of Thackeray. The form is much in advance of the ideas. Appended to the poem are some notes, which purport to be humorous irony. They throw no light on the text, and have not a sparkle of pungent satire, of wit, or of fun. But the author was two months short of nineteen, and it was to a world in teens that he addressed himself. He hit the taste of his boyish audience, who understood him better than we do. He was a guest in May at a wine-party in Caius College, given by his friend and old schoolfellow, Young, and his "Timbuctoo" came up in the conversation.

> It received much laud. I could not help finding out that I was very fond of this same praise. The men knew not the author, but praised the poem; how eagerly I sucked it in! "All is vanity!"

He is not priggishly moralising on this whiff of applause.

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He is punning on the literal meaning of the maxim, and applies it to himself by taking vanity in the sense of being vain of praise.

From a contributor to the "Snob," Thackeray became a coadjutor with the editor in preparing the four small pages weekly, and he says, in writing home, that they sat down together to compose No. 8. "We began at nine, and finished at two, but I was so afflicted with laughter during our attempts that I came away quite ill." The absurdities started by a couple of wags engaged, half-work, half-play, in devising jocosities between them, were likely to furnish more comicality in the process than found its way into the published jests. Such remnants of fun as may have appealed to University contemporaries will now be sought in vain. Hamlet might as profitably have looked for Yorick's "flashes of merriment" in his skull.

When we have taken the measure of the trifles Thackeray wrote at Cambridge, there is not any object in tracing them step by step. They confirm the testimony of Dr. Thompson, who says, speaking of his performances at the debating club, "We did not see in him even the germ of those literary powers which, under the stern influence of necessity, he afterwards developed." The fact is singular, for nothing was plainer subsequently than that his native genius was great, whatever it may have owed to cultivation. "He had a big mass of soul," says Carlyle, and it was visible in his massive head, and in the expression of his eyes. His faculties did not sleep from torpor. He broke away from University drill, but we never lose the trace of his love of letters, and of his desire to be a producer. The enigma remains, and we have to confess that his turn for literature at nineteen showed itself rather in his relish for it than in his writings. His admiration for the famous novelist upon whom he formed himself was already confirmed.

He had a vivid appreciation [says Dr. Thompson] of English poetry, and chanted the praises of the old English novelists, especially his model, Fielding.

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He got hold of Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," and shows discrimination in what he says of it. "It is an odd kind of book, containing poetry which might induce me to read it through, and sentiments which might incline one to throw it into the fire." There were not ready-made opinions on Shelley to guide him then, and these few slight words are an example of the distinguishing mind he brought to the books which fell in his way.

His reading and writing left him a wide margin of leisure for sociality. "He led," says Dr. Thompson, "a somewhat lazy, but pleasant and gentlemanlike life." The life, lazy in appearance, was more intellectual than it looked. The solitary study of endless books never gives the breadth, and seldom the precision, of view that is got by intercourse with living men. Thackeray, we know, was not idle here. His other books closed, he at least read the book of human nature. He was a favourite in the superior circle to which he belonged. "He had always," says Dr. Thompson, "a flow of humour and pleasantry, and was made much of by his friends." It was not the only sort of humour for which he was noted. "He is as full of *good* humour and kindness as ever," Fitzgerald wrote of him when, college days over, they met in London. Singing was then in vogue at the parties of undergraduates, and he was a popular performer. He gave "Old King Cole," and other songs, with a comic effect which drew forth peals of laughter and great applause. He had a genuine love of music, and was accustomed to vent his jubilant feelings in song. Fitzgerald, in January 1864, writing under the influence of his recent death, says:

> I keep reading his "Newcomes" of nights, and as it were hear him saying so much in it; and it seems to me as if he might be coming up my stairs, and about to come *singing* into my room, as in old Charlotte Street, thirty years ago.

He was somewhat sparing of conversation at college parties; "not talkative," says Dr. Thompson, "rather observant," which was true of him through life. Large miscellaneous parties,

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distinct from meetings of his chosen associates, were little to his taste, and in recollection were hateful to him.

> We then used to consider it not the least vulgar for a parcel of lads who had been whipped three months previous, and were not allowed more than three glasses of port at home, to sit down to pine-apples[1] and ices at each other's rooms, and fuddle themselves with champagne and claret. One looks back to what was called a wine-party with a sort of wonder. Thirty lads round a table covered with bad sweetmeats, drinking bad wines, telling bad stories, singing bad songs over and over again: milk punch, smoking, ghastly headache, frightful spectacle of dessert-table next morning, and smell of tobacco.[2]

He broadly asserts that all "wine-party-givers were snobs." He was over critical. Social gatherings of college acquaintances was an ineradicable instinct, and there was no more convenient hospitality than, once a term, to ask friends to come, after their dinner in hall, and partake of that wine and dessert, which, in their station, was the universal accompaniment of feasts. The snobbishness of sham grandeur was assuredly not concerned in the usage, and a boy's brag of tippling as little. If youngsters sometimes drank more than was good for them, excess at a college party, as elsewhere at that date, was the frailty of individuals, and was not often allowed to proceed far with these. Searching for snobs to fill his long gallery of portraits in *Punch*, Thackeray detected them in situations which would not have suggested themselves to unprejudiced eyes. The whole body of undergraduates were not paragons of virtue, there were vices to be reprobated; but they did not come under the denomination of snobbishness.

Thackeray's greatest acquisition at college was his friends. When he was asked by his daughter, towards the close of his life, which of them he had loved the most, he answered,

[1] Before commerce was carried on by steamers, pine-apples were all of home growth and expensive. They would have been absurdly out of place at an undergraduate's wine party, but could not have been usual. I never saw one there myself.

[2] "Book of Snobs"—chap. xv. "On University Snobs."

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"Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure, and Brookfield."[1] How ardent his love was for the former may be read in a letter he wrote, October 27, 1852, when he was about to start for his lecturing tour in America, requesting Fitzgerald, if he did not return, to act as his literary executor.

> I should like my daughters to remember that you are the best and oldest friend their father ever had . . . I shall send you a copy of "Esmond" to-morrow or so, which you shall yawn over when you are inclined. But the great comfort I have in my dear old boy is that recollection of our youth when we loved each other as I do now while I write Farewell.

In the consciousness that he might be bidding him a final adieu, his mind, gathering up the whole sum of its affection, went back to the youthful time. The reason is seen in his exclamation, when he describes University life in "Pendennis": "What *passions* our friendships were in those old days!" Fitzgerald speaks for himself: "My friendships are more like loves, I think," was his language at twenty-five. In "Pendennis," Thackeray goes on to tell "how the arm you were never tired of having linked in yours, under the fair college avenues, or by the river-side, was withdrawn of necessity," when a divided destiny sent friends separate ways. This happened in a measure to him and Fitzgerald. At Thackeray's death they had not come together for five years, and but seldom for ten. The affection, quiescent in a not irreparable absence, woke up in Fitzgerald when they could meet no more. "I am quite surprised," he wrote to Crabbe, the grandson of the poet, "to see how I sit moping about him; to be sure I keep reading his books. Oh! the 'Newcomes' are fine!" And to Thompson he wrote:

> I have almost wondered at myself how much occupied I have been thinking of Thackeray; so little as I had seen of him for the last ten years. I had never read "Pendennis" and the "Newcomes" since their first appearance till the last month. They are wonderful; Fielding's seem to me coarse work in comparison. I have, indeed, been thinking of little this last month but of these books and their author.

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[1] "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald," vol. i. p. ix.

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Thackeray dead, he had immediate recourse to the books; they were the means of holding communion with his departed friend. "I keep hearing him say so much of it." "Really, a grand figure has sunk under earth."

Fitzgerald was two years and four months older than Thackeray, and was in his last year at Cambridge when Thackeray was in his first. The sum of the time during which they were in residence together could not have exceeded eight months. The two ingredients essential to friendship are mutual trust and sympathy. Length of acquaintance is sometimes necessary to trust, but youth, having little experience of deceit, is believing, and where the sympathies are strong the rest is assumed. Between Thackeray and Fitzgerald there was an unusual community of feeling—both in the last degree frank and truthful, both ardent in friendship, both enjoying literature with juvenile enthusiasm, both delighting in the use of their pencil, both lovers of music and song. The fervour of their youthful demeanour got chastened, as usual, in maturer manhood. Fitzgerald once or twice fancied that Thackeray, in his celebrity, had got to disdain him, and in April 1850, he said, "Thackeray is in such a great world that I am afraid of him; he gets tired of me; and we are content to regard each other at a distance." The man of leisure could not estimate the vortex in which Thackeray was whirled, distracted between social entanglements and the labours of the pen, and he imputed to indifference a neglect which grew exclusively from the want of a disencumbered hour. It was in the momentary misunderstanding of April 1850, that Fitzgerald omitted Thackeray from the list of the "only men he ever cared to see again"; but before the December of the coming year the suspicion of estrangement had died away, and Thackeray had his place in that contracted circle of peerless friends.

The affection of Thackeray for the friend who stood next in his favour to Fitzgerald is written in the "Collection of Letters," published by Mrs. Brookfield in 1887. The letters

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which lay bare the affection are silent on the characteristics of the man. It is the sonnet Tennyson wrote on Brookfield after his death that reveals his qualities at Cambridge. "*Old* Fitz," "*old* Thackeray," was the usual term of endearment, and in the sonnet we learn that Brookfield was "*old* Brooks" to those who knew him best. With Thackeray he was sometimes simply "dear *vieux*." The sonnet also tells us how often old Brooks and Tennyson conversing heard the midnight chimes of St. Mary's Church; how often the supper-table echoed with helpless laughter to Brookfield's jest; how often he and Arthur Hallam, who loved him well, paced, in company with the poet, the beautiful walk beneath the limes at the back of Trinity College. The pacings with such associates bear witness to the solid acquirements that underlaid his ready wit. And his moods were often more than grave. Tennyson calls him "a kindlier, trustier Jacques," blending melancholy with humour. Thackeray himself had a deep vein of melancholy within him, and it is clear from a sentence in the letter he wrote to Brookfield, in March 1852, on the death of Brookfield's father, that the dejection in both had been gathering force the older they grew. "We've lived as much in forty as your good old father did in his four-score years. Don't you think so? And how awfully tired and lonely we are." Thackeray would not have used this positive language to Brookfield unless he had heard from himself that the wheels dragged heavily. A propitious lot is not a cure for despondency. Brookfield was an inspector of schools, had a chapel in London, where he was an admired preacher, refused preferment when it was offered him, and was welcome everywhere; for his easy talk retained its zest, and his humour, never misplaced, enlivened conversation without interrupting it. Life looked darker to Tennyson when he was gone. And in the golden era when Thackeray and Brookfield were fellow collegians, and formed their friendship, they were not weary and depressed, but were bound together by intoxicating enthusiasms, and had the conviction that the bigger world in front of

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them would provide nobler pleasures than any they had yet enjoyed.

A third intimate with whom Thackeray passed much of his time at Cambridge was John Allen, afterwards an archdeacon in the diocese of Lichfield. Fitzgerald maintained a correspondence with him for years; and, writing to him, says, in 1834, "You are a dear, good fellow, and I love you with all my heart and soul." "I owe more to you than to all others put together," he says to him in 1837; and in 1840 he concludes a letter with these words, "John Allen, I rejoice in you." Allen's family did not doubt that Dobbin was drawn from him. The outward resemblance was not altogether omitted, and Dobbin had Allen's tall, gaunt figure and long feet. One wore a black coat, the other a red; but soldier and divine were alike in their moral qualities—in their uprightness, simplicity, and generosity. Dobbin was not so lettered as Allen, who usually had a folio open before him. Being the son of a Welsh clergyman who had several children, he was compelled to practise economy, and the one extravagance he could not resist was the purchase of books. From boyhood upwards he was very devout, and, intending to take Holy Orders, he made divinity his principal study, but not to the exclusion of literature. At Cambridge he shared Fitzgerald's enthusiasm for poetry. Milton was his favourite, and he must have been an ardent admirer of Wordsworth, for on November 30, 1830, there is the entry in his diary, "Virgilium vidi! This day I saw William Wordsworth." Intermingled with his lovable endowments of heart and mind were peculiarities which brought him into the class of humourists. Archbishop Howley said to Mr. Lonsdale, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, when he was Principal of King's College, and Allen was Chaplain, "That chaplain of yours is a very pig-headed man," and his stubborn resolution in obeying a conscience that was not unfrequently directed by a short-sighted judgment, turned at times an exemplary virtue into a vice or a jest. His most conspicuous singularity grew out of his indignation

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against wrong. He would denounce supposed culprits in private, often misled by false rumours, and made it a rule to report his hasty and violent utterances to the object of his censure. He heard, for example, that Bishop Wilberforce, who was accustomed to write letters on a journey, had said in a railway carriage, to a person entering it, that a seat he kept for his correspondence was occupied. "Then he told a lie," retorted Allen, and wrote off his remark to the Bishop, with the addition, "I am sorry that if my information is correct I cannot withdraw the statement." Wilberforce addressed his reply to Allen's bishop, and the issue was a second letter from Allen: "Bishop Lonsdale bids me apologise to your lordship, and I therefore do apologise." With amazing simplicity, we find him saying, when he was verging upon sixty: "As I believe, my quarrels spring up and grow in an unexpected manner. Something moves me strongly, and I write; but I little anticipate what will follow after the first letter." Experience, we should conclude, must have shown him that the usual sequence would be indignant replies or disdainful silence. If he had lighted in the course of his extensive reading on two brief sentences in Burke's "Letters on a Regicide Peace," they would have explained to him the nature of his error, and taught him a safer plan of action.

> Falsehood and delusion are allowed in no case whatever; but (as in the exercise of all the virtues) there is an economy of truth. It is a sort of temperance by which a man speaks truth with measure that he may speak it the longer.

And that he may speak it efficaciously at all times. Nobody well acquainted with Allen ever doubted the purity of his motives. His love of righteousness prompted his indiscretions in vindication of it, and Bishop Lonsdale tersely summed up his ruling principle when he said of him, that "he had never known any man who feared God more, or man less."

The undergraduate, it may be taken for granted, did not venture to exercise the censorship practised by the archdeacon.

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His friends enjoyed his stores of reading, his worth, his open nature, and his warm affections, undisturbed by his misdirected zeal. His parents, gathering from his letters that his company was courted at Cambridge — his mother said he had been counted an agreeable companion from a child—reminded him that the more he kept to himself the less waste there would be of time and money. He knew too well the value of his associates to loosen his hold. Thackeray, who was the most frequent disturber of his studies, comes before us, in an unexpected manner, as the patron of them, in a letter from Allen the father to his son.

> This morning we received your letter, which mentioned that your friend Thackeray was commissioned to look out for a second master to a school at Pimlico, and he thought that you were qualified to undertake the duties of the situation.

It was a proprietary school; the salary two hundred a year; and that the headmaster should have trusted Thackeray's judgment, at nineteen, to select a second master for him, is a practical tribute to the sense and discernment which, in that young time, were conspicuous among his lighter traits. Allen declined the post for the present, and accepted it directly he had taken his degree. He did not stay long. He next became a lecturer at King's College, in the Strand, and remained in London for several years, where he furnished Thackeray with numerous fresh sittings for Dobbin. They both lived for some time in Coram Street, and Fitzgerald, writing to Allen, in April 1839, says: "Give my love to Thackeray from your upper window across the street." [1]

Thackeray's knowledge of Allen and Brookfield, become clergymen, was gained from close neighbourhood and constant intercourse. In his chapter on "Clerical Snobs," he accepted them for representatives of their sacred calling, and marked, in the most decisive manner, his estimation of them and their order. Excusing himself for not "showing up the parsons,"

[1] "Fitzgerald's Letters," vol. i. p. 57.

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in company with the other classes of society, he breaks out with the exclamation, "O Jimmy, and Johnny, and Willy, friends of my youth! how should he who knows you, not respect you and your calling? May this pen never write a pennyworth again if it ever casts ridicule upon either." "Jimmy" I take to be Thackeray's old friend James White, the author of "The Earl of Gowrie: a Tragedy" and other works, which have not survived him; and "Johnny" and "Willy" are the John Allen and William Brookfield of his Cambridge set. The fondness of friendship might dwell exclusively on virtues, but they were there, and some share of the frailty common to man is always to be assumed, and need not always be mentioned.

Among the remaining intimates of Thackeray at the University was Robert Groome, afterwards an archdeacon in the diocese of Norwich, a lettered man of eminent worth; Thompson, the future Greek professor and master, whose classical attainments were accompanied by genial conversation, and "a character," says Sir F. Pollock, "noble and generous"; and James Spedding, a unique personage, who might have been numbered among humourists, had not his singularity consisted in a concentrated resolution and a perfection of good sense, that seemed to exempt him from the weaknesses of ordinary mortals. His father was a Cumberland squire, who farmed his own estate, and whose whole bent was to the practical business of life. Poetry, to his apprehension, was an excrescence, an unreal domain; and poets, whom he judged by the worst side of the specimens that had cropped up at the Lakes,—by Shelley's mad vagaries, by Coleridge's rumoured laxities, and Wordsworth's imperious outbursts of temper,—were, in his eyes, an unprofitable or a disreputable race. He was jealous of his son's critical conferences with Tennyson over manuscript poems of the latter, and in general it could not appear business to him that James should be a searcher after truth, a lover of literature for its beauties and wisdom, and a scorner of aggrandisement for himself. Spedding had

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been a schoolfellow of Fitzgerald's at the Grammar School of Bury St. Edmund's, and their friendship, at Spedding's death in 1881, had lasted for sixty years. One of his peculiarities, in Fitzgerald's judgment, was that he began where he ended, and was unaltered from fourteen to seventy-four. Wise in his boyhood, and with plenty of the boy in him when he was old, he had throughout combined, in heart and head, all that was best of youth and age—a man "incredible, had one not known him." Two qualities Fitzgerald singled out in him, his calmness and his wisdom. No matter what the trial, he kept his quietude, and was, says Fitzgerald, "immutable." "He was the wisest man I have ever known," is the language of his friend. He was the oracle of Fitzgerald, who referred doubts and difficulties to him, and always got from him the light he required. His range was wide. He was an excellent classic, was acquainted with the elements of science, and had studied Christianity, history, poetry, the drama, and politics, in some of their branches, with the unpretentious exactness that was habitual to him. His steady employment for upwards of forty years was to edit the Works, and unravel the life, of Bacon. With a prodigality of obscure research that made no show, and earned him little credit or none, he pursued his subject through dull and dusty mazes of books and manuscripts, not diverted for a moment by outward discouragements and inward weariness from his immovable purpose. It is a venial anomaly that he, who was accustomed to approach every question with a rectitude superior to prejudice, should have been misled by personal bias in his verdict on Bacon's moral obliquities. This partiality of a noble nature admitted, the book remains a monument to Spedding's integrity.

A man is known by his company. Thackeray's friends at college were men of a superior class, some of them learned, all well read, all desirous of assimilating to themselves the works that had credit in their circle. He owed none of the friendships to previous ties. They were formed on the spot from community of tastes, and the future lives of these confederates

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attested the stability of their early leanings. Thackeray was not among the number of painful students who vex themselves with tasks of repulsive dryness. He followed his inclinations, and wisdom could not have chosen a better method for training his mind in the direction suited to his genius. That his reading was not less earnest because it was pleasant and discursive, is plain from its effect on him. At school, at college, and in the interval between the two, his English education had gone on unceasingly. His published pieces were trivial. The essays he read at his little clubs displayed no precocious talent. But the masterpieces he admired with all his mind without attempting to emulate them, for the effort was beyond him, remained lesson-books to him from choice, if not upon system, till he had learnt to rival or surpass them.

At the date of the Cambridge Easter vacation of 1830, Fitzgerald, who had taken his degree in the previous January, was staying with an aunt in Paris. Thackeray was in possession of twenty pounds, and determined to join him there. It was a clandestine jaunt, to be kept secret from his parents, and when he went for his *exeat* to his tutor, Whewell, and was asked where he was going to spend his vacation, he answered, "With a friend in Huntingdonshire." The pleasure he anticipated from his stolen expedition was realised. On his future journeys to Paris, he constantly grew insensible to the sights and sounds around him, and reverted in imagination to the superior charms of his first experience, with its animating novelties, and those "delights of the jolly road," which rendered grateful to the effervescent spirits of youth the forty hours by diligence from Calais to Paris.[1] After two or three weeks of pleasuring, he left Paris suddenly.[2] His twenty pounds were nearly exhausted, and he had barely sufficient money to take him to London. His sensations were reversed on the homeward journey. The fun was over; the deception and risk of detection remained. "What a long, dreary, *guilty* forty

[1] "Roundabout Papers"—"Notes of a Week's Holiday."

[2] "Letters of Fitzgerald," vol. i. p. 3.

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hours it was from Paris to Calais, I remember!" he said, thirty-two years afterwards in his Roundabout Paper, "Dessein's." He always thought of "this escapade" when he was crossing to Calais. "Guilt, sir, guilt remains stamped on the memory." The day before he wrote his essay he met his college tutor, now become Master, at an hotel where they occupied adjoining bedrooms. After exchanging kindly greetings they parted, and Thackeray, with his self-reproaches renewed by his recent passage across the channel, was inclined to knock at the Master's door and acknowledge the fib of April 1830. He kept the revelation instead for the "Cornhill Magazine."

> There it is out. The Doctor will read it, for I did not wake him up after all to make my confession, but protest he shall have a copy of this Roundabout sent to him when he returns to his lodge.

The gay narrative in the magazine had a grave underlying purpose. "I feel easier in my mind," Thackeray said, "now that it is liberated of this old peccadillo." He deceived his tutor, but did not injure him. The reparation he owed was to his own conscience, and his manner of atoning for the ancient delinquency, never forgotten, was an instance of that punctilious regard for truth which was habitual and invincible with him.

He seems to have remained at Cambridge till the commencement of the Long Vacation, in June 1830, and did not return. The examination for his degree would have been in January 1832. When he conjured back his early days, in looking at a coin of George IV., he described the manner of his final departure, which had a certain prominence, because it marked the period, and had vanished with the coming in of railways:

> What is this? A carriage, with four beautiful horses all galloping—a man in red is blowing a trumpet. Many young men are on the carriage—one of them is driving the horses. Surely they won't drive into that— Ah! they have all disappeared.[1]

The trumpeter in red was the mail-coach guard; the young

[1] "Roundabout Papers"—"De Juventute."

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men were collegians going home for the holidays, and the undergraduate who drove was an amateur who had feed the coachman to have the privilege of taking the reins. A consummate driver in the days before railroads had the reputation which attaches to a famous cricketer in ours. Many noblemen and squires were adepts in the art, and the extreme test of their dexterity was to pass at full speed close to objects on the way, and almost touch without grazing them. It is recorded to the glory of the notorious Sir John Lade that "his eye was precision itself, and that he was distinguished for driving to an inch." He laid a bet, and won it, that he would go at a great pace, twenty-two times in succession, through a gateway only wide enough to admit his carriage, and would turn each time without stopping. The undergraduate, proud to display his power of shooting past the carriage in front with nothing to spare, had in appearance the intention of running it down, and the daring performance with a mail coach and four, and the horses at a gallop, must have made a considerable impression on Thackeray, since in the retrospect it was to him the most memorable circumstance in his exit from Cambridge.

He had traversed the entire circuit of undergraduate life before he left; and, unless he had been pursuing the special studies of the place, there was nothing to be gained by a repetition of the round. The remaining time before he would be qualified for what to him would have been a useless degree, could be spent to better advantage than in the sterile sameness of college routine.

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